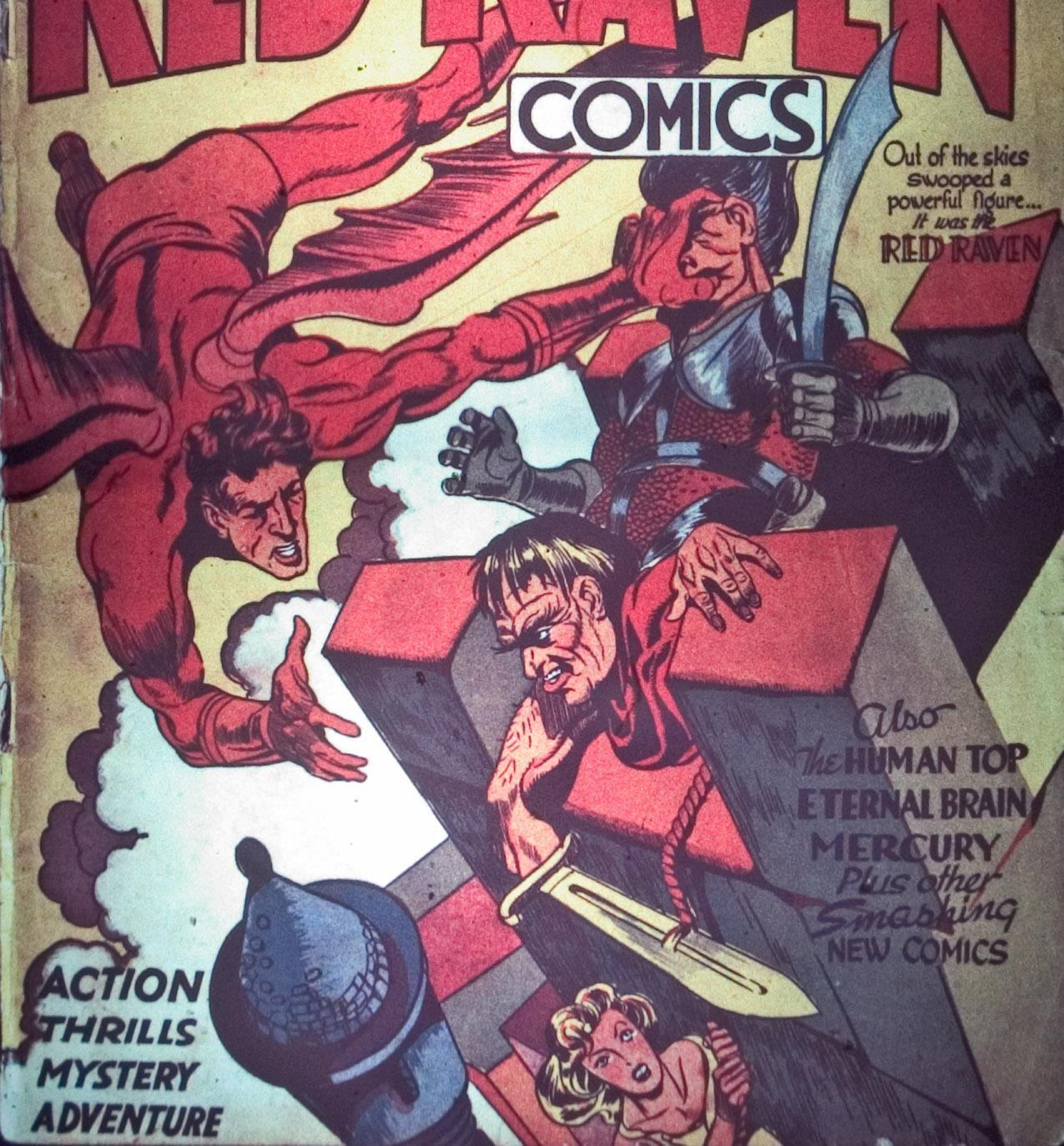
No. 1

August

10¢

RED RAVEN COMICS



Out of the skies swooped a powerful figure... *It was the* **RED RAVEN**

also *the* **HUMAN TOP**

ETERNAL BRAIN

MERCURY

Plus other Smashing **NEW COMICS**

ACTION

THRILLS

MYSTERY

ADVENTURE

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Follow the hobby of President Roosevelt, King George, Adolphe Menjou, Jean Hersholt, Shirley Temple and other famous people. Frasek Company . . . America's largest mail order stamp dealer offers these rare, magnificent stamps at prices that are practically a gift. Thrills galore await the beginner as well as the advanced collector.

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A fine packet of 30 all different stamps from the Caucasus, the birthplace of the white race. Although the three countries of the Transcaucasian Federation, Armenia, Azerbaijan and Georgia are now part of Russia, they once issued stamps. The Bible scenes from Armenia, the mystic fire worshippers of Azerbaijan and St. George slaying the dragon are all shown in this splendid packet—regular price $1.50—special price only . . . **25c**

Approvals sent

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50 all different airmail stamps . . . **50c**
100 all different airmail stamps . . . **$1.75**
500 the most magnificent collection of all different airmail stamps **$19.75**

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[illegible]

$1.50

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200 all different British Colonials showing the might of the British Empire and including many large sized pictorials, net . . . **$1.00**

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A perfect collection without an equal! The finest, most wonderful collection of its kind [illegible]

[illegible] **$8.50**

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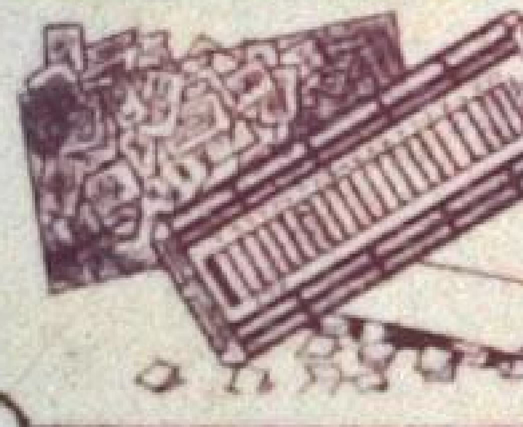
[illegible]

AN OUTSTANDING STAMP OUTFIT



1) America's newest stamp album containing Stamp Locator, Stamp Dictionary of Philatelic Phrases, Valuable information on how to collect stamps and interesting stamp stories. This magnificent album is 6 x 9 inches in size, contains almost 2000 stamp illustrations with space for many thousands of stamps. 200 countries each with valuable historical and geographical matter. It is the album for everyone.
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Twenty-five hundred to three thousand unassorted stamps mostly on pieces of the original envelope, just as they have been collected at foreign missions. It provides many hours of pleasure and thrills whenever an unassorted stamp is found. Of course, there will be a number of duplicates, as the lot is guaranteed to be unassorted. A special price block cataloging $1.00 is included, together with 100 different colorful French Colonial Pictorials. All in all the Treasure Trove catalogs considerably more than $10.00, but our price is only . . . **$1.50**

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A fine collection of these historical commemorative stamps from: Barbados, British Guiana, Canada, Cayman Islands, Ceylon, Falkland Islands, Gold Coast, Jamaica, Kenya-Uganda Tanganyika, Malta, Morocco, New Zealand, Nigeria, Nyasaland, Newfoundland, Sierra Leone, South Africa, South West Africa, Trinidad & Tobago, and Turks & Caicos Islands. The entire collection of 25 all different beautiful postally used stamps for only . . . **75c**

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[illegible]

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75 all different French Colonials from North-South-Central America — Africa — Asia — Australia — Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans. Net . . . **10c**

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1000 all different French Colonials mounted collection. Beauty exemplified in form art and coloring—a superb object to every war. Special only net . . . **$8.25**

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Five thousand, one hundred and one stamps [illegible]

[illegible] **$19.75**

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50 different U.S. stamps net	20c
100 different U.S. stamps net	50c
200 different U.S. stamps net	$2.00
50 all different U.S. Commemoratives net	40c

APPROVALS SENT WITH EVERY ORDER

FRASEK COMPANY

DEPT. 650
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

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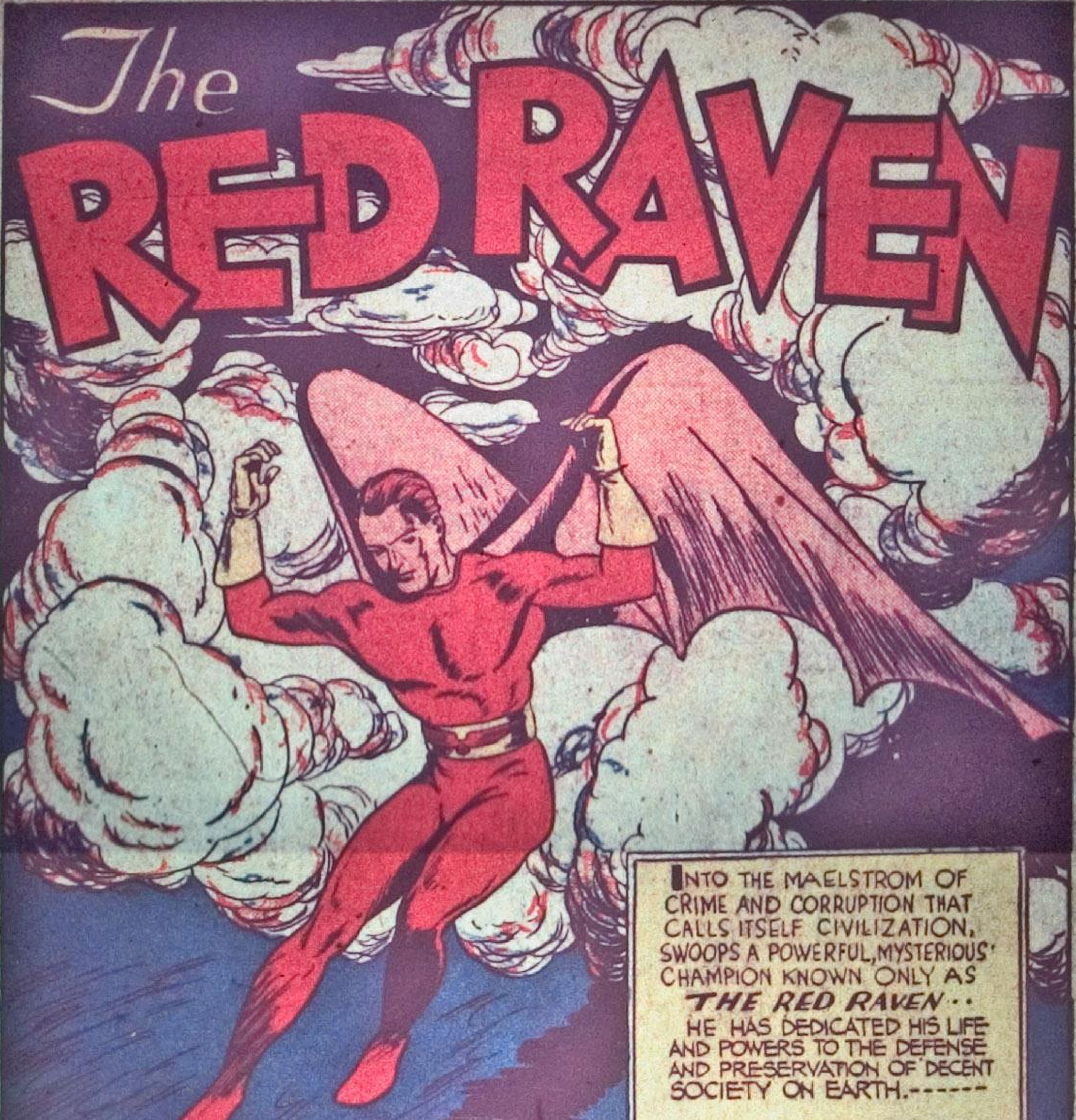
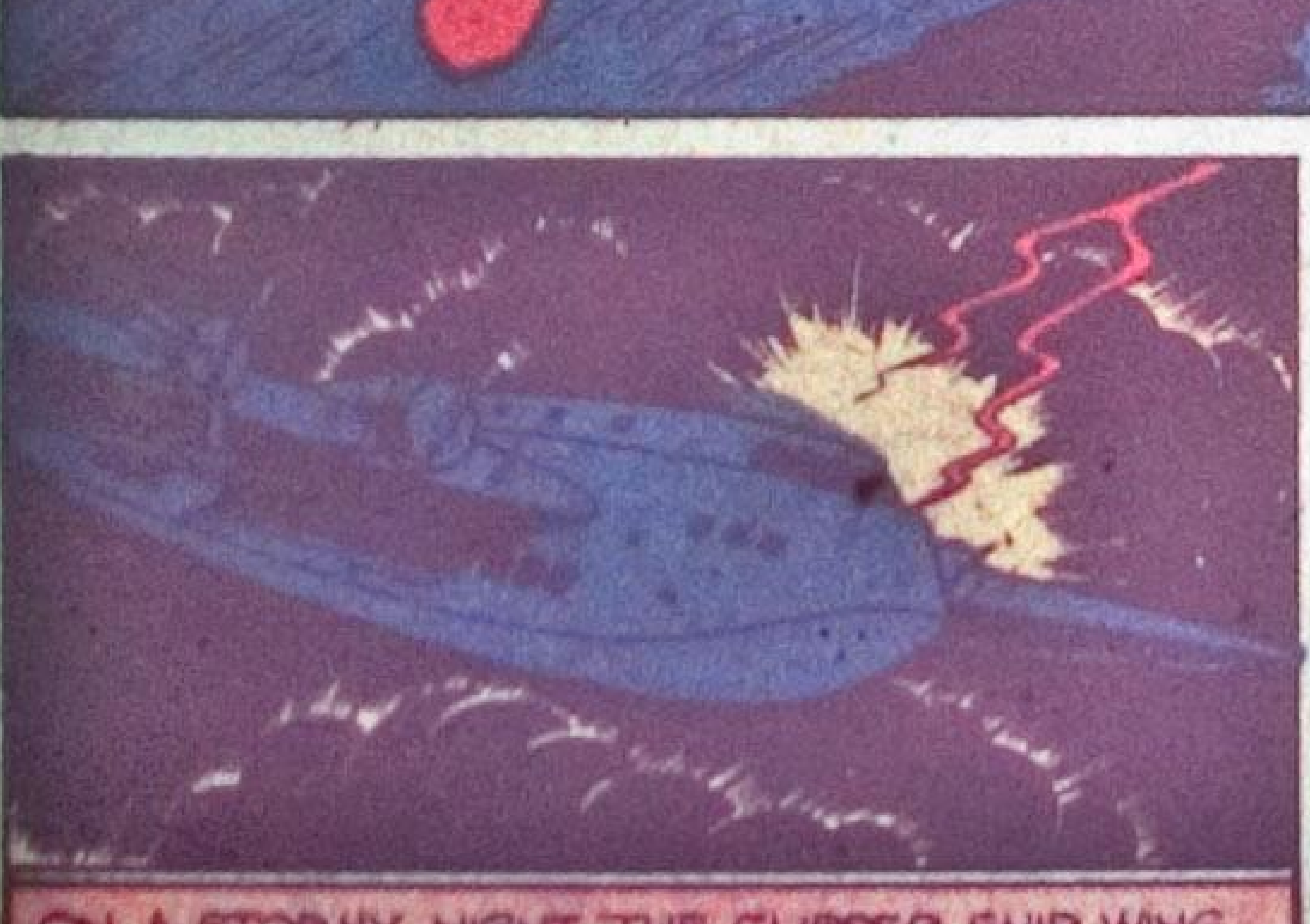
The RED RAVEN

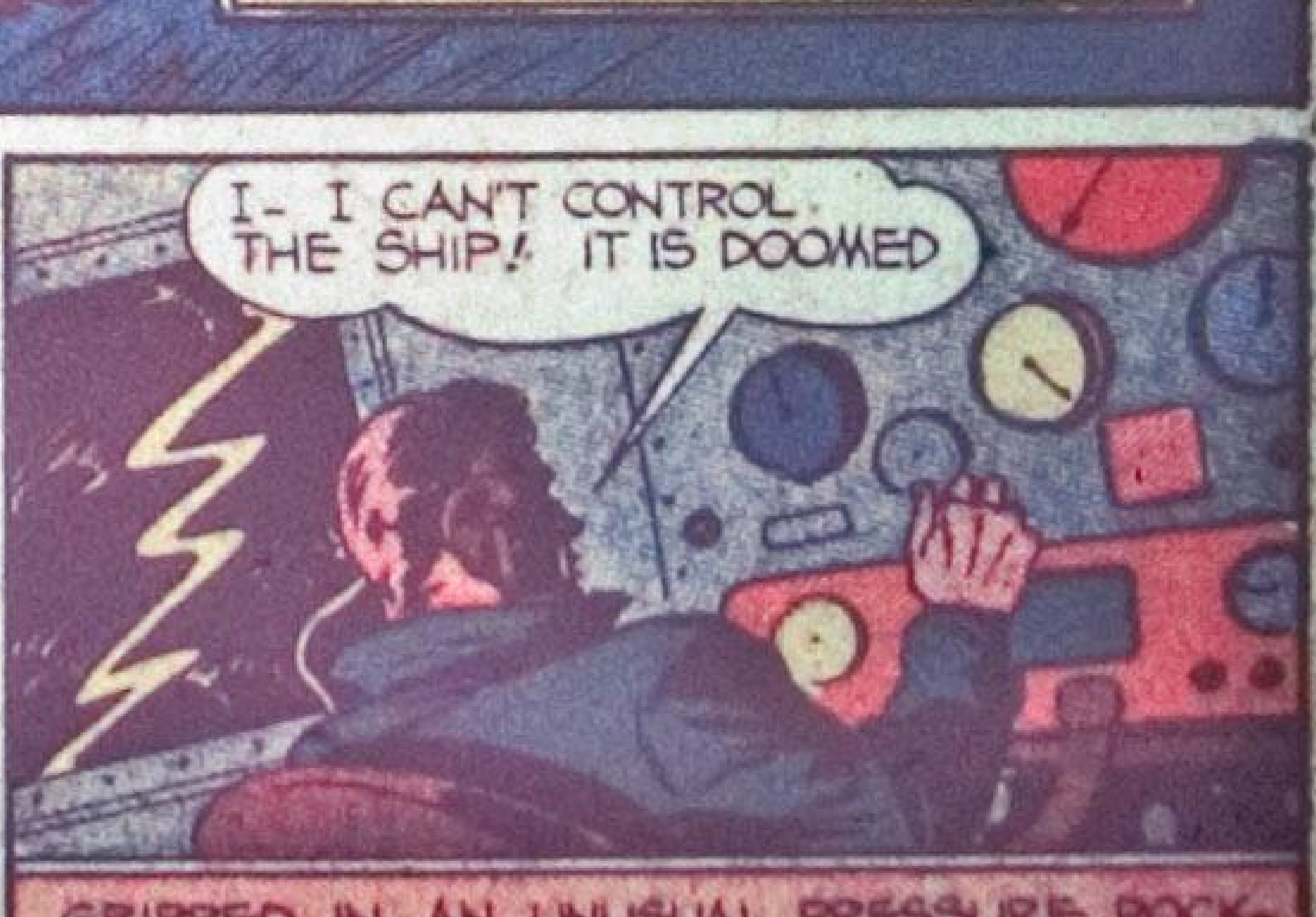


INTO THE MAELSTROM OF CRIME AND CORRUPTION THAT CALLS ITSELF CIVILIZATION, SWOOPS A POWERFUL, MYSTERIOUS CHAMPION KNOWN ONLY AS ***THE RED RAVEN***..

HE HAS DEDICATED HIS LIFE AND POWERS TO THE DEFENSE AND PRESERVATION OF DECENT SOCIETY ON EARTH.------

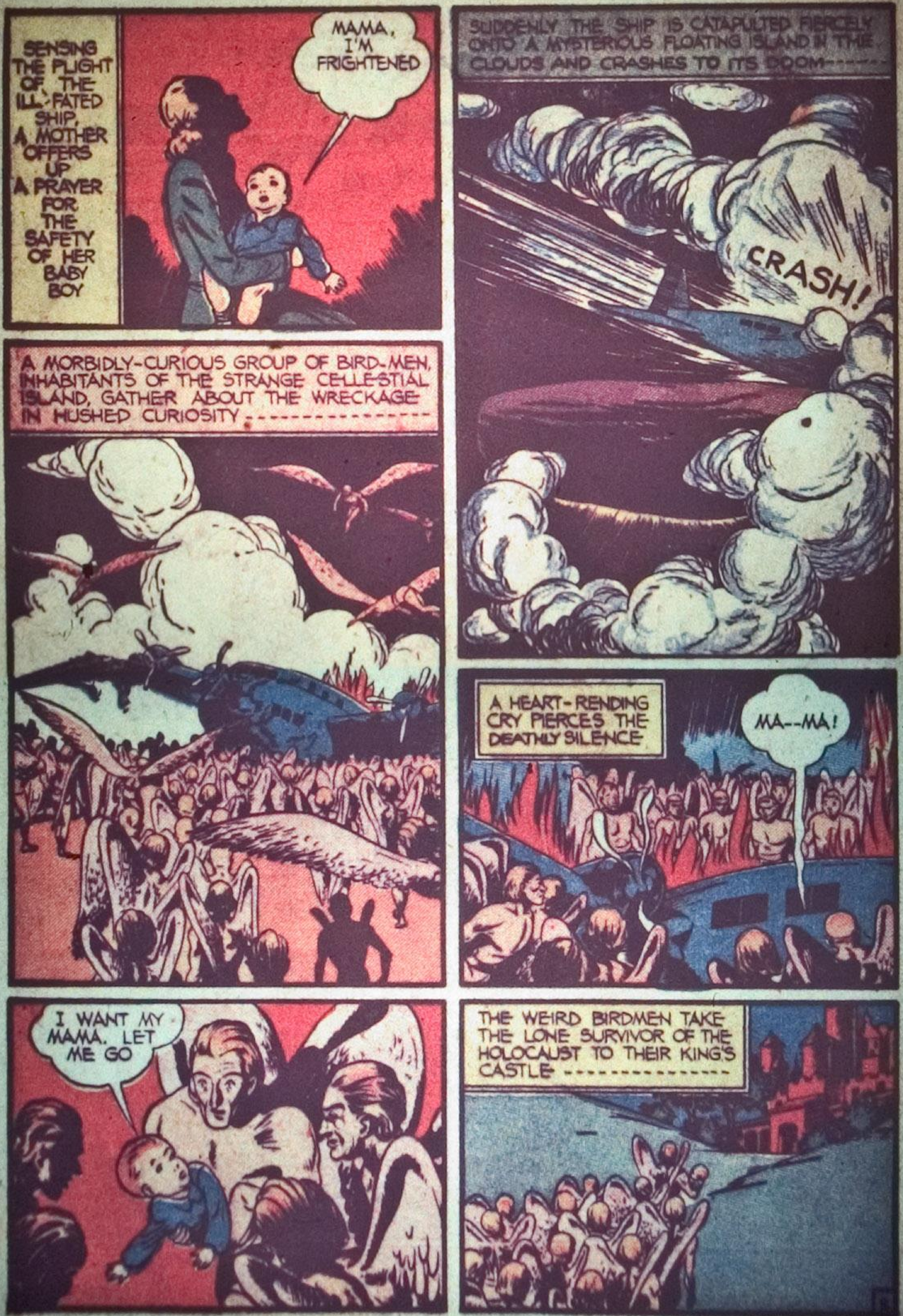


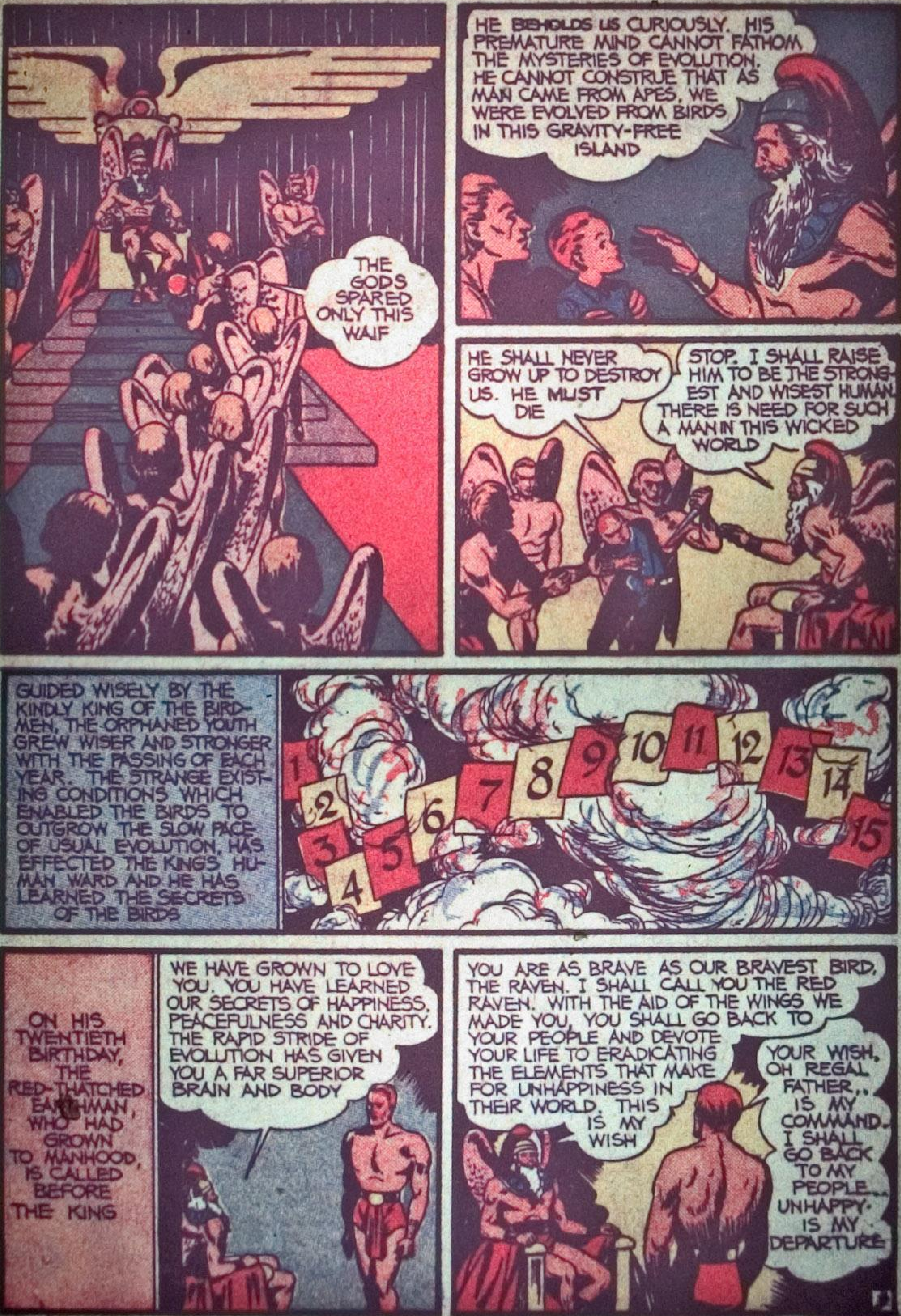
ON A STORMY NIGHT, THE CLIPPER SHIP, WINGING ITS WAY ACROSS THE TREACHEROUS PACIFIC SUDDENLY IS THROWN OFF ITS COURSE.—

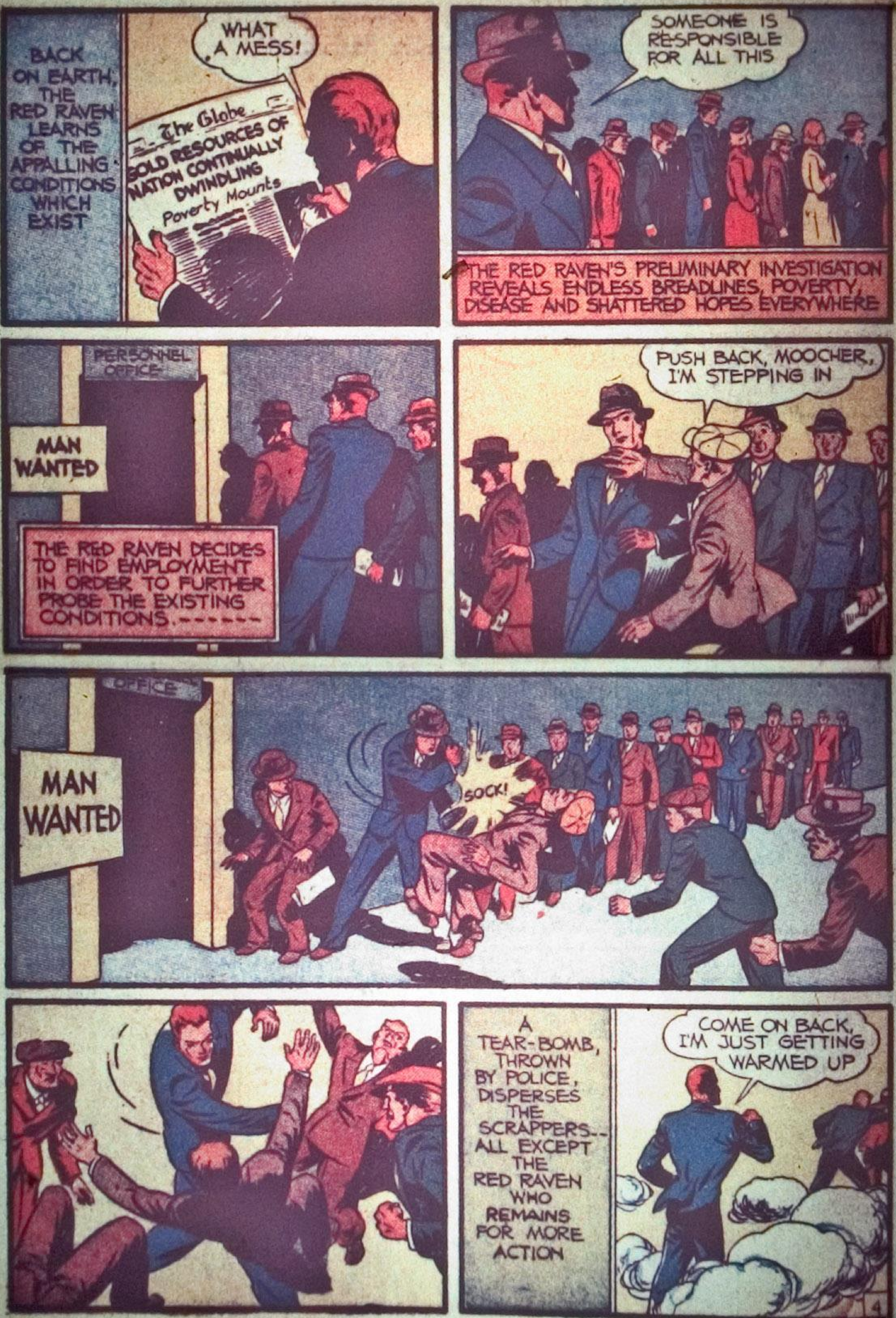


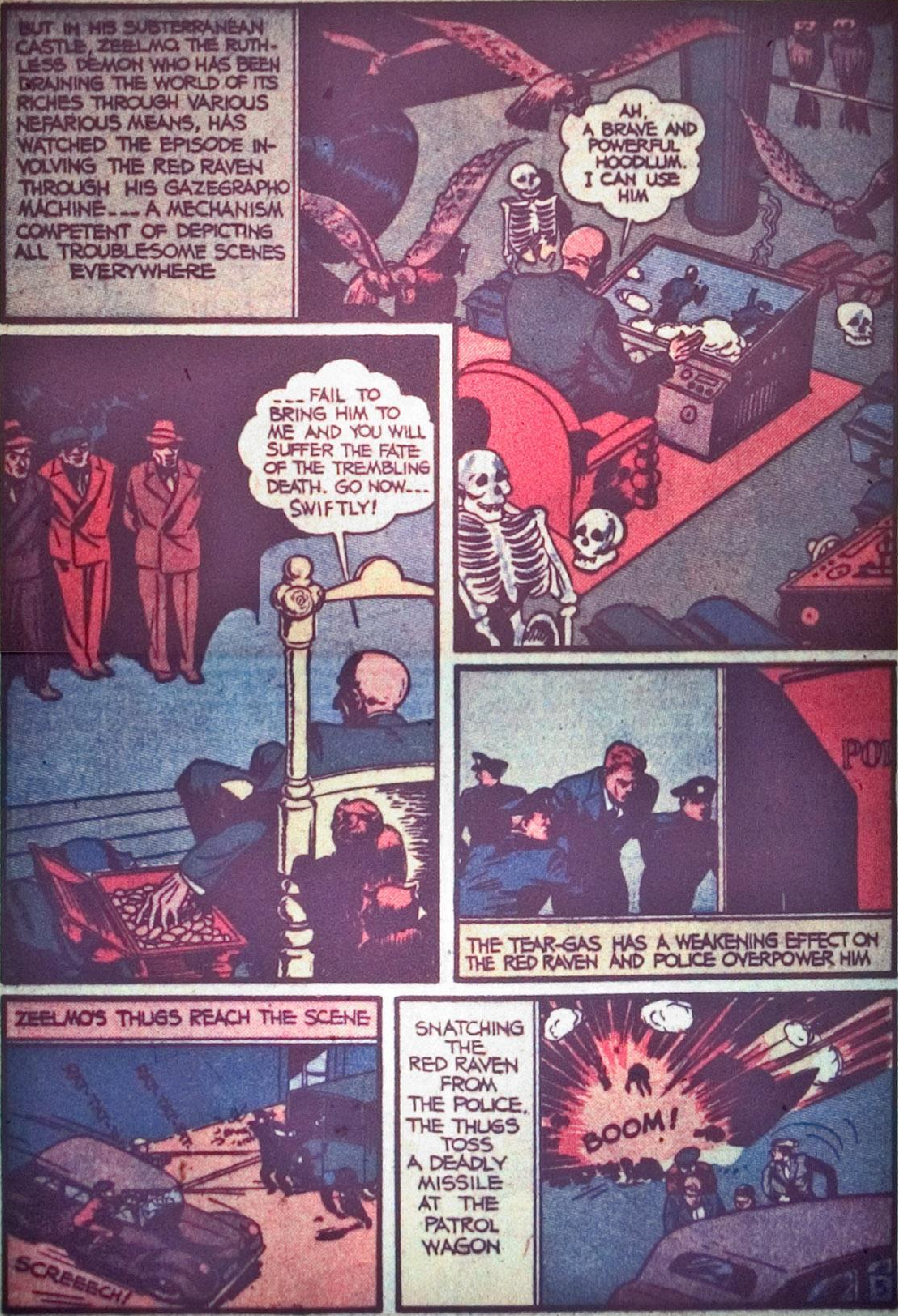
I- I CAN'T CONTROL THE SHIP! IT IS DOOMED

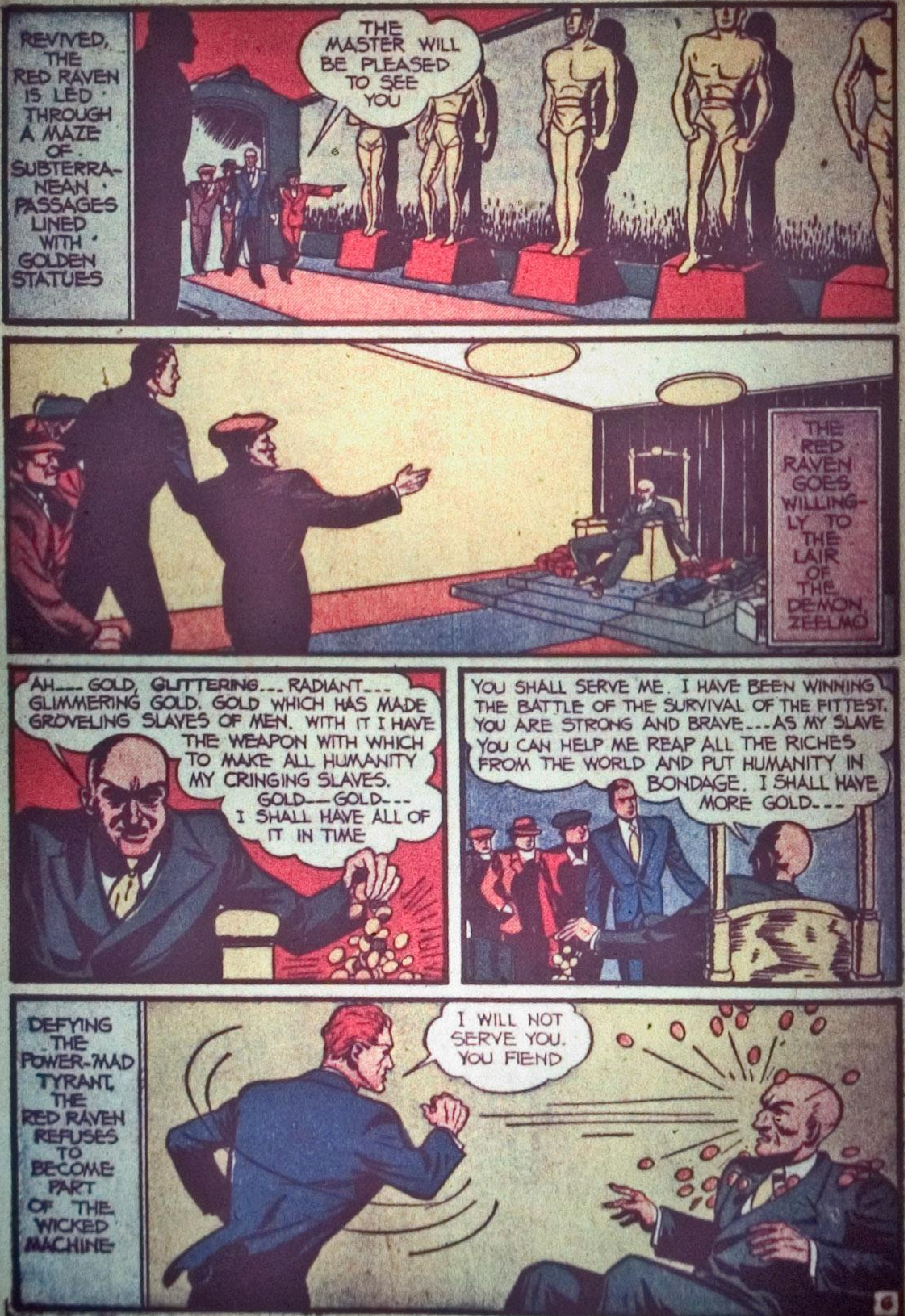
GRIPPED IN AN UNUSUAL PRESSURE POCKET, THE CRAFT LOSES CONTROL AND IS AT THE MERCY OF THE RAGING STORM

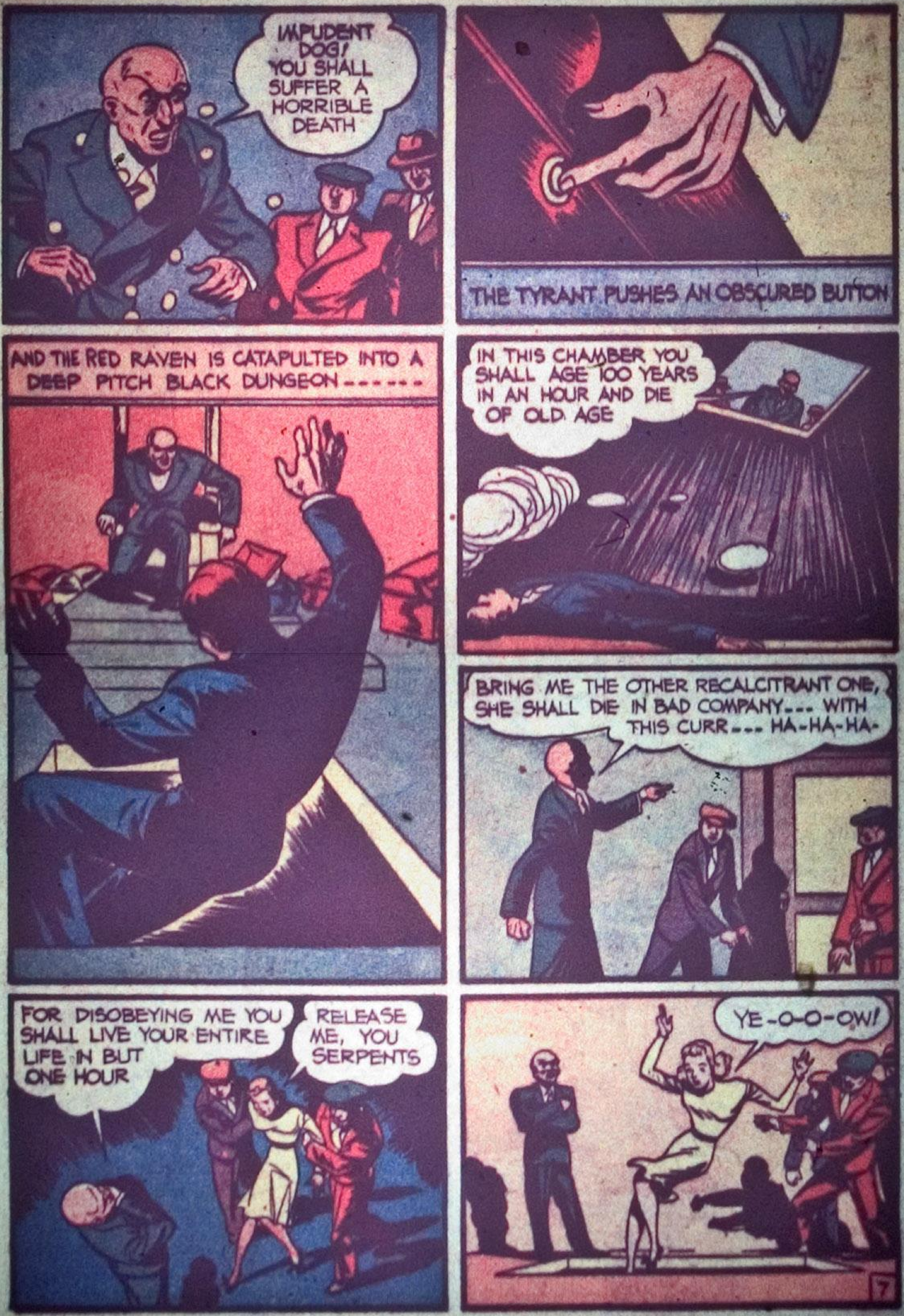

SENSING THE PLIGHT OF THE ILL-FATED SHIP, A MOTHER OFFERS UP A PRAYER FOR THE SAFETY OF HER BABY BOY
MAMA, I'M FRIGHTENED
SUDDENLY THE SHIP IS CATAPULTED FIERCELY ONTO A MYSTERIOUS FLOATING ISLAND IN THE CLOUDS AND CRASHES TO ITS DOOM------
CRASH!
A MORBIDLY-CURIOUS GROUP OF BIRD-MEN, INHABITANTS OF THE STRANGE CELLESTIAL ISLAND, GATHER ABOUT THE WRECKAGE IN HUSHED CURIOSITY-----------------
A HEART-RENDING CRY PIERCES THE DEATHLY SILENCE
MA--MA!
I WANT MY MAMA. LET ME GO
THE WEIRD BIRDMEN TAKE THE LONE SURVIVOR OF THE HOLOCAUST TO THEIR KING'S CASTLE-------------

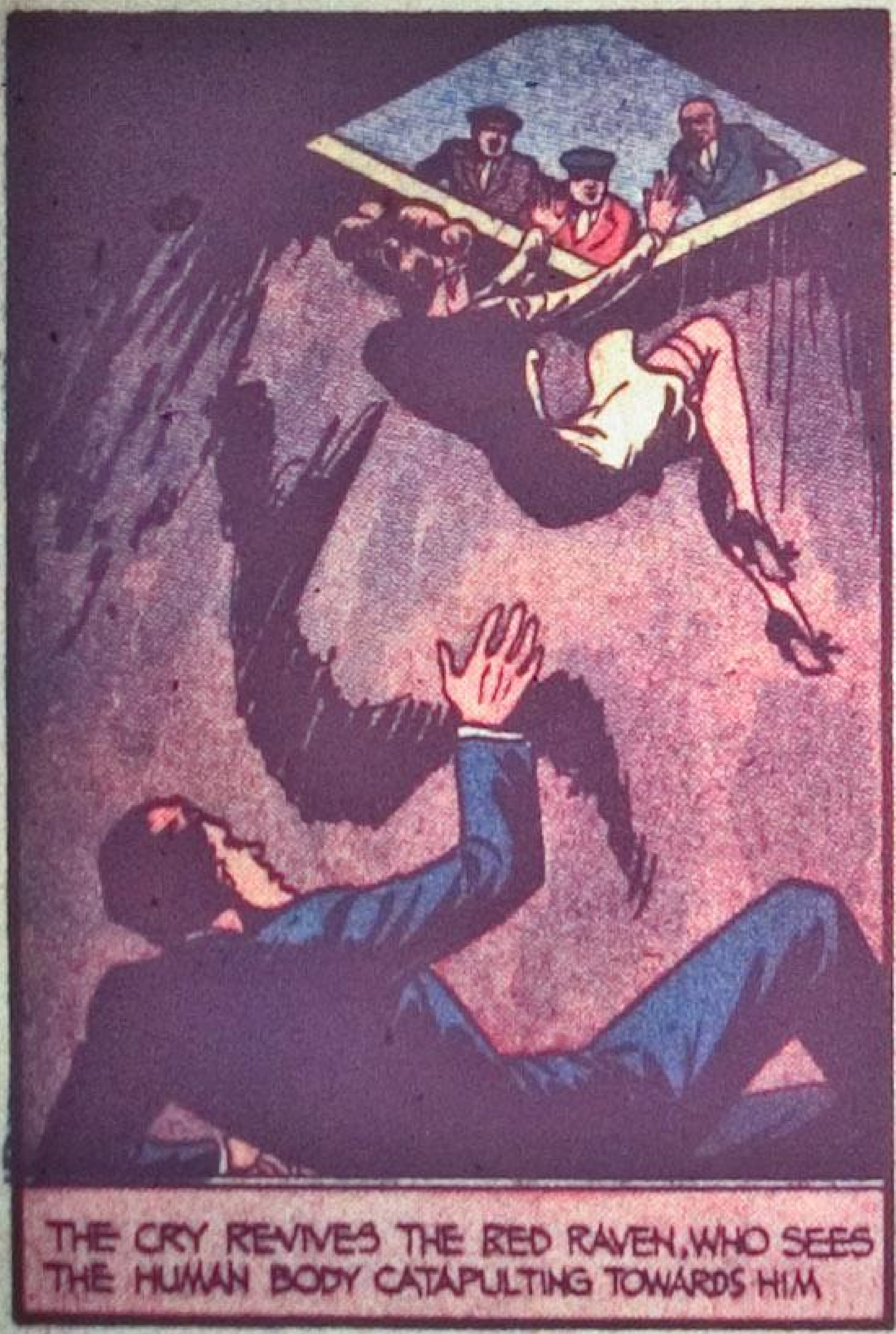

THE GODS SPARED ONLY THIS WAIF
HE BEHOLDS US CURIOUSLY. HIS PREMATURE MIND CANNOT FATHOM THE MYSTERIES OF EVOLUTION. HE CANNOT CONSTRUE THAT AS MAN CAME FROM APES, WE WERE EVOLVED FROM BIRDS IN THIS GRAVITY-FREE ISLAND
HE SHALL NEVER GROW UP TO DESTROY US. HE MUST DIE
STOP. I SHALL RAISE HIM TO BE THE STRONGEST AND WISEST HUMAN. THERE IS NEED FOR SUCH A MAN IN THIS WICKED WORLD
GUIDED WISELY BY THE KINDLY KING OF THE BIRDMEN, THE ORPHANED YOUTH GREW WISER AND STRONGER WITH THE PASSING OF EACH YEAR. THE STRANGE EXISTING CONDITIONS WHICH ENABLED THE BIRDS TO OUTGROW THE SLOW PACE OF USUAL EVOLUTION, HAS EFFECTED THE KINGS HUMAN WARD AND HE HAS LEARNED THE SECRETS OF THE BIRDS
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
ON HIS TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY, THE RED-THATCHED EARTHMAN, WHO HAD GROWN TO MANHOOD, IS CALLED BEFORE THE KING
WE HAVE GROWN TO LOVE YOU. YOU HAVE LEARNED OUR SECRETS OF HAPPINESS, PEACEFULNESS AND CHARITY. THE RAPID STRIDE OF EVOLUTION HAS GIVEN YOU A FAR SUPERIOR BRAIN AND BODY
YOU ARE AS BRAVE AS OUR BRAVEST BIRD, THE RAVEN. I SHALL CALL YOU THE RED RAVEN. WITH THE AID OF THE WINGS WE MADE YOU, YOU SHALL GO BACK TO YOUR PEOPLE AND DEVOTE YOUR LIFE TO ERADICATING THE ELEMENTS THAT MAKE FOR UNHAPPINESS IN THEIR WORLD. THIS IS MY WISH
YOUR WISH, OH REGAL FATHER,, IS MY COMMAND. I SHALL GO BACK TO MY PEOPLE... UNHAPPY IS MY DEPARTURE

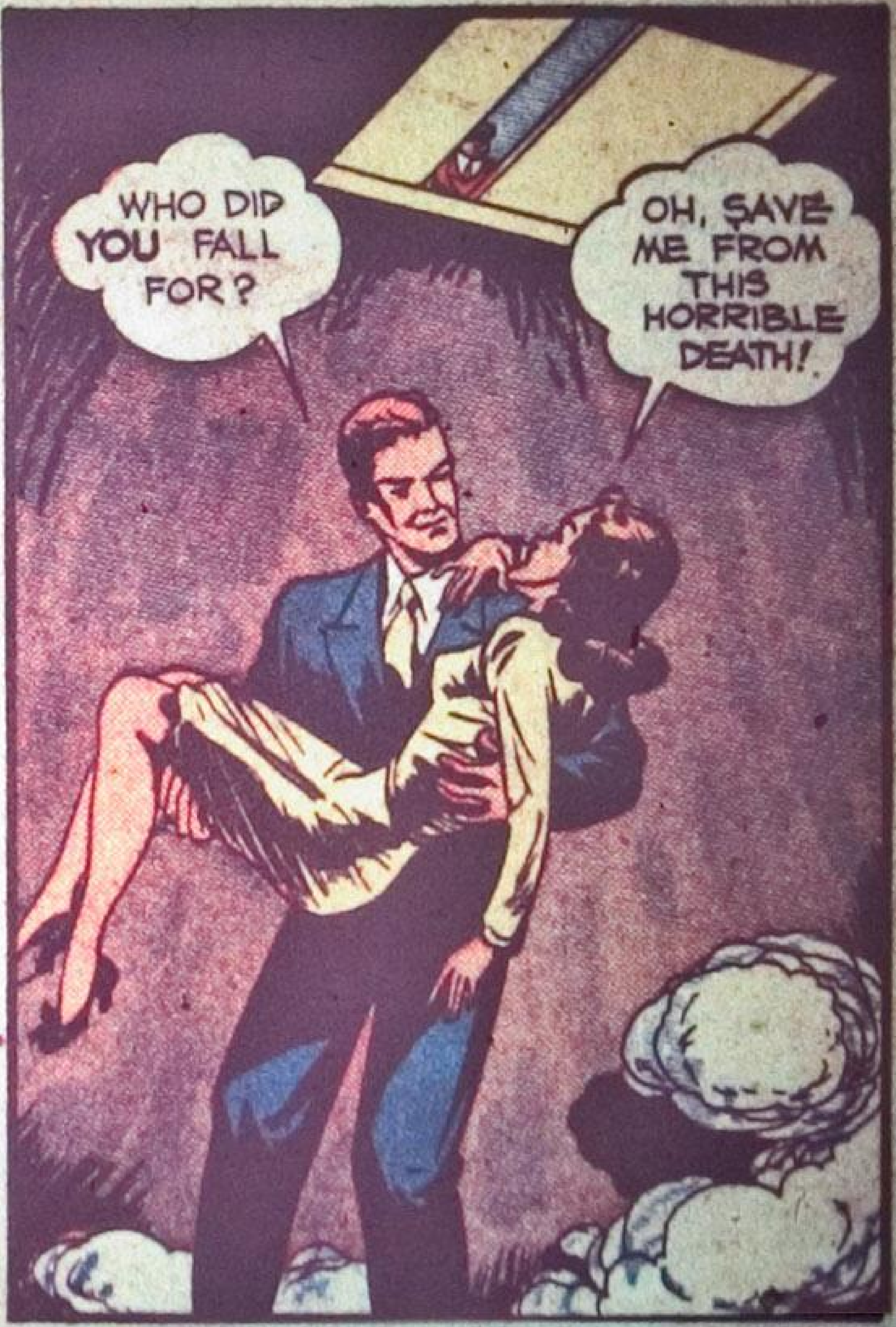

BACK ON EARTH, THE RED RAVEN LEARNS OF THE APPALLING CONDITIONS WHICH EXIST
WHAT A MESS!
The Globe
GOLD RESOURCES OF NATION CONTINUALLY DWINDLING
Poverty Mounts
SOMEONE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS
THE RED RAVEN'S PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION REVEALS ENDLESS BREADLINES, POVERTY, DISEASE AND SHATTERED HOPES EVERYWHERE
PERSONNEL OFFICE
MAN WANTED
THE RED RAVEN DECIDES TO FIND EMPLOYMENT IN ORDER TO FURTHER PROBE THE EXISTING CONDITIONS.------
PUSH BACK, MOOCHER, I'M STEPPING IN
OFFICE
MAN WANTED
SOCK!
A TEAR-BOMB, THROWN BY POLICE, DISPERSES THE SCRAPPERS-- ALL EXCEPT THE RED RAVEN WHO REMAINS FOR MORE ACTION
COME ON BACK, I'M JUST GETTING WARMED UP

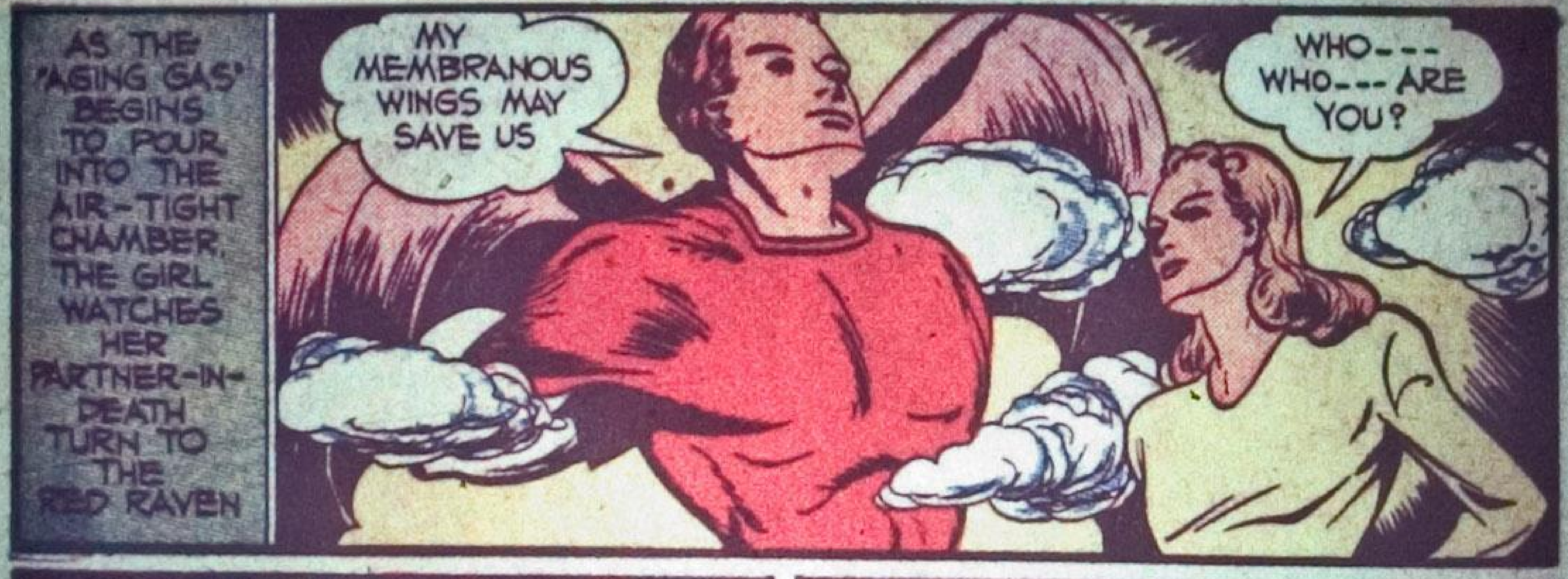

BUT IN HIS SUBTERRANEAN CASTLE, ZEELMO, THE RUTHLESS DEMON WHO HAS BEEN DRAINING THE WORLD OF ITS RICHES THROUGH VARIOUS NEFARIOUS MEANS, HAS WATCHED THE EPISODE INVOLVING THE RED RAVEN THROUGH HIS GAZEGRAPHO MACHINE--- A MECHANISM COMPETENT OF DEPICTING ALL TROUBLESOME SCENES EVERYWHERE
AH, A BRAVE AND POWERFUL HOODLUM. I CAN USE HIM
---FAIL TO BRING HIM TO ME AND YOU WILL SUFFER THE FATE OF THE TREMBLING DEATH. GO NOW--- SWIFTLY!
POL
THE TEAR-GAS HAS A WEAKENING EFFECT ON THE RED RAVEN AND POLICE OVERPOWER HIM
ZEELMO'S THUGS REACH THE SCENE
SCREEEECH!
SNATCHING THE RED RAVEN FROM THE POLICE, THE THUGS TOSS A DEADLY MISSILE AT THE PATROL WAGON
BOOM!

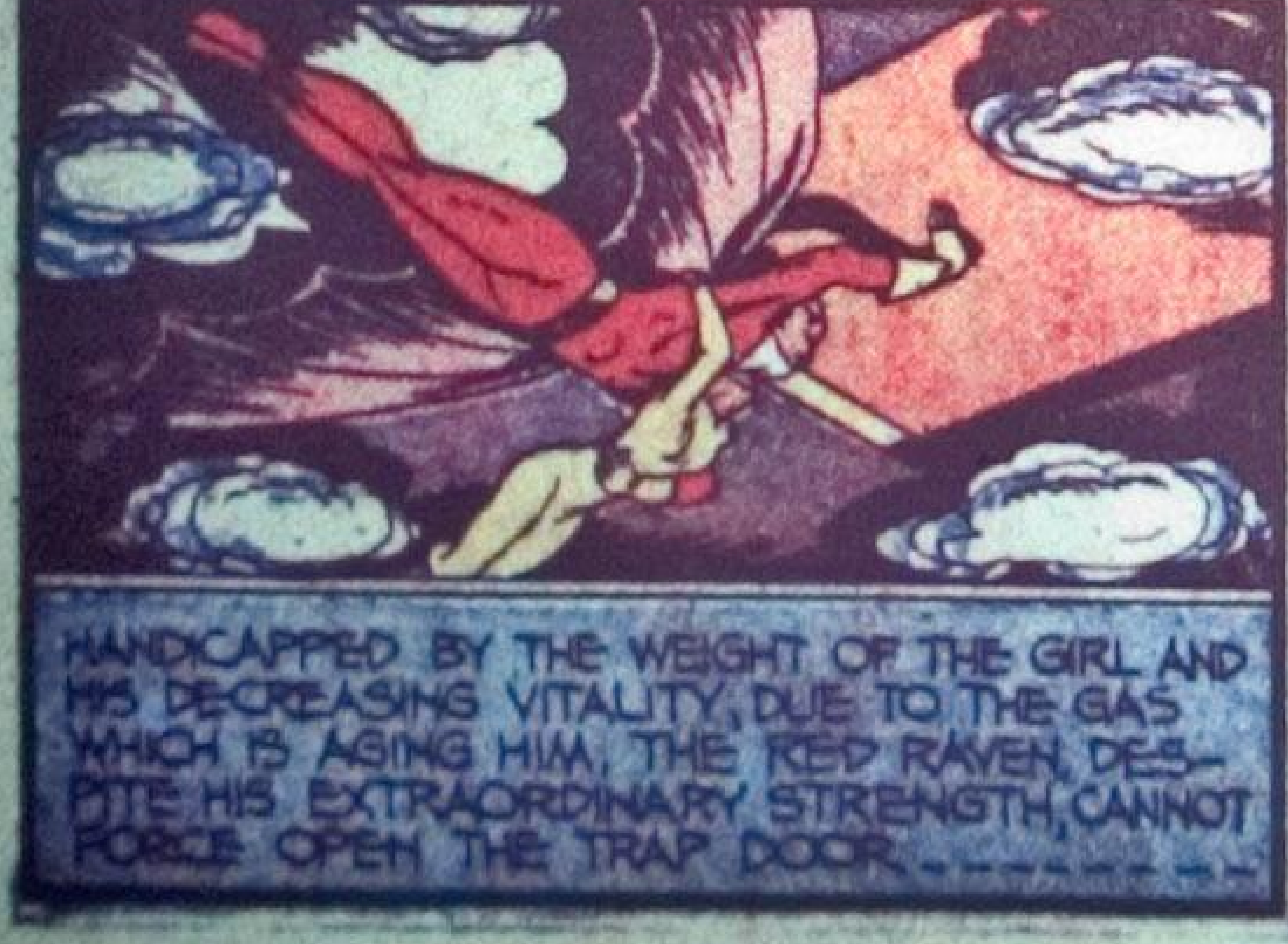

REVIVED, THE RED RAVEN IS LED THROUGH A MAZE OF SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES LINED WITH GOLDEN STATUES
THE MASTER WILL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU
THE RED RAVEN GOES WILLINGLY TO THE LAIR OF THE DEMON, ZEELMO
AH--- GOLD, GLITTERING--- RADIANT--- GLIMMERING GOLD. GOLD WHICH HAS MADE GROVELING SLAVES OF MEN. WITH IT I HAVE THE WEAPON WITH WHICH TO MAKE ALL HUMANITY MY CRINGING SLAVES. GOLD---GOLD--- I SHALL HAVE ALL OF IT IN TIME
YOU SHALL SERVE ME. I HAVE BEEN WINNING THE BATTLE OF THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST. YOU ARE STRONG AND BRAVE---AS MY SLAVE YOU CAN HELP ME REAP ALL THE RICHES FROM THE WORLD AND PUT HUMANITY IN BONDAGE. I SHALL HAVE MORE GOLD---
DEFYING THE POWER-MAD TYRANT, THE RED RAVEN REFUSES TO BECOME PART OF THE WICKED MACHINE
I WILL NOT SERVE YOU. YOU FIEND

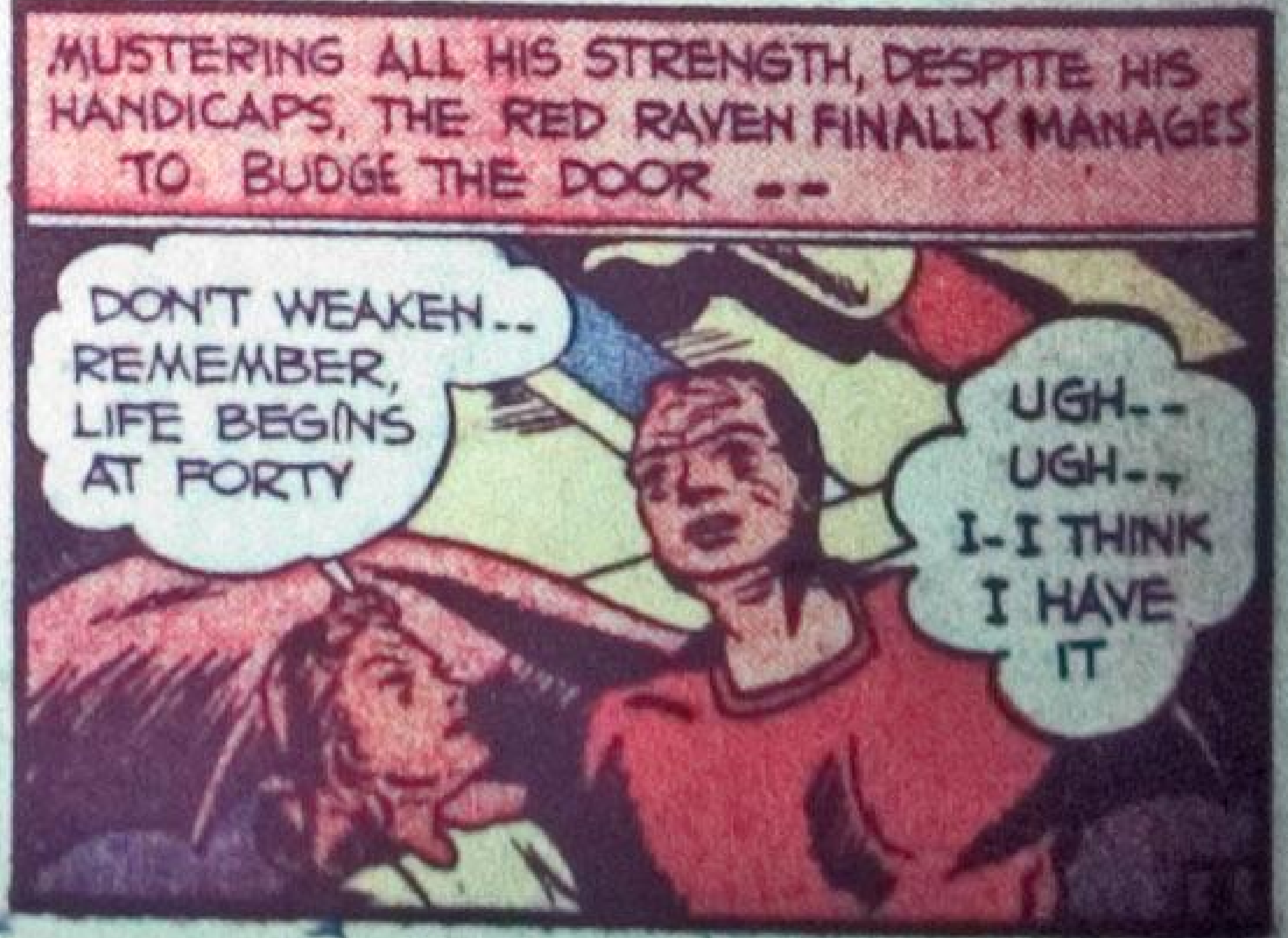

IMPUDENT DOG! YOU SHALL SUFFER A HORRIBLE DEATH
THE TYRANT PUSHES AN OBSCURED BUTTON
AND THE RED RAVEN IS CATAPULTED INTO A DEEP PITCH BLACK DUNGEON ------
IN THIS CHAMBER YOU SHALL AGE 100 YEARS IN AN HOUR AND DIE OF OLD AGE
BRING ME THE OTHER RECALCITRANT ONE, SHE SHALL DIE IN BAD COMPANY--- WITH THIS CURR--- HA-HA-HA-
FOR DISOBEYING ME YOU SHALL LIVE YOUR ENTIRE LIFE IN BUT ONE HOUR
RELEASE ME, YOU SERPENTS
YE-O-O-OW!

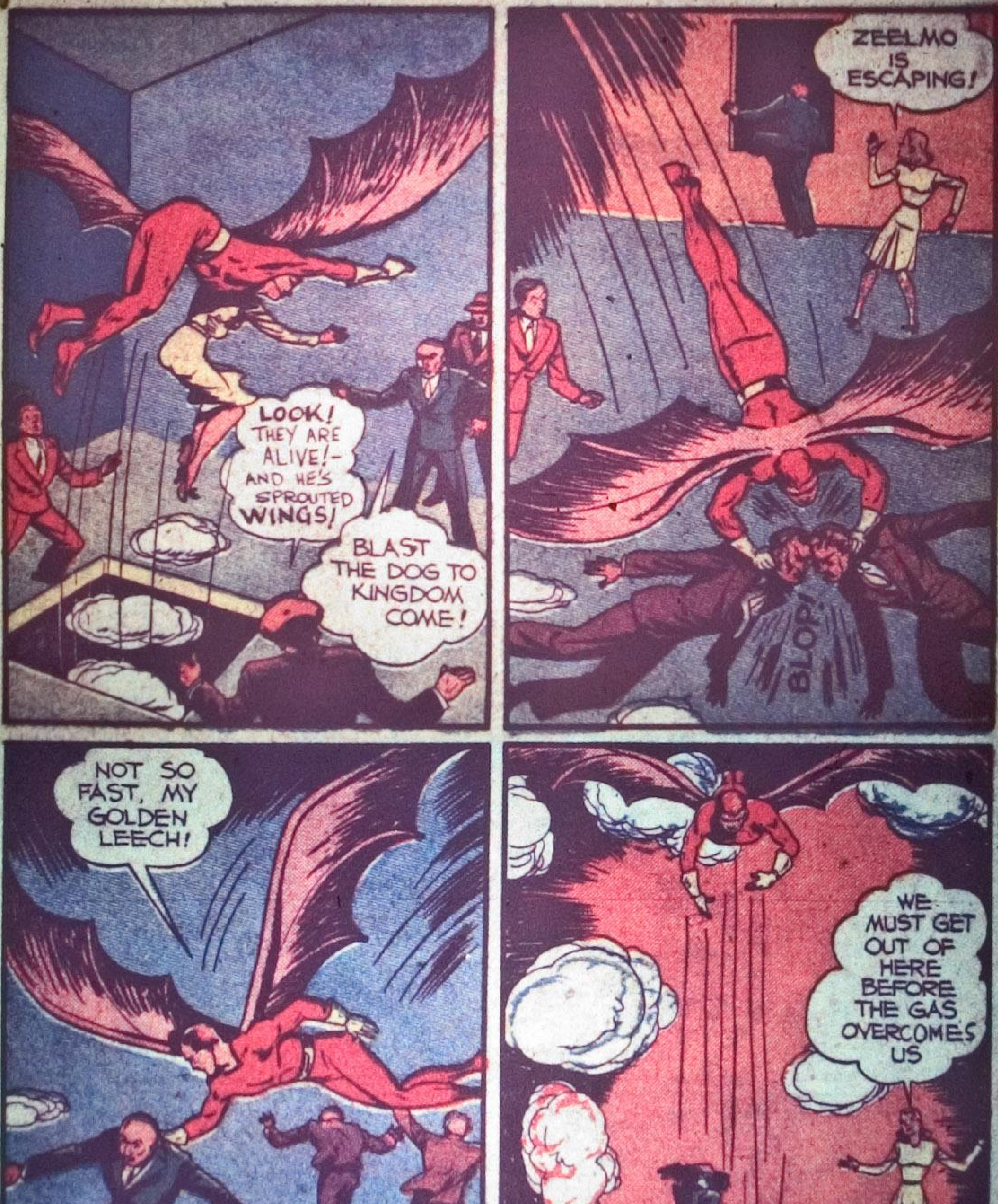

THE CRY REVIVES THE RED RAVEN, WHO SEES THE HUMAN BODY CATAPULTING TOWARDS HIM

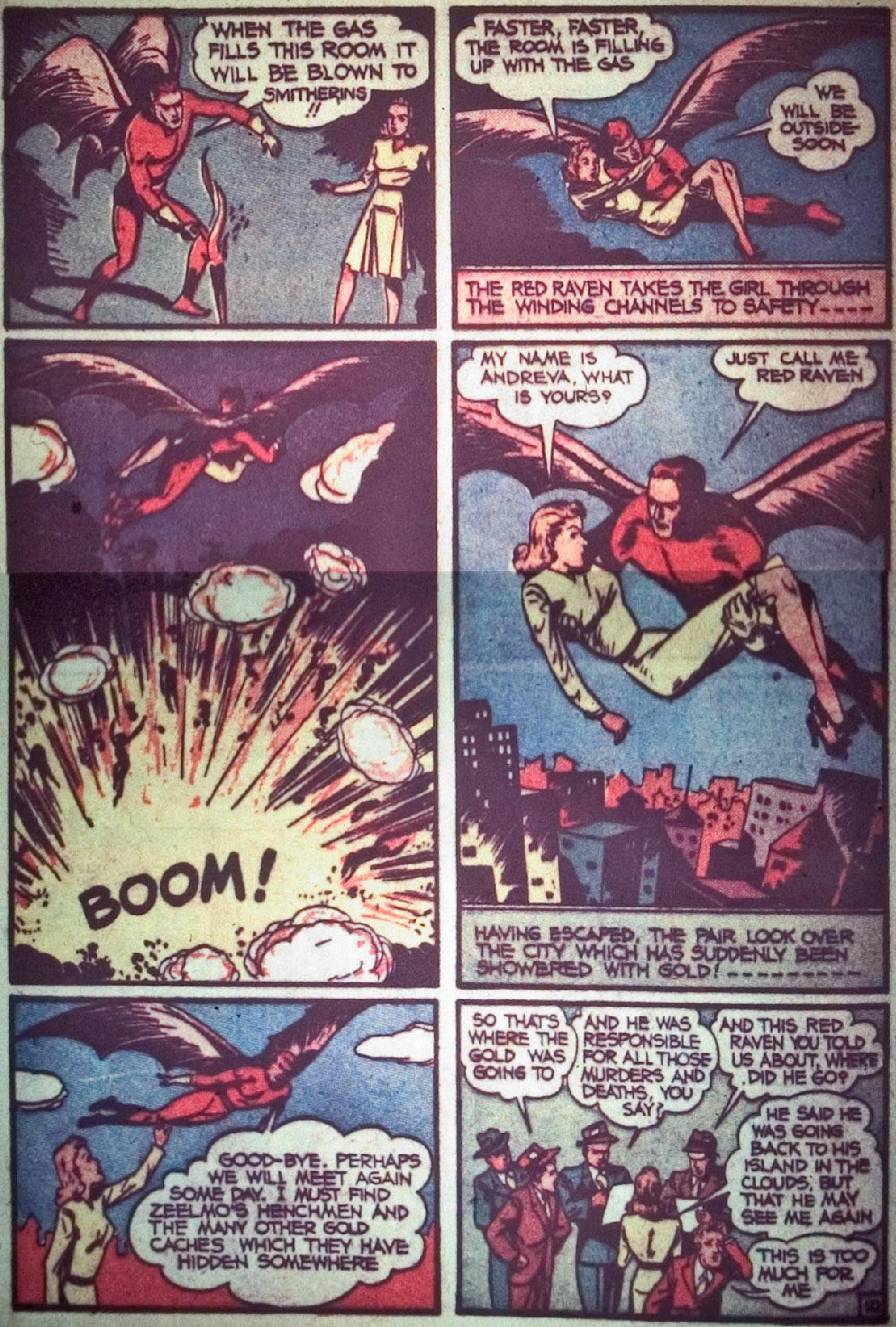

WHO DID YOU FALL FOR?
OH, SAVE ME FROM THIS HORRIBLE DEATH!

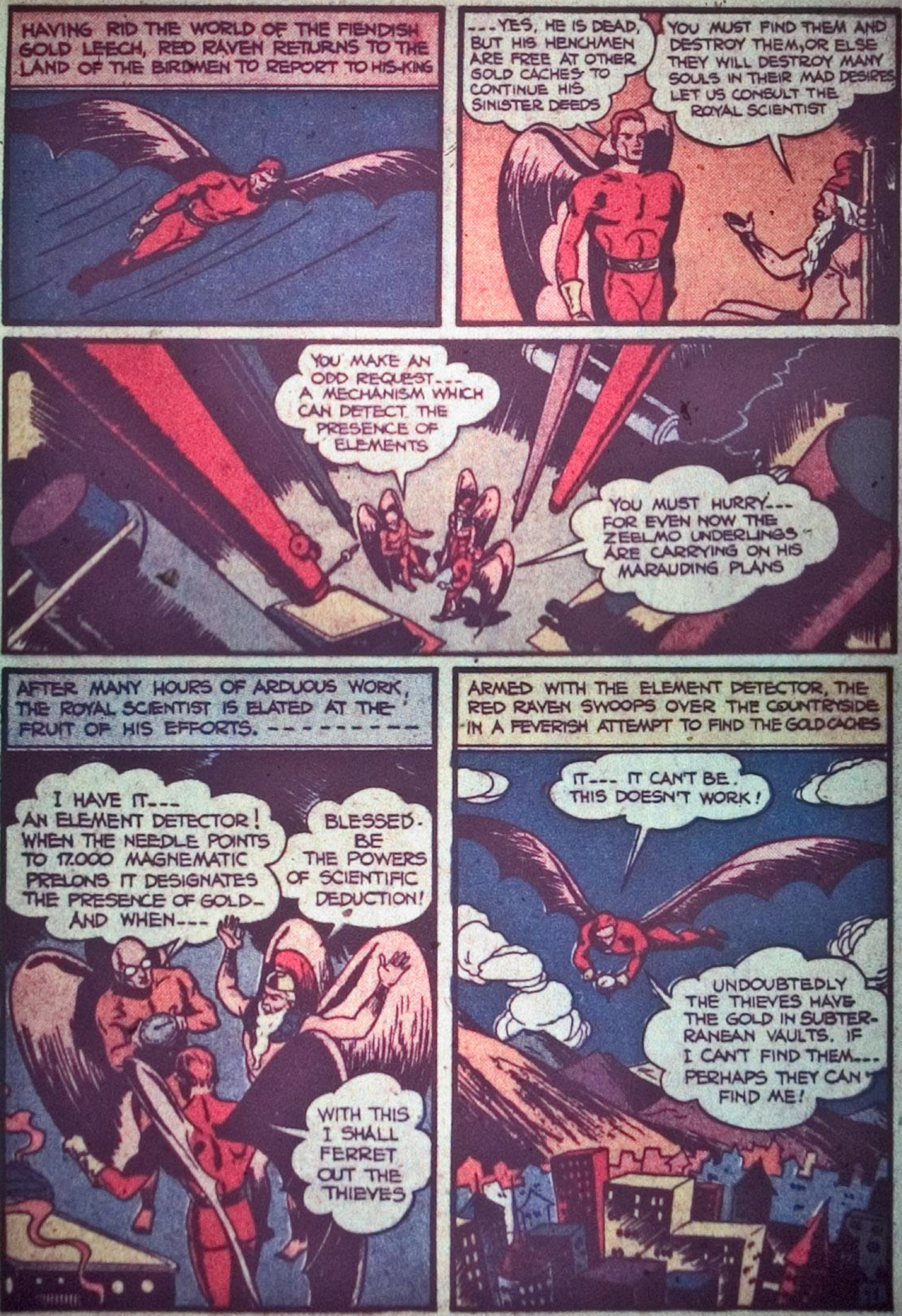

AS THE "AGING GAS" BEGINS TO POUR INTO THE AIR-TIGHT CHAMBER, THE GIRL WATCHES HER PARTNER-IN-DEATH TURN TO THE RED RAVEN
MY MEMBRANOUS WINGS MAY SAVE US
WHO--- WHO--- ARE YOU?

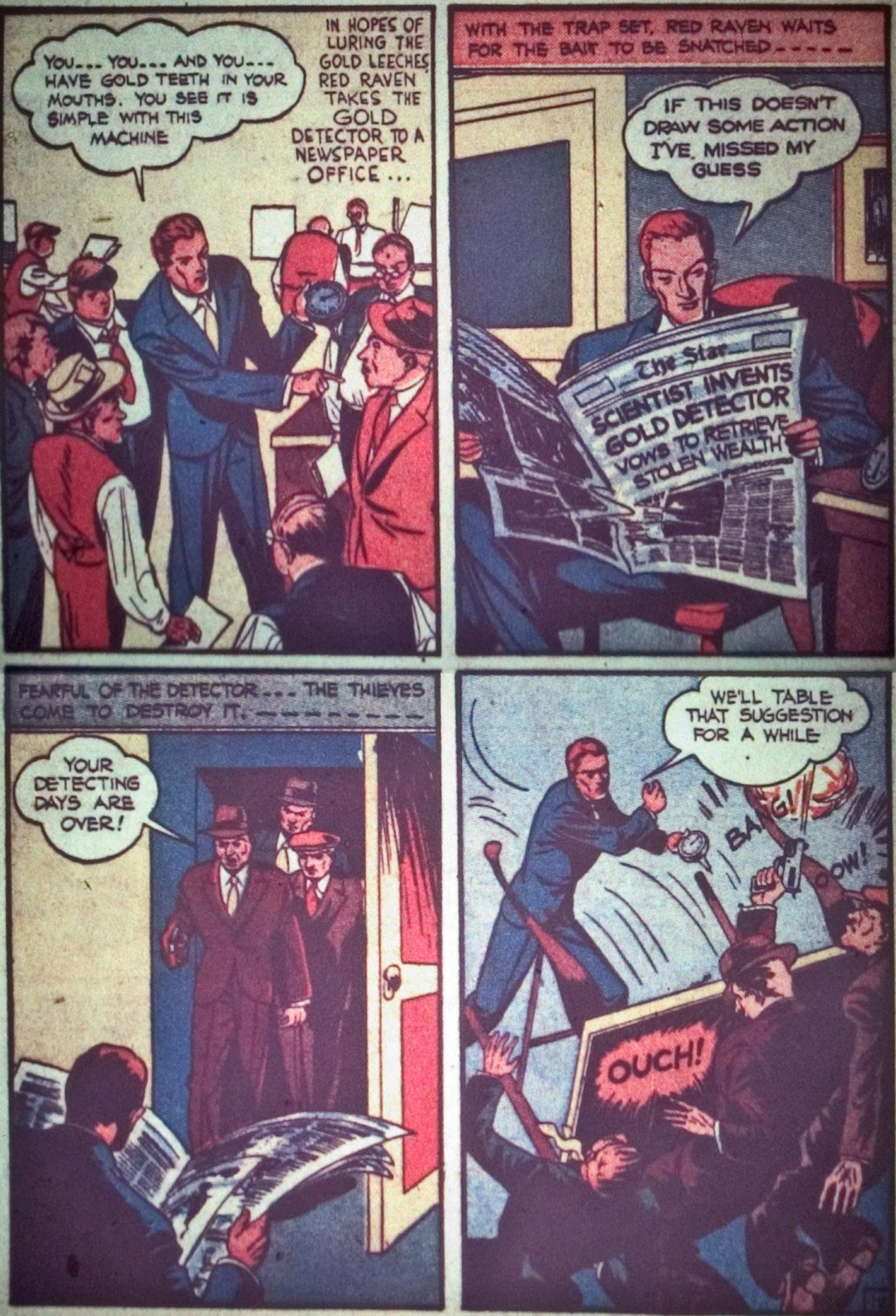

HANDICAPPED BY THE WEIGHT OF THE GIRL AND HIS DECREASING VITALITY, DUE TO THE GAS WHICH IS AGING HIM, THE RED RAVEN, DESPITE HIS EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH, CANNOT FORCE OPEN THE TRAP DOOR--------

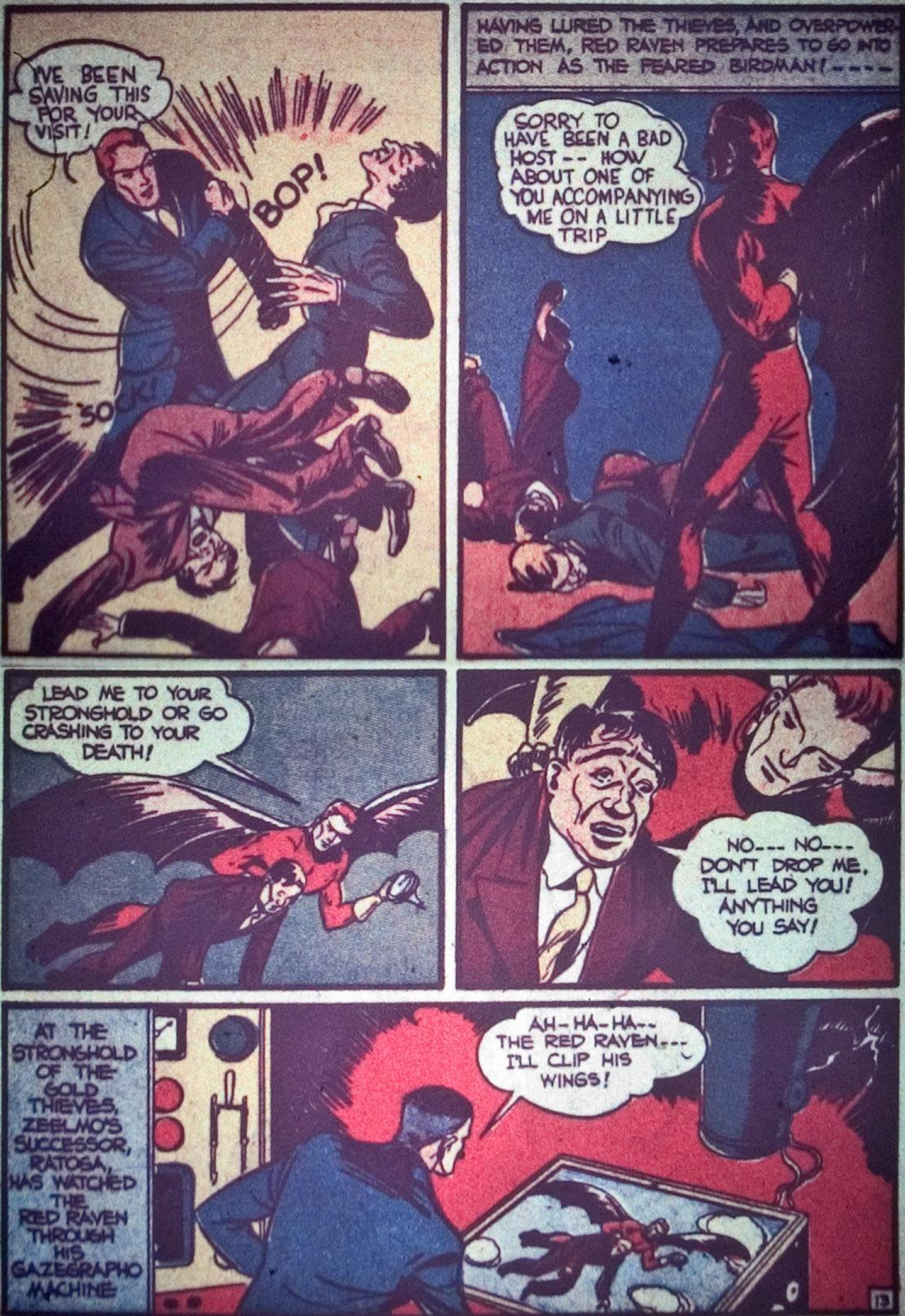

MUSTERING ALL HIS STRENGTH, DESPITE HIS HANDICAPS, THE RED RAVEN FINALLY MANAGES TO BUDGE THE DOOR --
DON'T WEAKEN.. REMEMBER, LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY
UGH-- UGH-- I-I THINK I HAVE IT

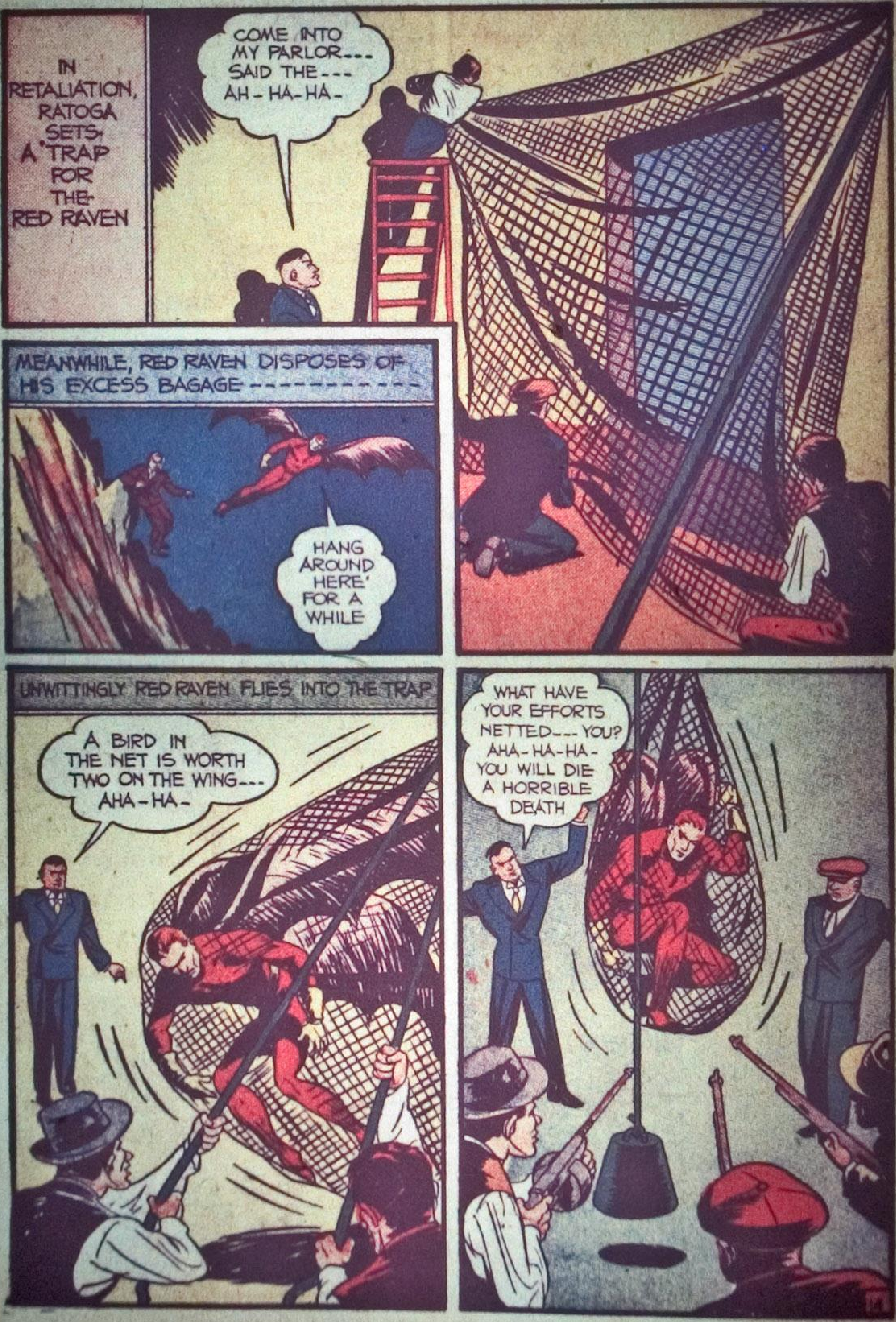

LOOK! THEY ARE ALIVE!- AND HE'S SPROUTED WINGS!
BLAST THE DOG TO KINGDOM COME!
ZEELMO IS ESCAPING!
BLOP!
NOT SO FAST, MY GOLDEN LEECH!
WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE GAS OVERCOMES US

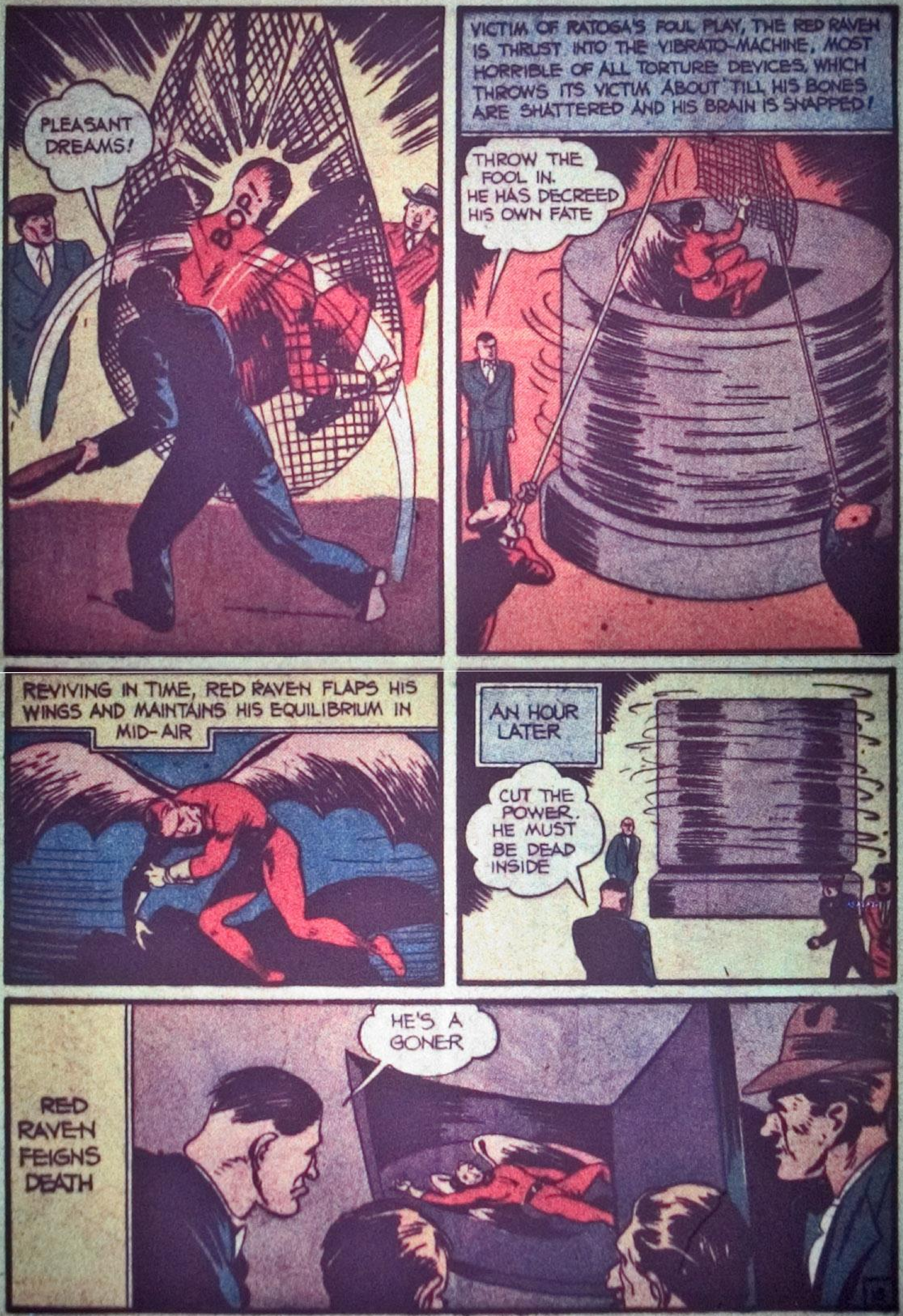

WHEN THE GAS FILLS THIS ROOM IT WILL BE BLOWN TO SMITHERINS !!
FASTER, FASTER, THE ROOM IS FILLING UP WITH THE GAS
WE WILL BE OUTSIDE SOON
THE RED RAVEN TAKES THE GIRL THROUGH THE WINDING CHANNELS TO SAFETY----
BOOM!
MY NAME IS ANDREVA, WHAT IS YOURS?
JUST CALL ME RED RAVEN
HAVING ESCAPED, THE PAIR LOOK OVER THE CITY WHICH HAS SUDDENLY BEEN SHOWERED WITH GOLD! ---------
GOOD-BYE. PERHAPS WE WILL MEET AGAIN SOME DAY. I MUST FIND ZEELMO'S HENCHMEN AND THE MANY OTHER GOLD CACHES WHICH THEY HAVE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE
SO THAT'S WHERE THE GOLD WAS GOING TO
AND HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THOSE MURDERS AND DEATHS, YOU SAY?
AND THIS RED RAVEN YOU TOLD US ABOUT, WHERE DID HE GO?
HE SAID HE WAS GOING BACK TO HIS ISLAND IN THE CLOUDS; BUT THAT HE MAY SEE ME AGAIN
THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME
10

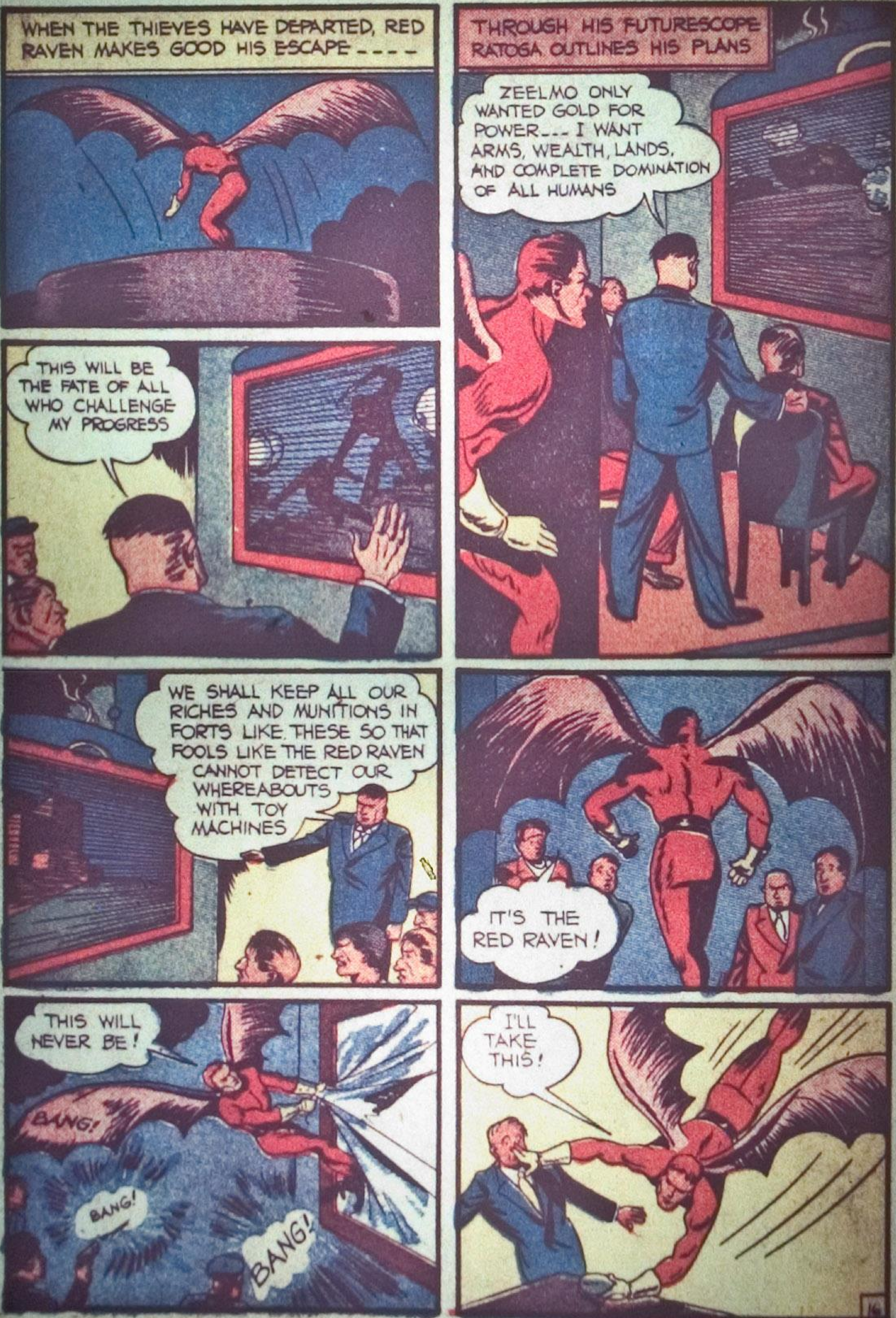

HAVING RID THE WORLD OF THE FIENDISH GOLD LEECH, RED RAVEN RETURNS TO THE LAND OF THE BIRDMEN TO REPORT TO HIS KING
---YES, HE IS DEAD, BUT HIS HENCHMEN ARE FREE AT OTHER GOLD CACHES TO CONTINUE HIS SINISTER DEEDS
YOU MUST FIND THEM AND DESTROY THEM, OR ELSE THEY WILL DESTROY MANY SOULS IN THEIR MAD DESIRES. LET US CONSULT THE ROYAL SCIENTIST
YOU MAKE AN ODD REQUEST--- A MECHANISM WHICH CAN DETECT THE PRESENCE OF ELEMENTS
YOU MUST HURRY--- FOR EVEN NOW THE ZEELMO UNDERLINGS ARE CARRYING ON HIS MARAUDING PLANS
AFTER MANY HOURS OF ARDUOUS WORK, THE ROYAL SCIENTIST IS ELATED AT THE FRUIT OF HIS EFFORTS. ---------
I HAVE IT--- AN ELEMENT DETECTOR! WHEN THE NEEDLE POINTS TO 17.000 MAGNEMATIC PRELONS IT DESIGNATES THE PRESENCE OF GOLD- AND WHEN---
BLESSED BE THE POWERS OF SCIENTIFIC DEDUCTION!
WITH THIS I SHALL FERRET OUT THE THIEVES
ARMED WITH THE ELEMENT DETECTOR, THE RED RAVEN SWOOPS OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE IN A FEVERISH ATTEMPT TO FIND THE GOLD CACHES
IT--- IT CAN'T BE. THIS DOESN'T WORK!
UNDOUBTEDLY THE THIEVES HAVE THE GOLD IN SUBTERRANEAN VAULTS. IF I CAN'T FIND THEM--- PERHAPS THEY CAN FIND ME!

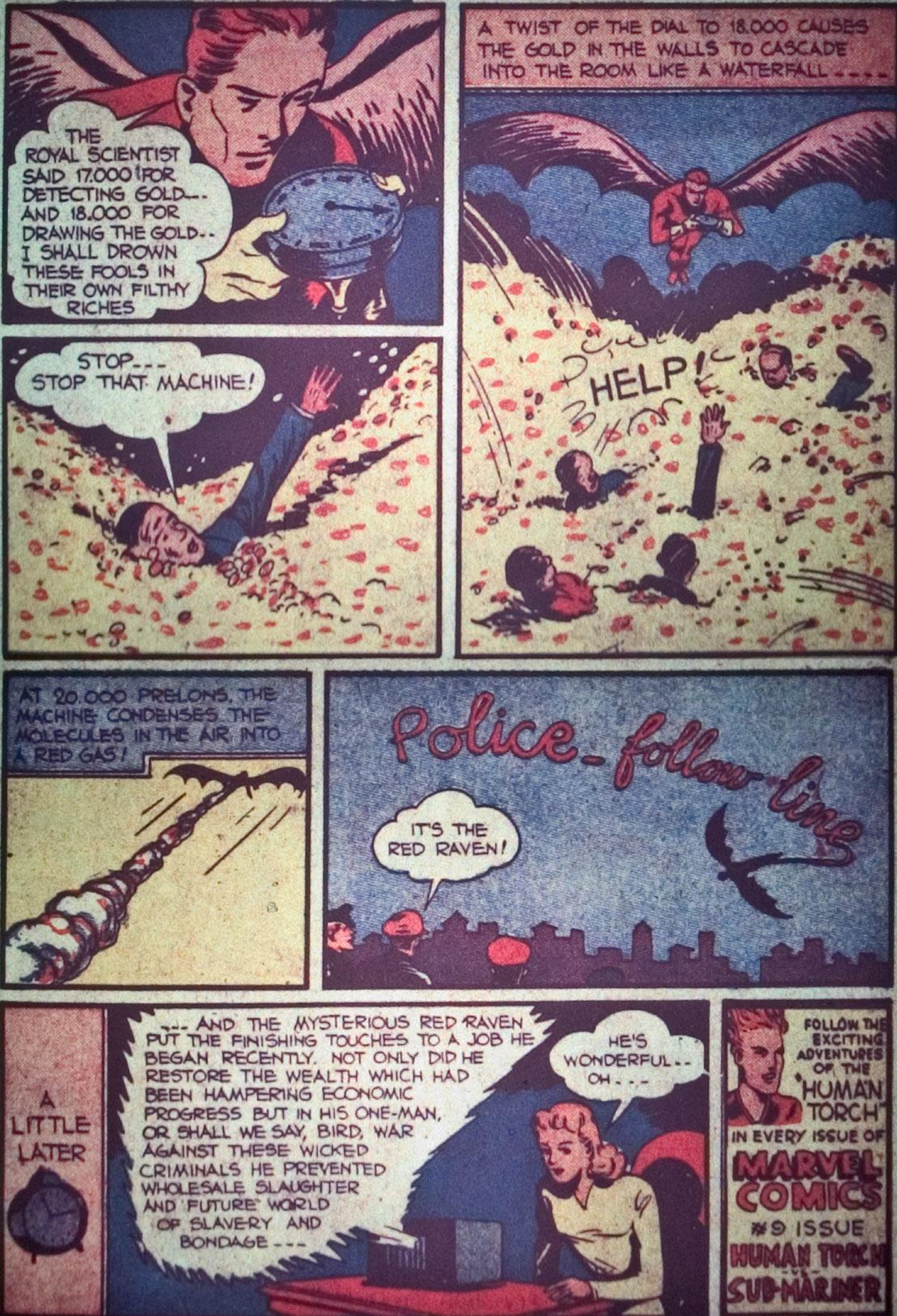

IN HOPES OF LURING THE GOLD LEECHES RED RAVEN TAKES THE GOLD DETECTOR TO A NEWSPAPER OFFICE ...
YOU... YOU... AND YOU... HAVE GOLD TEETH IN YOUR MOUTHS. YOU SEE IT IS SIMPLE WITH THIS MACHINE
WITH THE TRAP SET, RED RAVEN WAITS FOR THE BAIT TO BE SNATCHED -----
IF THIS DOESN'T DRAW SOME ACTION I'VE MISSED MY GUESS
The Star
SCIENTIST INVENTS GOLD DETECTOR
VOWS TO RETRIEVE STOLEN WEALTH
FEARFUL OF THE DETECTOR ... THE THIEVES COME TO DESTROY IT. ---------
YOUR DETECTING DAYS ARE OVER!
WE'LL TABLE THAT SUGGESTION FOR A WHILE
BANG!
OW!
OUCH!

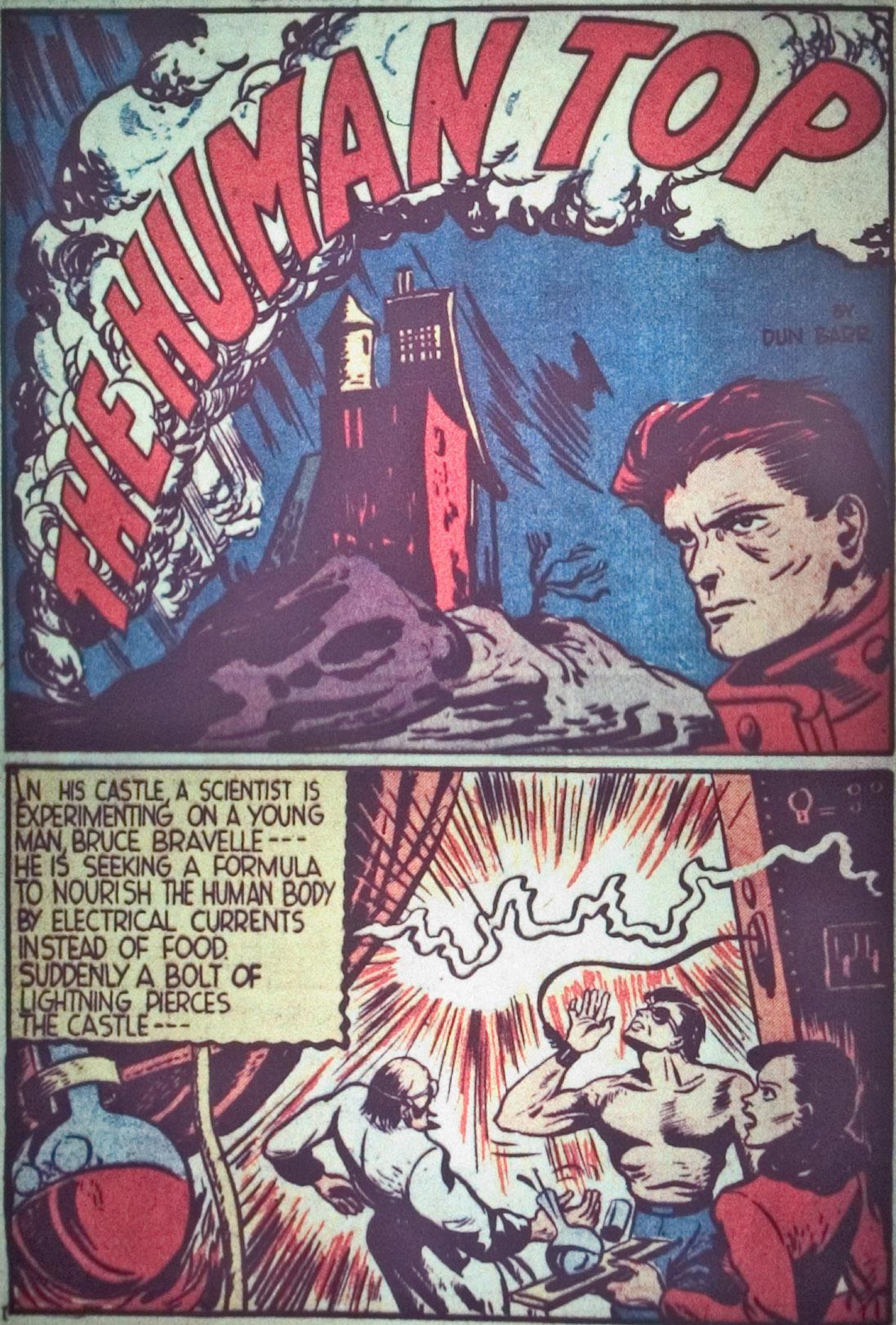

I'VE BEEN SAVING THIS FOR YOUR VISIT!
BOP!
SOCK!
HAVING LURED THE THIEVES, AND OVERPOWERED THEM, RED RAVEN PREPARES TO GO INTO ACTION AS THE FEARED BIRDMAN! - - - -
SORRY TO HAVE BEEN A BAD HOST -- HOW ABOUT ONE OF YOU ACCOMPANYING ME ON A LITTLE TRIP
LEAD ME TO YOUR STRONGHOLD OR GO CRASHING TO YOUR DEATH!
NO--- NO--- DON'T DROP ME. I'LL LEAD YOU! ANYTHING YOU SAY!
AT THE STRONGHOLD OF THE GOLD THIEVES, ZEELMO'S SUCCESSOR, RATOGA, HAS WATCHED THE RED RAVEN THROUGH HIS GAZEGRAPHO MACHINE
AH-HA-HA-- THE RED RAVEN--- I'LL CLIP HIS WINGS!

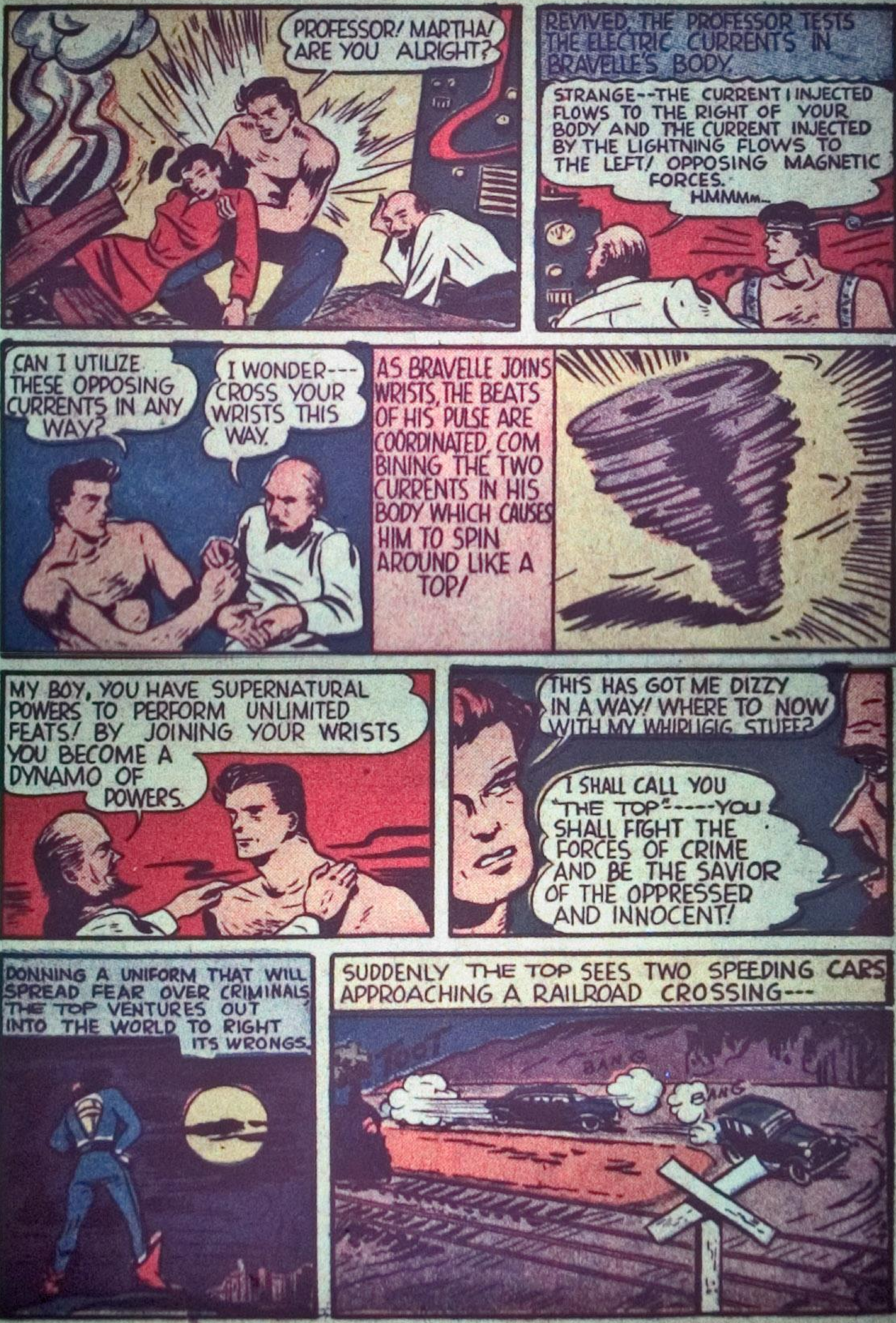

IN RETALIATION, RATOGA SETS A TRAP FOR THE RED RAVEN
COME INTO MY PARLOR--- SAID THE--- AH-HA-HA-
MEANWHILE, RED RAVEN DISPOSES OF HIS EXCESS BAGAGE-----------
HANG AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE
UNWITTINGLY RED RAVEN FLIES INTO THE TRAP
A BIRD IN THE NET IS WORTH TWO ON THE WING--- AHA-HA-
WHAT HAVE YOUR EFFORTS NETTED--- YOU? AHA-HA-HA- YOU WILL DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH


PLEASANT DREAMS!
BOP!
VICTIM OF RATOGA'S FOUL PLAY, THE RED RAVEN IS THRUST INTO THE VIBRATO-MACHINE, MOST HORRIBLE OF ALL TORTURE DEVICES, WHICH THROWS ITS VICTIM ABOUT TILL HIS BONES ARE SHATTERED AND HIS BRAIN IS SNAPPED!
THROW THE FOOL IN. HE HAS DECREED HIS OWN FATE
REVIVING IN TIME, RED RAVEN FLAPS HIS WINGS AND MAINTAINS HIS EQUILIBRIUM IN MID-AIR
AN HOUR LATER
CUT THE POWER. HE MUST BE DEAD INSIDE
RED RAVEN FEIGNS DEATH
HE'S A GONER
13

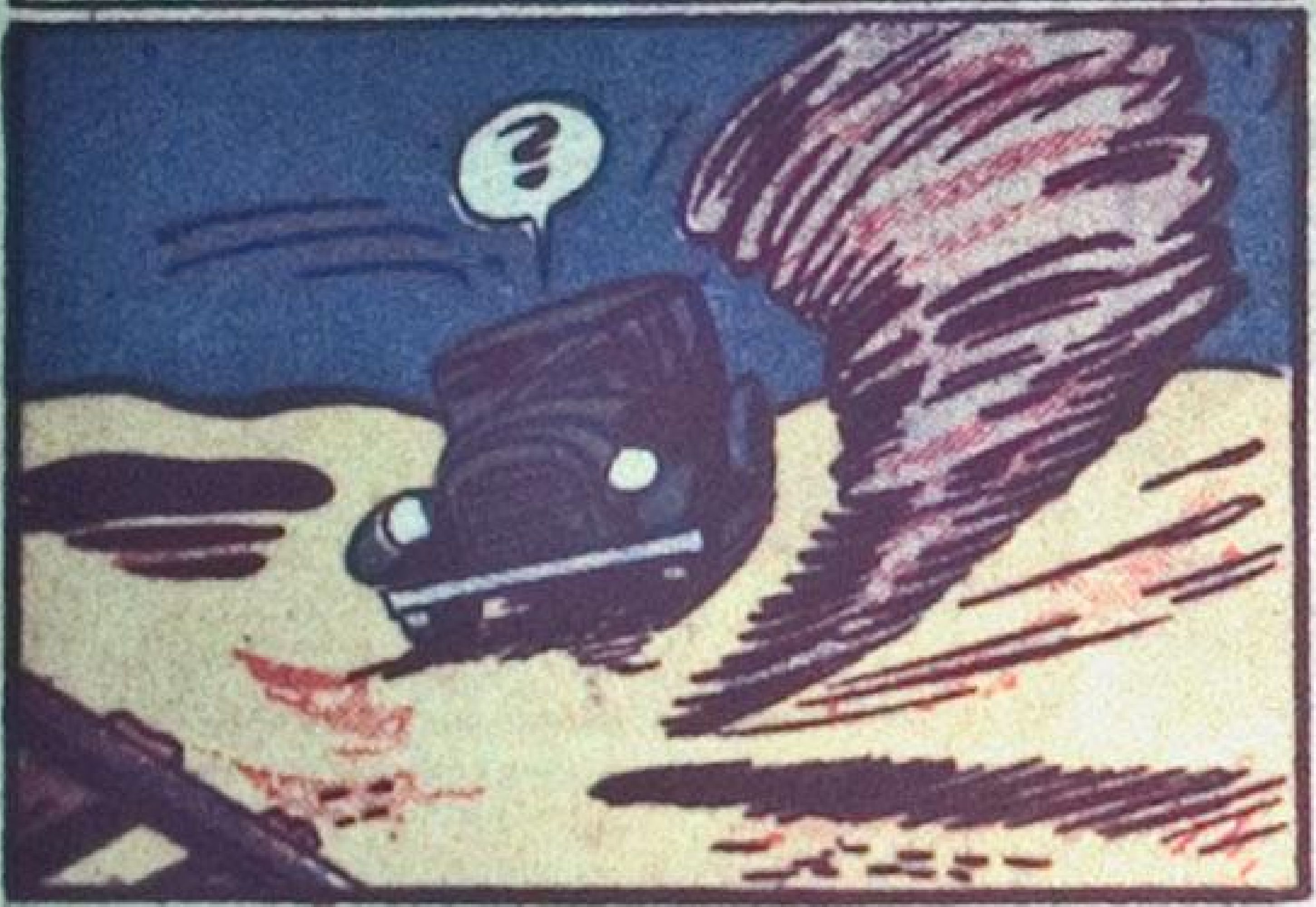

WHEN THE THIEVES HAVE DEPARTED, RED RAVEN MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE - - - -
THROUGH HIS FUTURESCOPE RATOGA OUTLINES HIS PLANS
ZEELMO ONLY WANTED GOLD FOR POWER--- I WANT ARMS, WEALTH, LANDS, AND COMPLETE DOMINATION OF ALL HUMANS
THIS WILL BE THE FATE OF ALL WHO CHALLENGE MY PROGRESS
WE SHALL KEEP ALL OUR RICHES AND MUNITIONS IN FORTS LIKE THESE SO THAT FOOLS LIKE THE RED RAVEN CANNOT DETECT OUR WHEREABOUTS WITH TOY MACHINES
IT'S THE RED RAVEN!
THIS WILL NEVER BE!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
I'LL TAKE THIS!


THE ROYAL SCIENTIST SAID 17.000 FOR DETECTING GOLD-.. AND 18.000 FOR DRAWING THE GOLD-. I SHALL DROWN THESE FOOLS IN THEIR OWN FILTHY RICHES
A TWIST OF THE DIAL TO 18.000 CAUSES THE GOLD IN THE WALLS TO CASCADE INTO THE ROOM LIKE A WATERFALL ----
STOP--- STOP THAT MACHINE!
HELP!
AT 20.000 PRELONS, THE MACHINE CONDENSES THE MOLECULES IN THE AIR INTO A RED GAS!
Police-follow-line
IT'S THE RED RAVEN!
A LITTLE LATER
--- AND THE MYSTERIOUS RED RAVEN PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A JOB HE BEGAN RECENTLY. NOT ONLY DID HE RESTORE THE WEALTH WHICH HAD BEEN HAMPERING ECONOMIC PROGRESS BUT IN HIS ONE-MAN, OR SHALL WE SAY, BIRD, WAR AGAINST THESE WICKED CRIMINALS HE PREVENTED WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER AND FUTURE WORLD OF SLAVERY AND BONDAGE ---
HE'S WONDERFUL -- OH ---
FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE "HUMAN TORCH" IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS
#9 ISSUE HUMAN TORCH VS SUB-MARINER

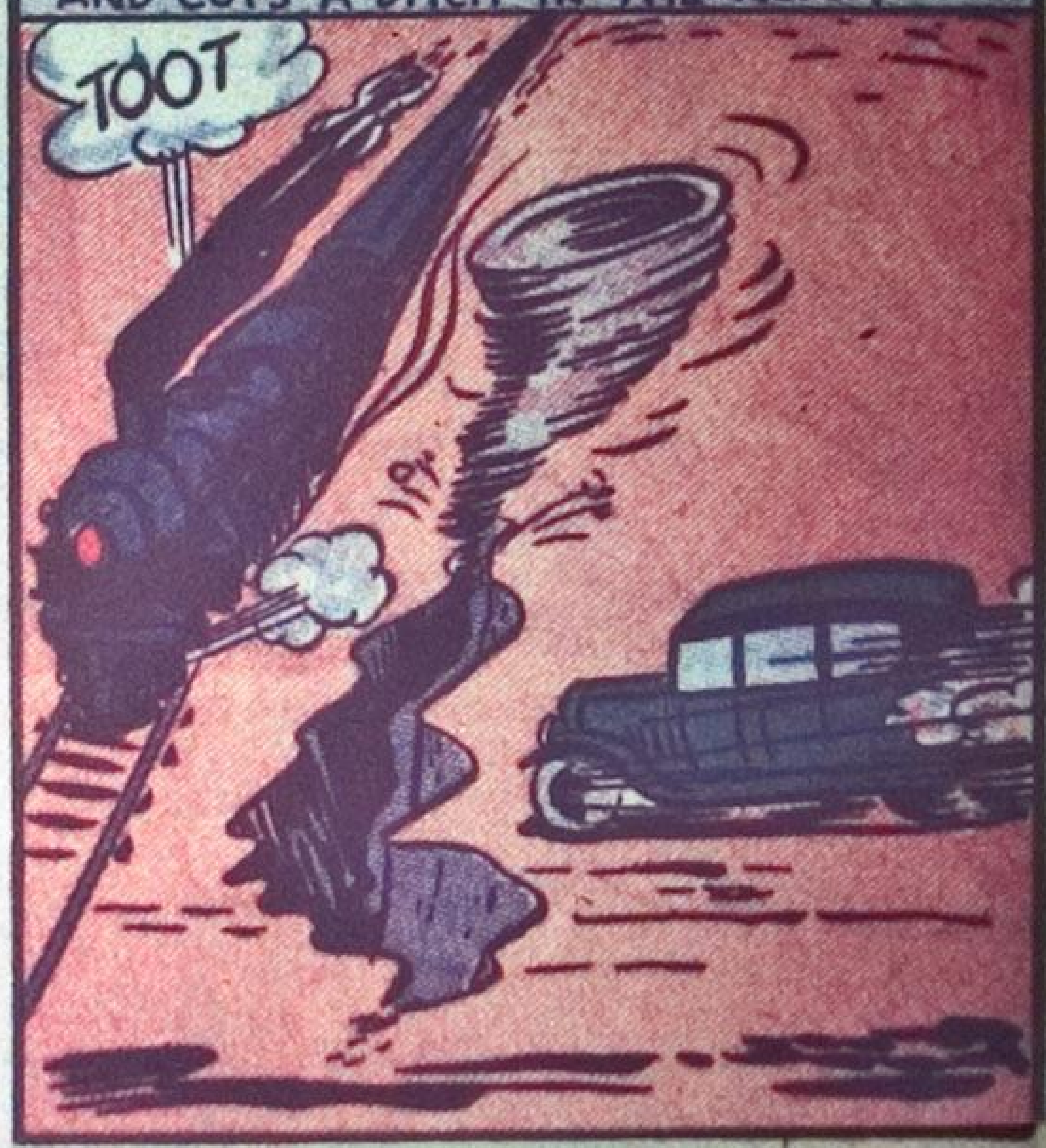

THE HUMAN TOP
BY DUN BARR
IN HIS CASTLE, A SCIENTIST IS EXPERIMENTING ON A YOUNG MAN, BRUCE BRAVELLE--- HE IS SEEKING A FORMULA TO NOURISH THE HUMAN BODY BY ELECTRICAL CURRENTS INSTEAD OF FOOD. SUDDENLY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING PIERCES THE CASTLE---


PROFESSOR! MARTHA! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
REVIVED, THE PROFESSOR TESTS THE ELECTRIC CURRENTS IN BRAVELLE'S BODY.
STRANGE--THE CURRENT I INJECTED FLOWS TO THE RIGHT OF YOUR BODY AND THE CURRENT INJECTED BY THE LIGHTNING FLOWS TO THE LEFT! OPPOSING MAGNETIC FORCES. HMMMM...
CAN I UTILIZE THESE OPPOSING CURRENTS IN ANY WAY?
I WONDER--- CROSS YOUR WRISTS THIS WAY.
AS BRAVELLE JOINS WRISTS, THE BEATS OF HIS PULSE ARE COORDINATED, COMBINING THE TWO CURRENTS IN HIS BODY WHICH CAUSES HIM TO SPIN AROUND LIKE A TOP!
MY BOY, YOU HAVE SUPERNATURAL POWERS TO PERFORM UNLIMITED FEATS! BY JOINING YOUR WRISTS YOU BECOME A DYNAMO OF POWERS.
THIS HAS GOT ME DIZZY IN A WAY! WHERE TO NOW WITH MY WHIRLIGIG STUFF?
I SHALL CALL YOU "THE TOP"----YOU SHALL FIGHT THE FORCES OF CRIME AND BE THE SAVIOR OF THE OPPRESSED AND INNOCENT!
DONNING A UNIFORM THAT WILL SPREAD FEAR OVER CRIMINALS THE TOP VENTURES OUT INTO THE WORLD TO RIGHT ITS WRONGS.
SUDDENLY THE TOP SEES TWO SPEEDING CARS APPROACHING A RAILROAD CROSSING---
TOOT
BANG
BANG

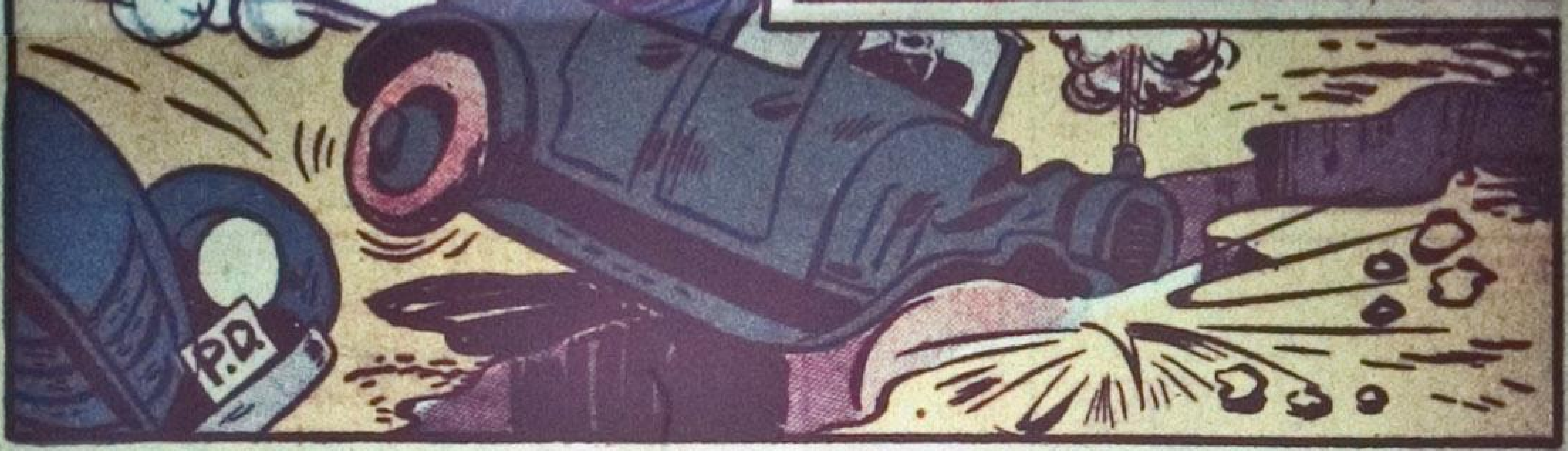
CROSSING HIS WRISTS, BRAVELLE BECOMES A SPINNING WHIRLWIND AND TAKES OFF LIKE AN AIRPLANE.

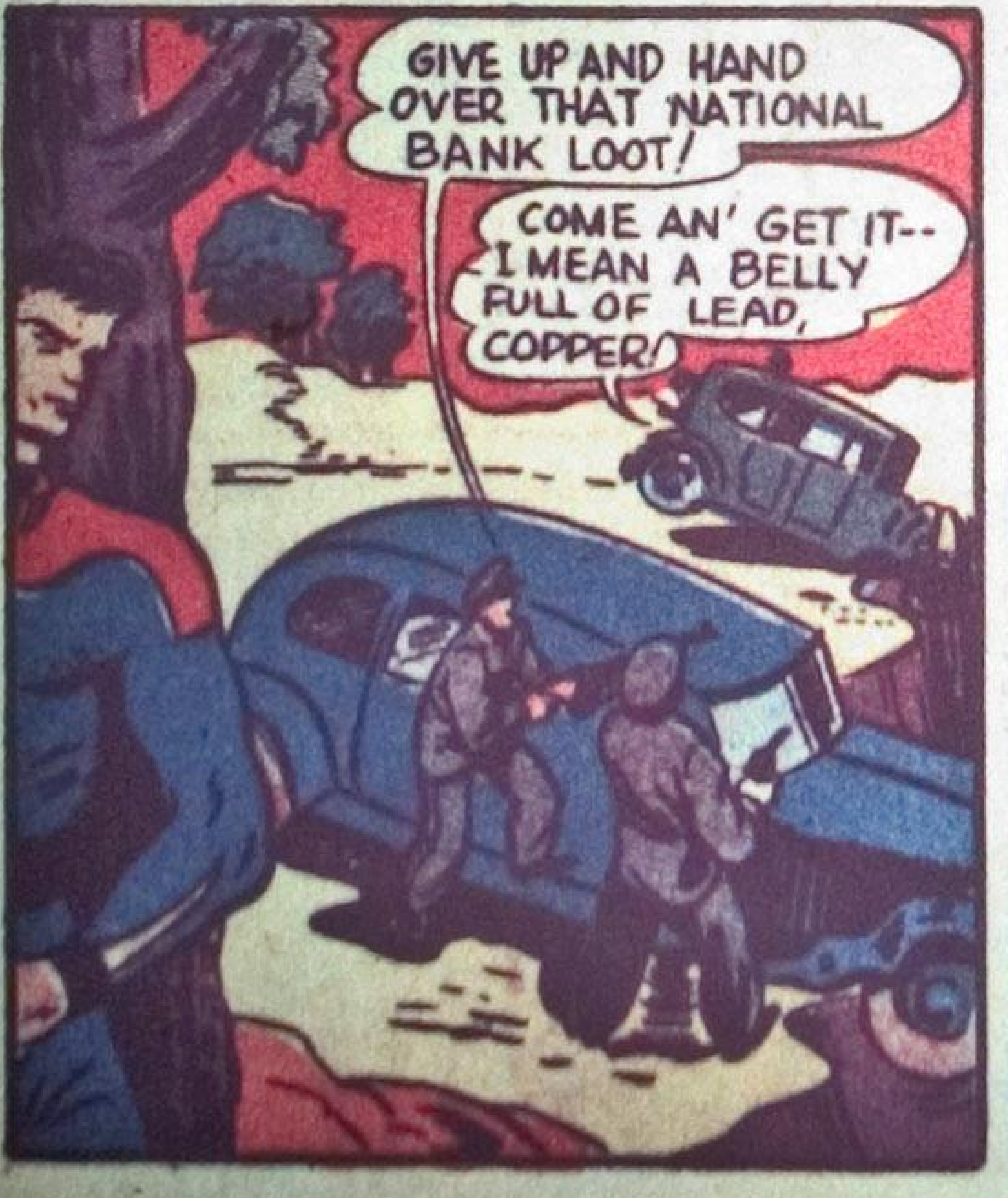


THE TOP SPINS ACROSS THE R.R. APPROACH AND CUTS A DITCH IN THE ROAD!

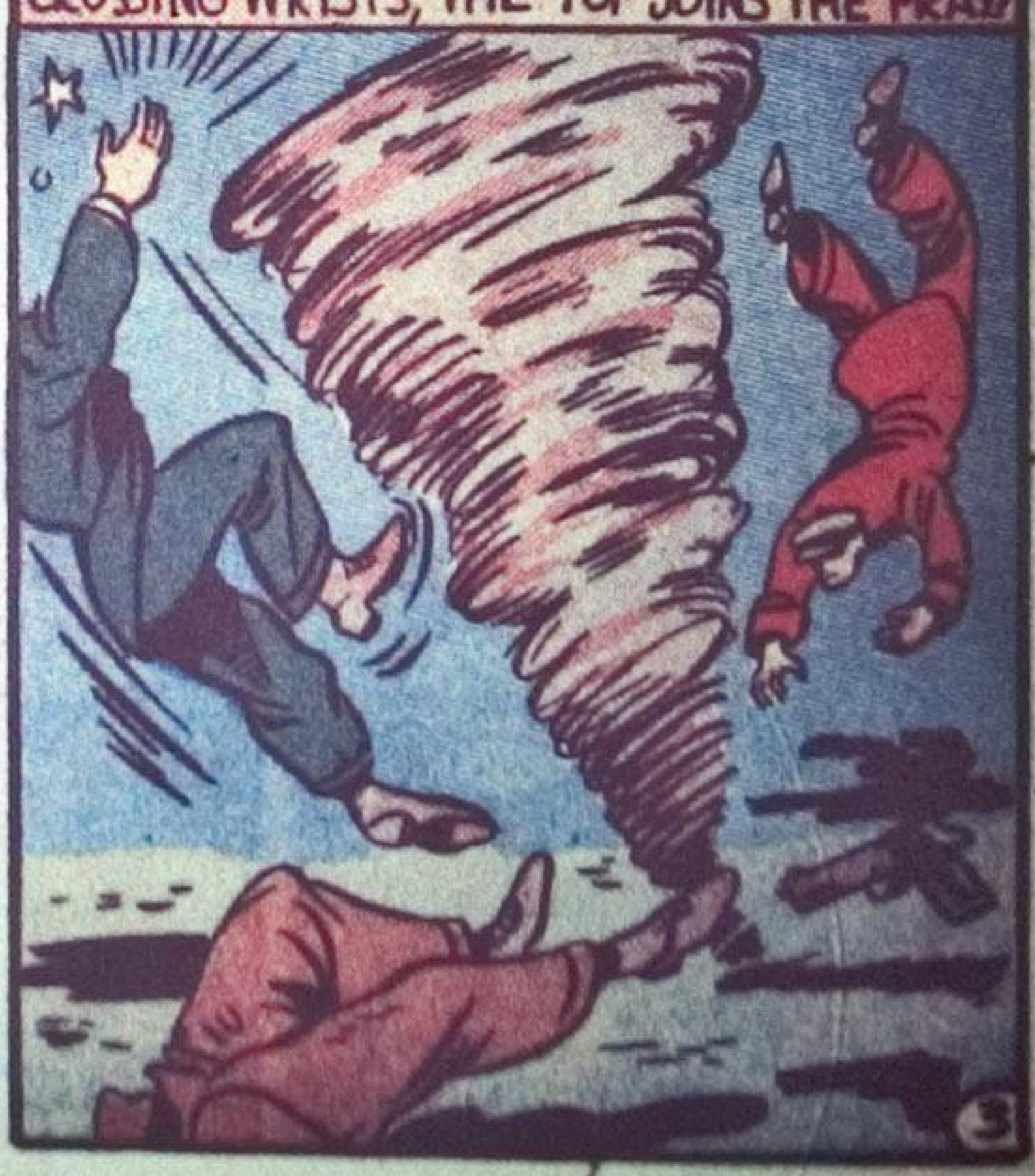


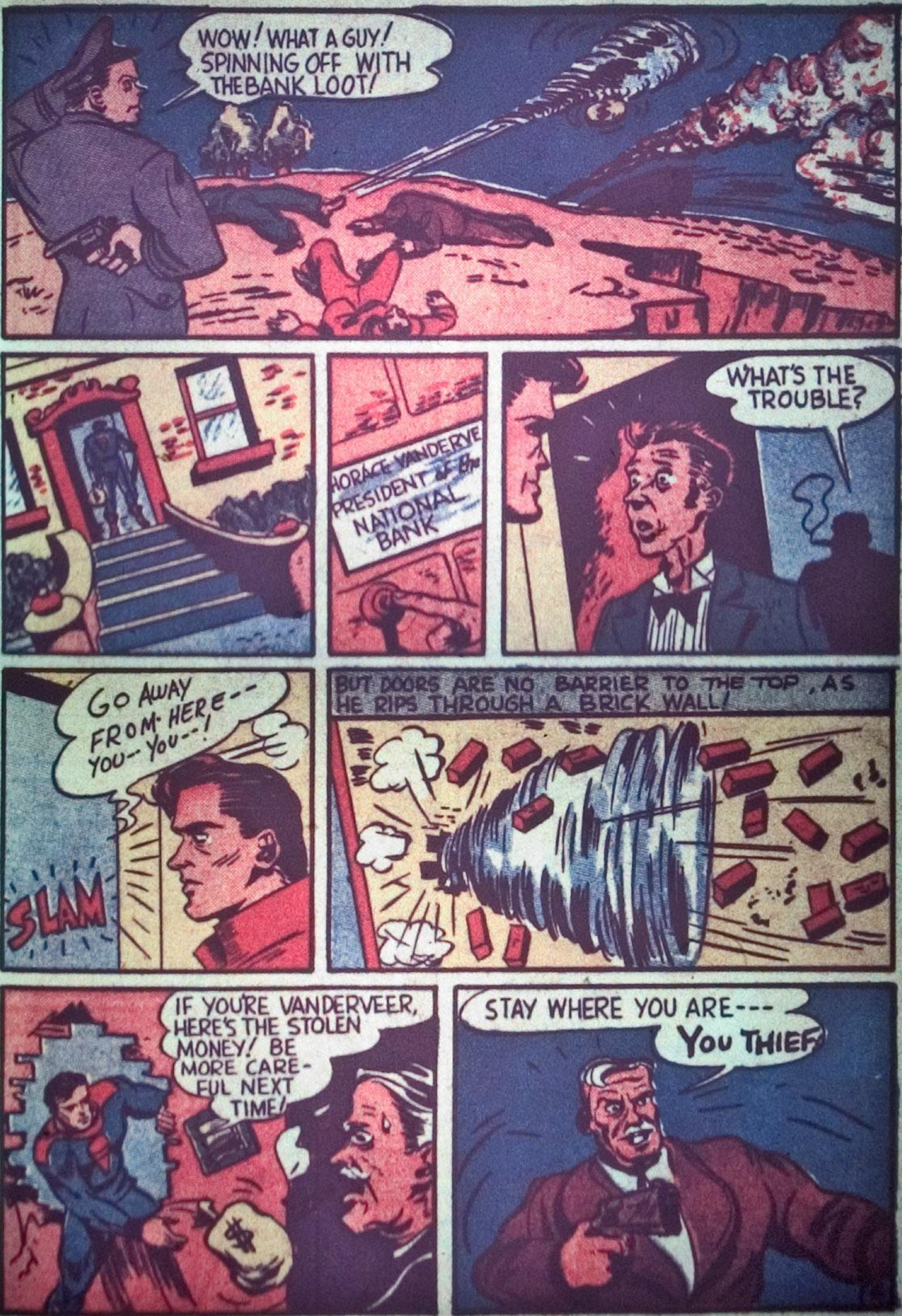
SAVED FROM SUDDEN DEATH, THE GANGSTERS AND THEIR PURSUERS LAND IN THE NEWLY-CUT DITCH!

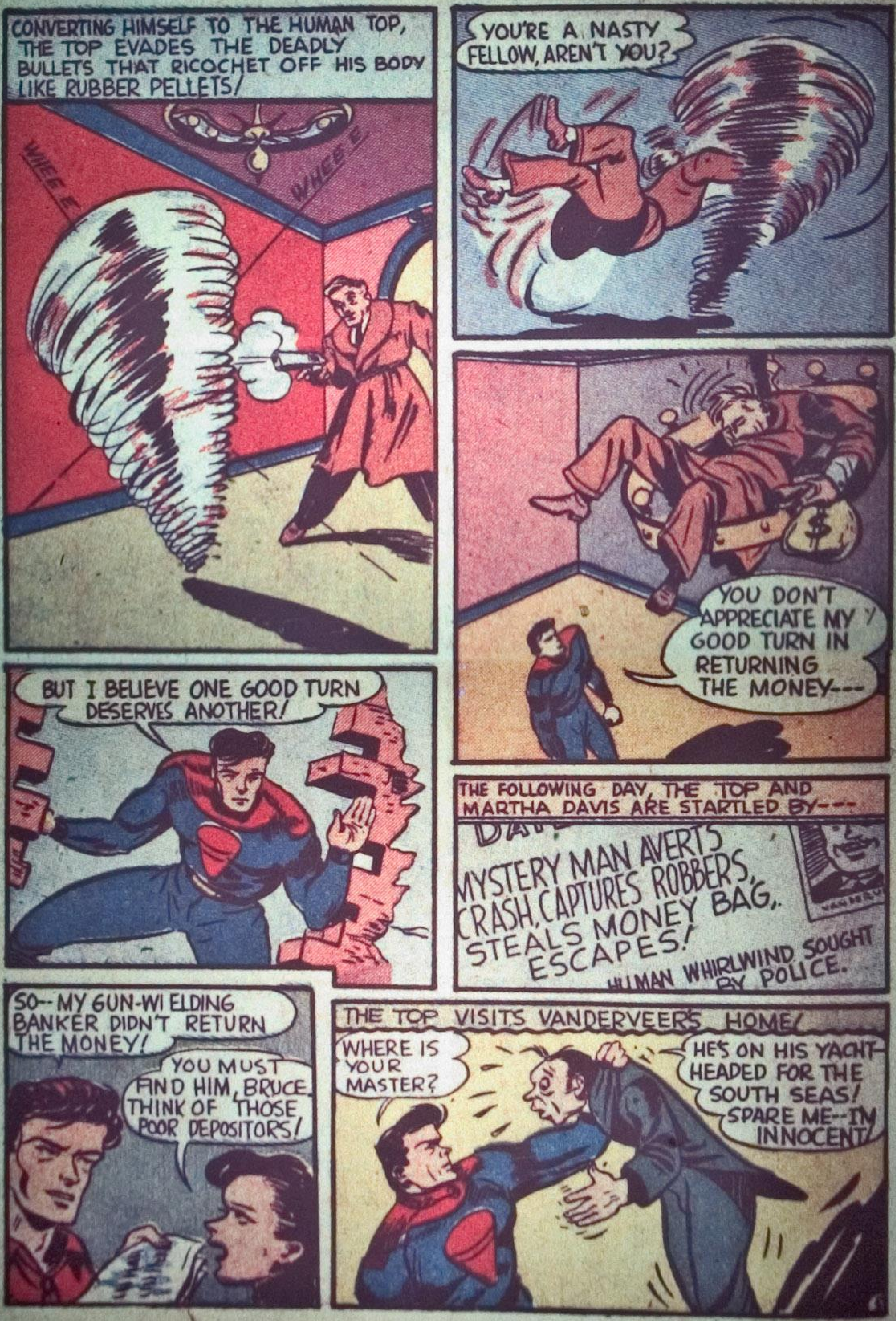


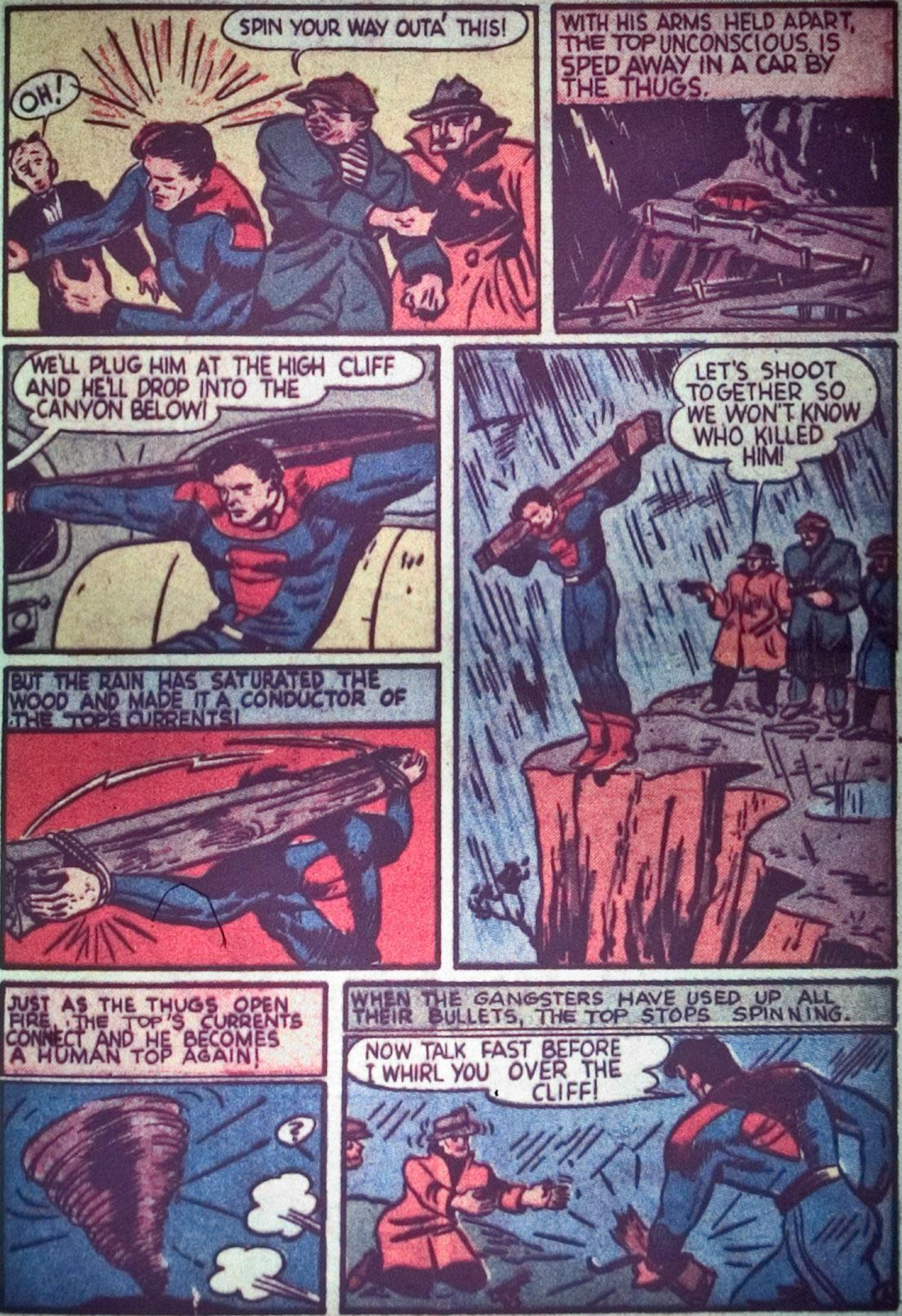

GIVE UP AND HAND OVER THAT NATIONAL BANK LOOT!
COME AN' GET IT-- I MEAN A BELLY FULL OF LEAD, COPPER!

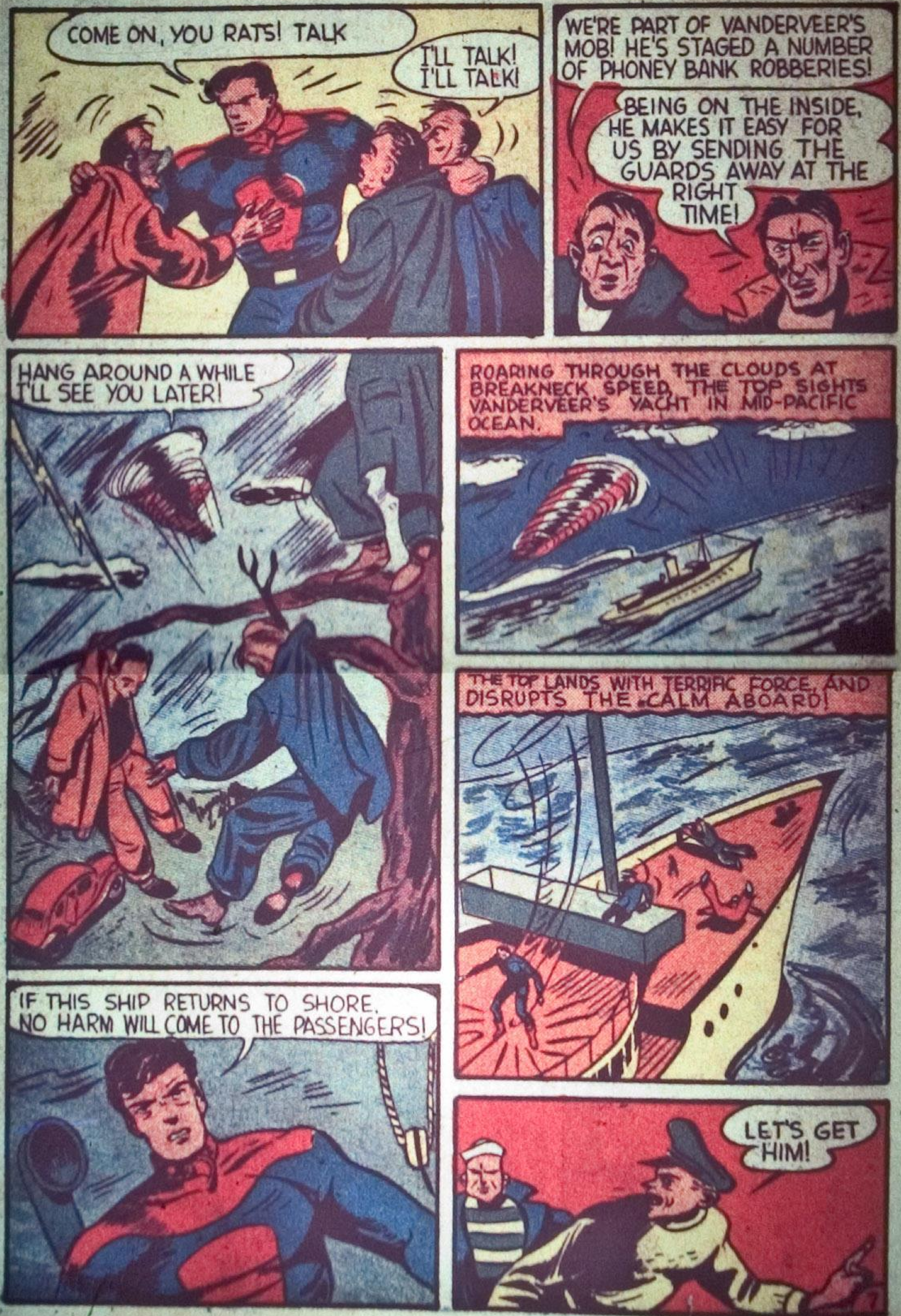
CROSSING WRISTS, THE TOP JOINS THE FRAY!

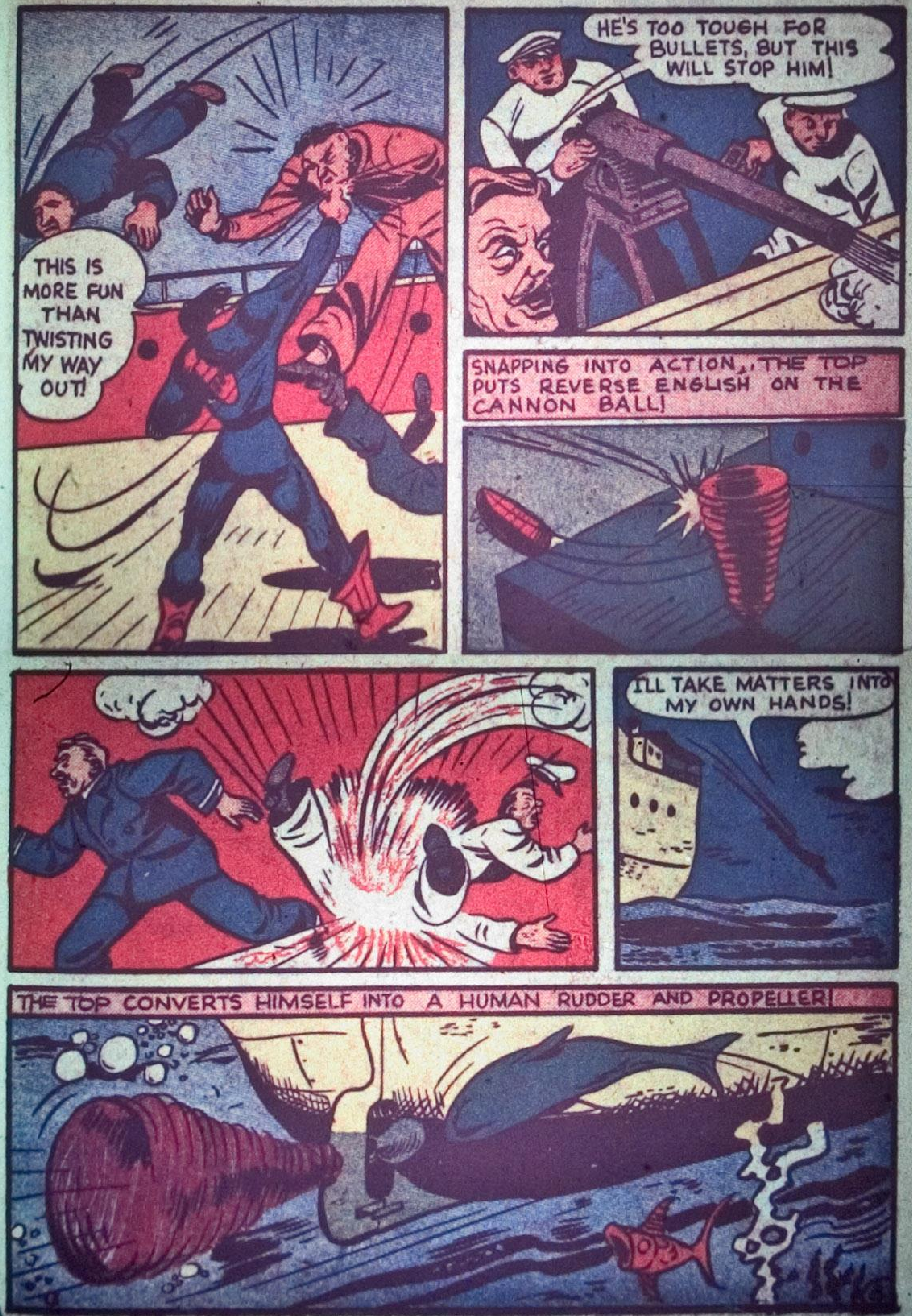


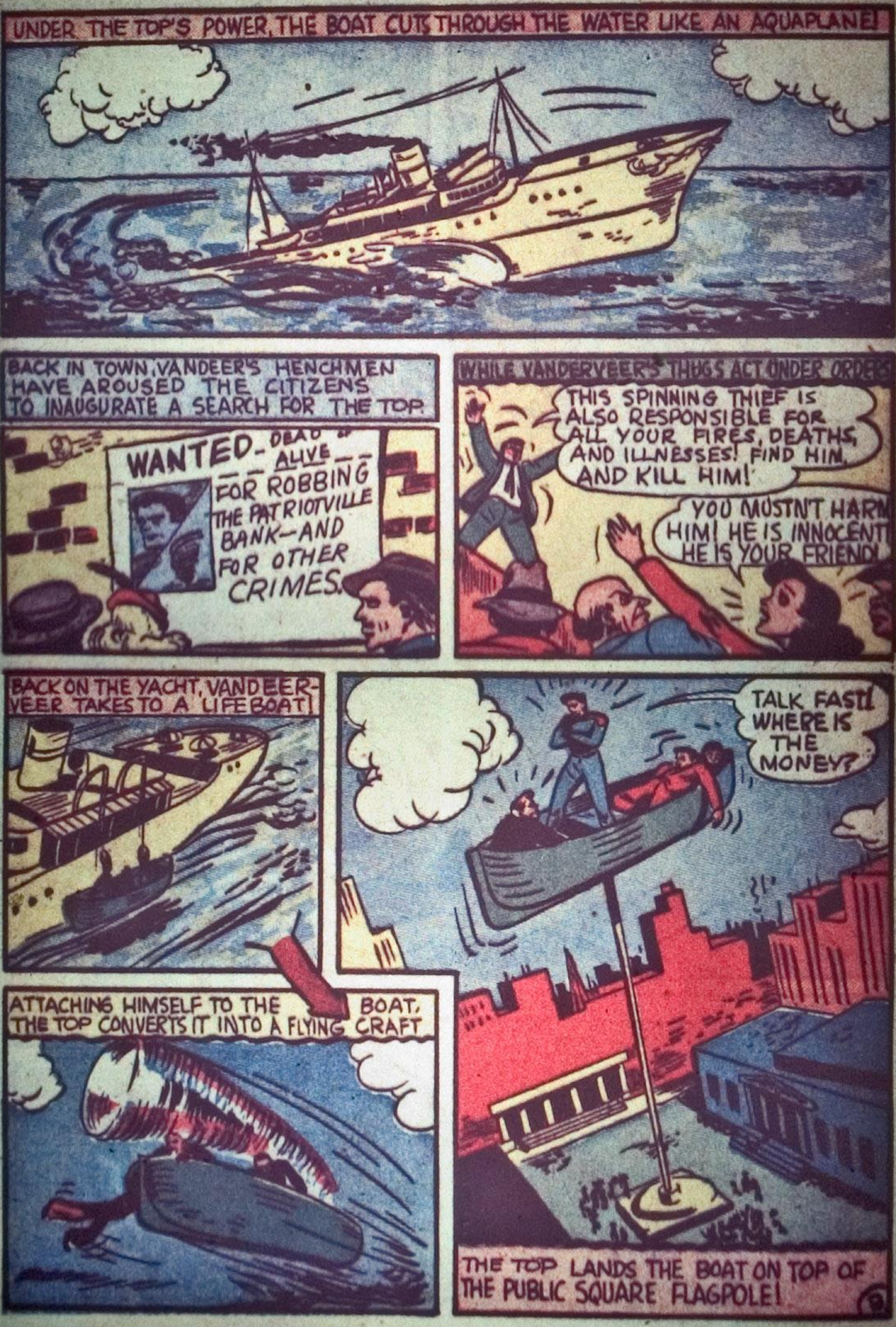

WOW! WHAT A GUY! SPINNING OFF WITH THE BANK LOOT!
HORACE VANDERVE PRESIDENT of the NATIONAL BANK
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
GO AWAY FROM HERE-- YOU-- YOU--!
SLAM
BUT DOORS ARE NO BARRIER TO THE TOP, AS HE RIPS THROUGH A BRICK WALL!
IF YOU'RE VANDERVEER, HERE'S THE STOLEN MONEY! BE MORE CAREFUL NEXT TIME!
$
STAY WHERE YOU ARE--- YOU THIEF

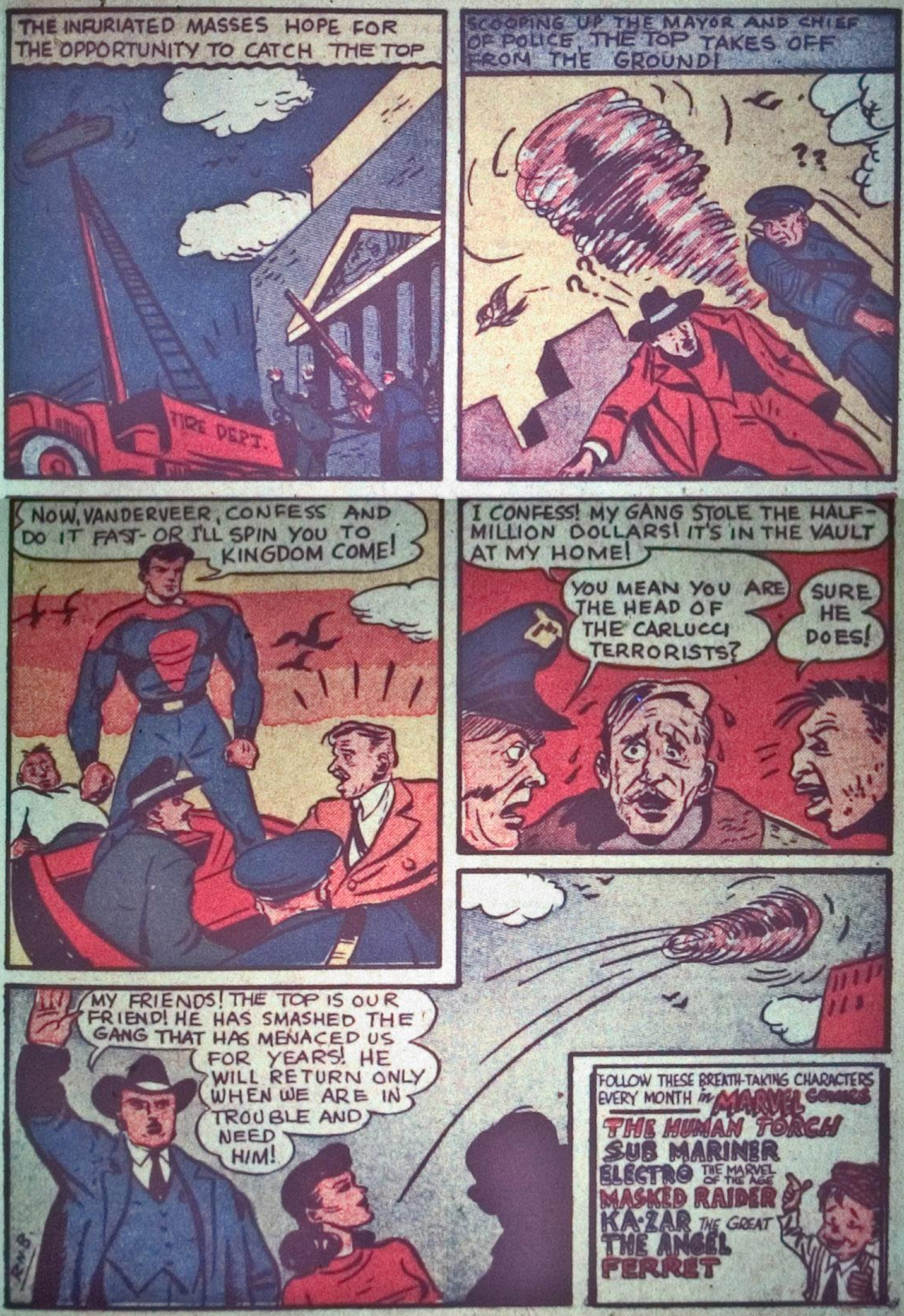

CONVERTING HIMSELF TO THE HUMAN TOP, THE TOP EVADES THE DEADLY BULLETS THAT RICOCHET OFF HIS BODY LIKE RUBBER PELLETS!
WHEE-E
WHEE-E
YOU'RE A NASTY FELLOW, AREN'T YOU?
YOU DON'T APPRECIATE MY GOOD TURN IN RETURNING THE MONEY---
BUT I BELIEVE ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE TOP AND MARTHA DAVIS ARE STARTLED BY---
MYSTERY MAN AVERTS CRASH, CAPTURES ROBBERS, STEALS MONEY BAG, ESCAPES!
HUMAN WHIRLWIND SOUGHT BY POLICE.
SO-- MY GUN-WIELDING BANKER DIDN'T RETURN THE MONEY!
YOU MUST FIND HIM, BRUCE. THINK OF THOSE POOR DEPOSITORS!
THE TOP VISITS VANDERVEER'S HOME!
WHERE IS YOUR MASTER?
HE'S ON HIS YACHT-HEADED FOR THE SOUTH SEAS! SPARE ME--I'M INNOCENT!

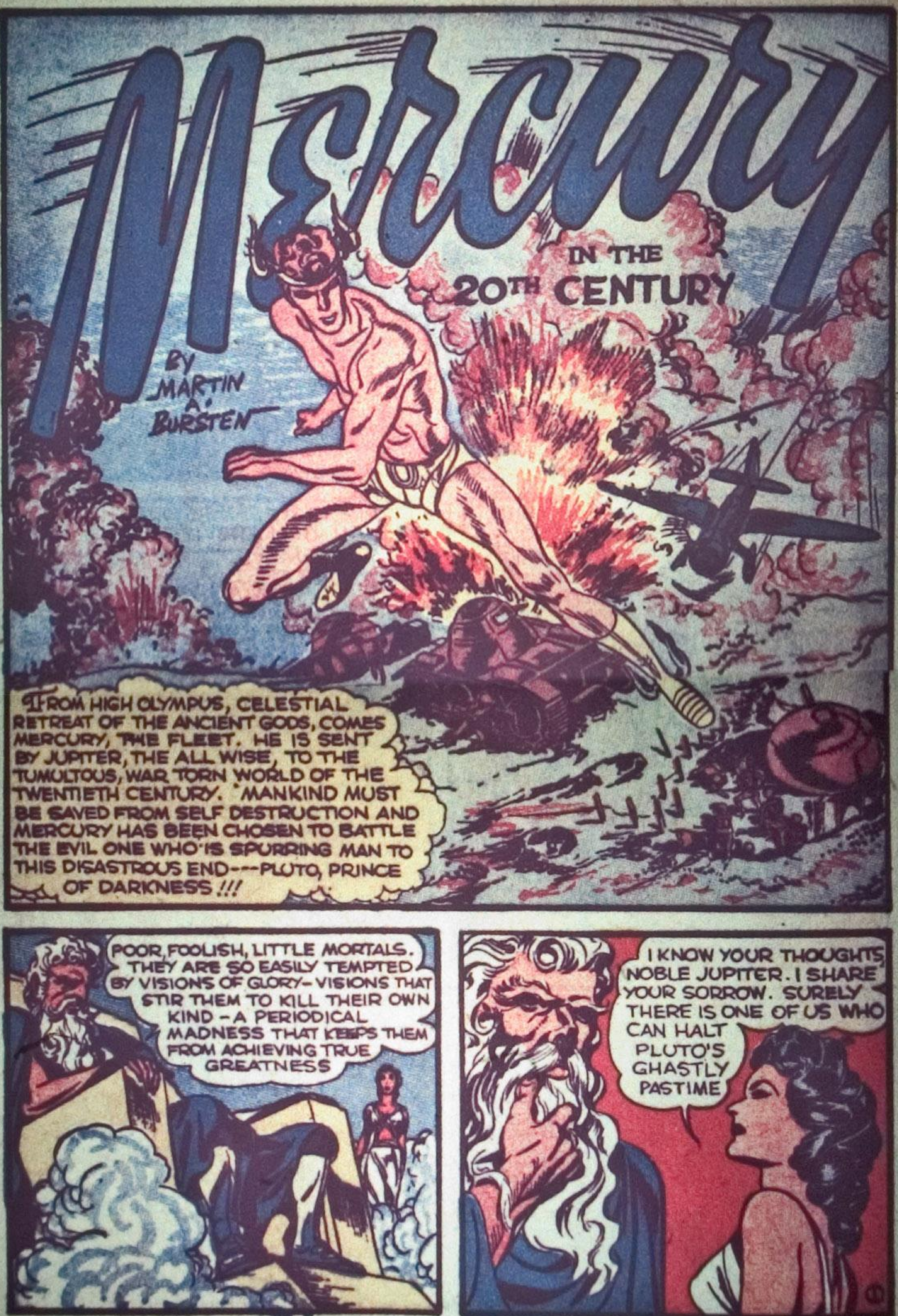

SPIN YOUR WAY OUTA' THIS!
OH!
WITH HIS ARMS HELD APART, THE TOP UNCONSCIOUS, IS SPED AWAY IN A CAR BY THE THUGS.
WE'LL PLUG HIM AT THE HIGH CLIFF AND HE'LL DROP INTO THE CANYON BELOW!
LET'S SHOOT TOGETHER SO WE WON'T KNOW WHO KILLED HIM!
BUT THE RAIN HAS SATURATED THE WOOD AND MADE IT A CONDUCTOR OF THE TOP'S CURRENTS!
JUST AS THE THUGS OPEN FIRE, THE TOP'S CURRENTS CONNECT AND HE BECOMES A HUMAN TOP AGAIN!
?
WHEN THE GANGSTERS HAVE USED UP ALL THEIR BULLETS, THE TOP STOPS SPINNING.
NOW TALK FAST BEFORE I WHIRL YOU OVER THE CLIFF!

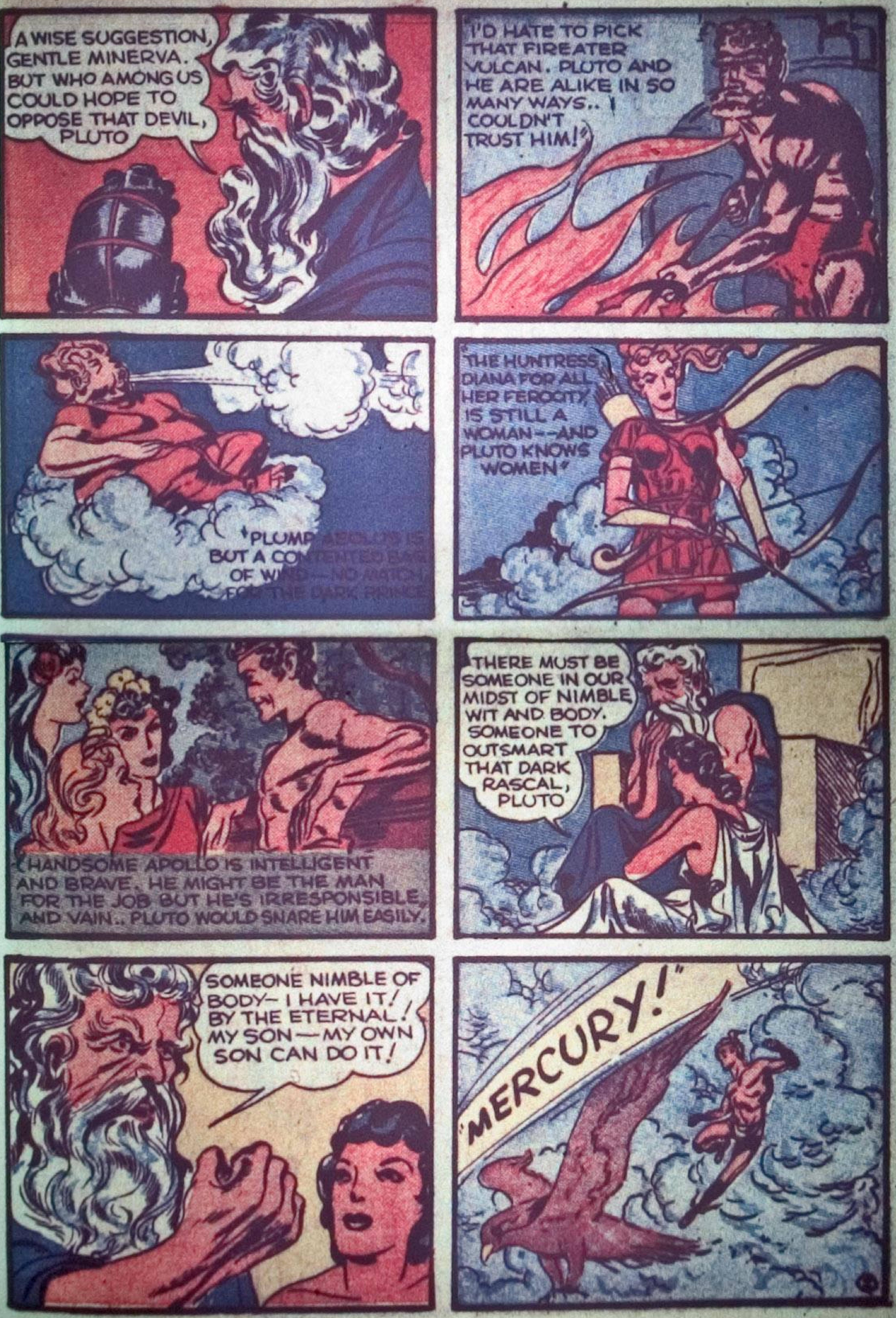

COME ON, YOU RATS! TALK
I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!
WE'RE PART OF VANDERVEER'S MOB! HE'S STAGED A NUMBER OF PHONEY BANK ROBBERIES!
BEING ON THE INSIDE, HE MAKES IT EASY FOR US BY SENDING THE GUARDS AWAY AT THE RIGHT TIME!
HANG AROUND A WHILE I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
ROARING THROUGH THE CLOUDS AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE TOP SIGHTS VANDERVEER'S YACHT IN MID-PACIFIC OCEAN.
THE TOP LANDS WITH TERRIFIC FORCE, AND DISRUPTS THE CALM ABOARD!
IF THIS SHIP RETURNS TO SHORE. NO HARM WILL COME TO THE PASSENGERS!
LET'S GET HIM!

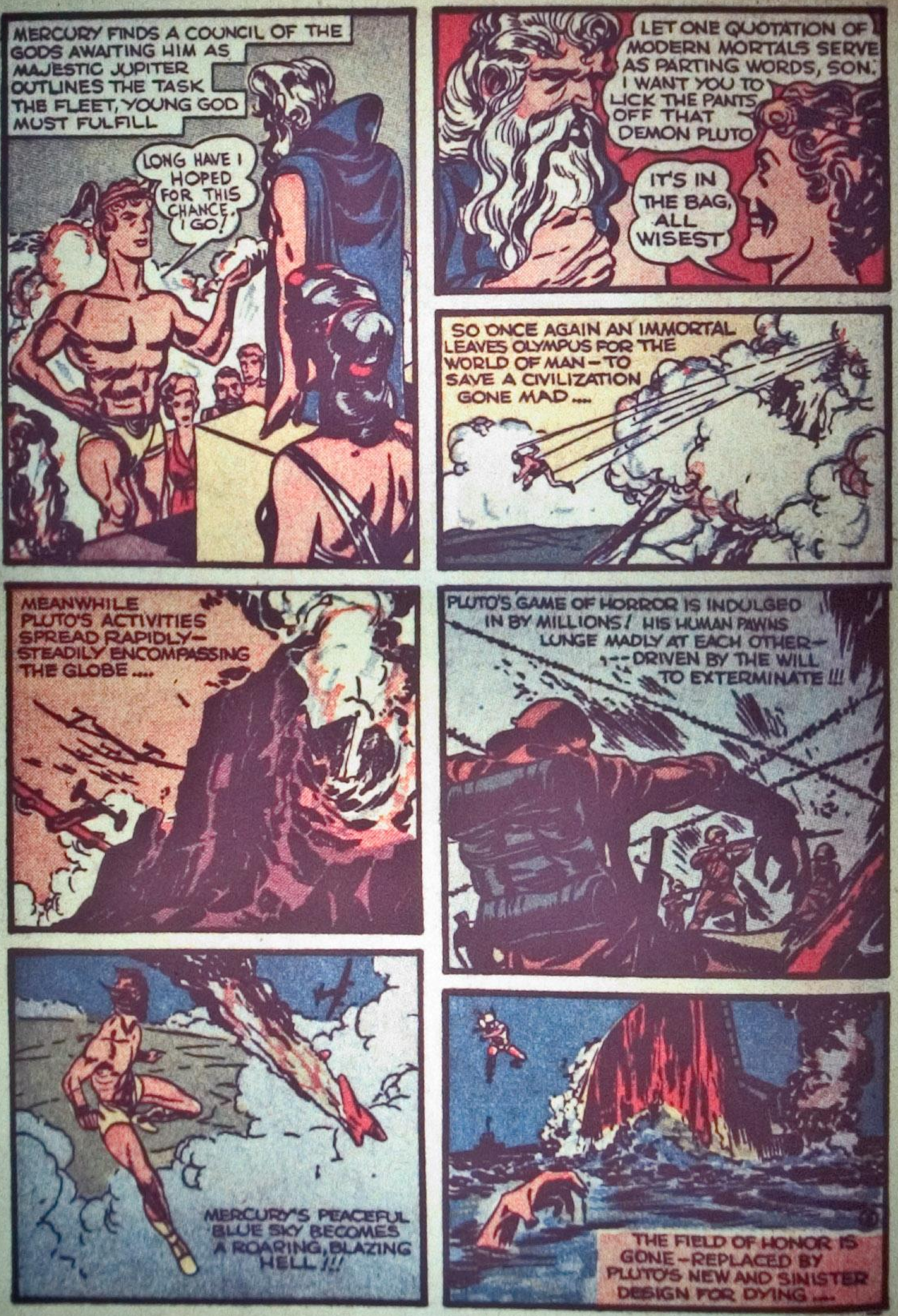

THIS IS MORE FUN THAN TWISTING MY WAY OUT!
HE'S TOO TOUGH FOR BULLETS, BUT THIS WILL STOP HIM!
SNAPPING INTO ACTION, THE TOP PUTS REVERSE ENGLISH ON THE CANNON BALL!
I'LL TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS!
THE TOP CONVERTS HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN RUDDER AND PROPELLER!

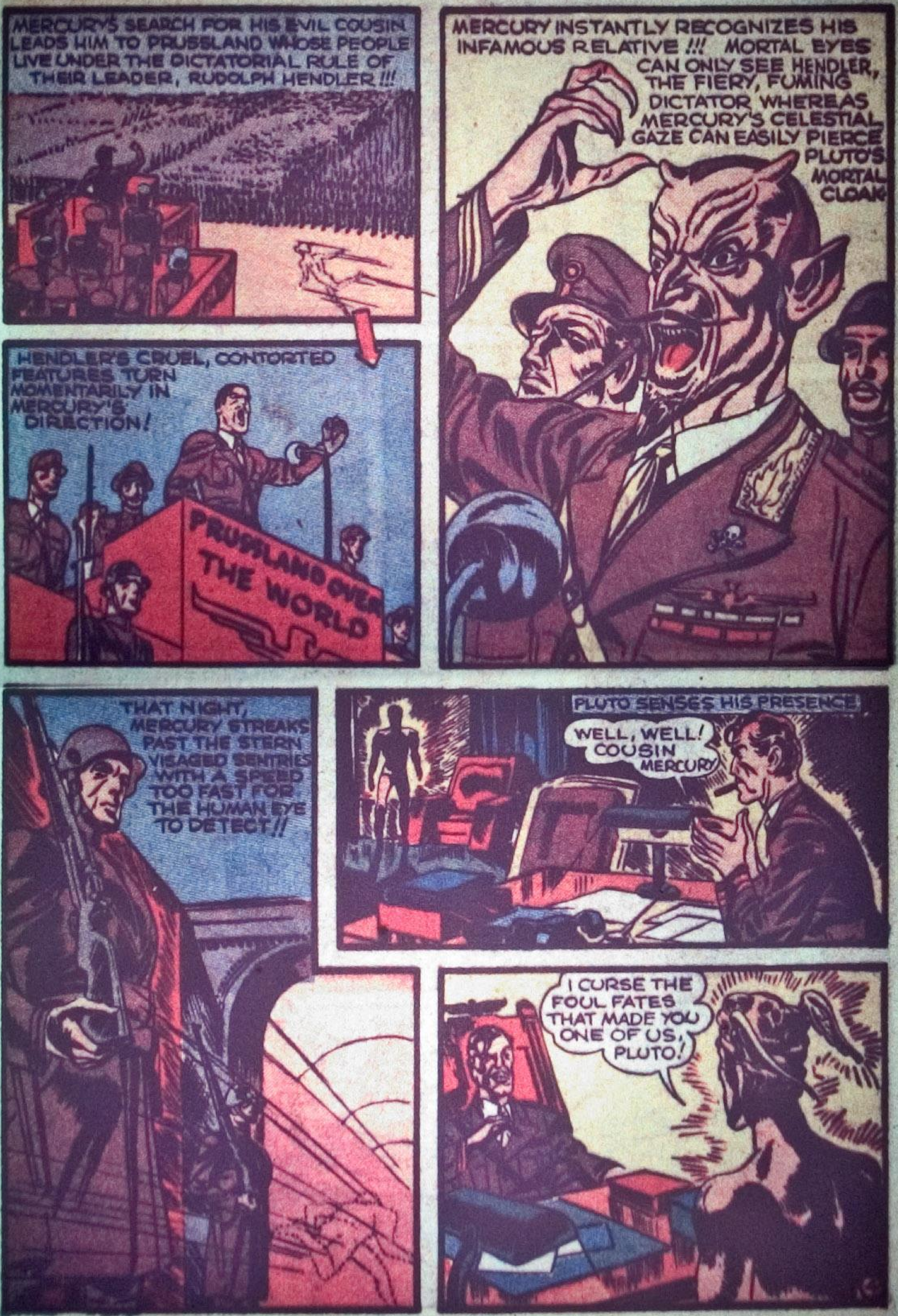

UNDER THE TOP'S POWER, THE BOAT CUTS THROUGH THE WATER LIKE AN AQUAPLANE!
BACK IN TOWN, VANDEER'S HENCHMEN HAVE AROUSED THE CITIZENS TO INAUGURATE A SEARCH FOR THE TOP.
WANTED - DEAD OR ALIVE - FOR ROBBING THE PATRIOTVILLE BANK - AND FOR OTHER CRIMES.
WHILE VANDERVEER'S THUGS ACT UNDER ORDERS
THIS SPINNING THIEF IS ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL YOUR FIRES, DEATHS, AND ILLNESSES! FIND HIM, AND KILL HIM!
YOU MUSTN'T HARM HIM! HE IS INNOCENT! HE IS YOUR FRIEND!
BACK ON THE YACHT, VANDEERVEER TAKES TO A LIFEBOAT!
TALK FAST! WHERE IS THE MONEY?
ATTACHING HIMSELF TO THE BOAT, THE TOP CONVERTS IT INTO A FLYING CRAFT
THE TOP LANDS THE BOAT ON TOP OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE FLAGPOLE!

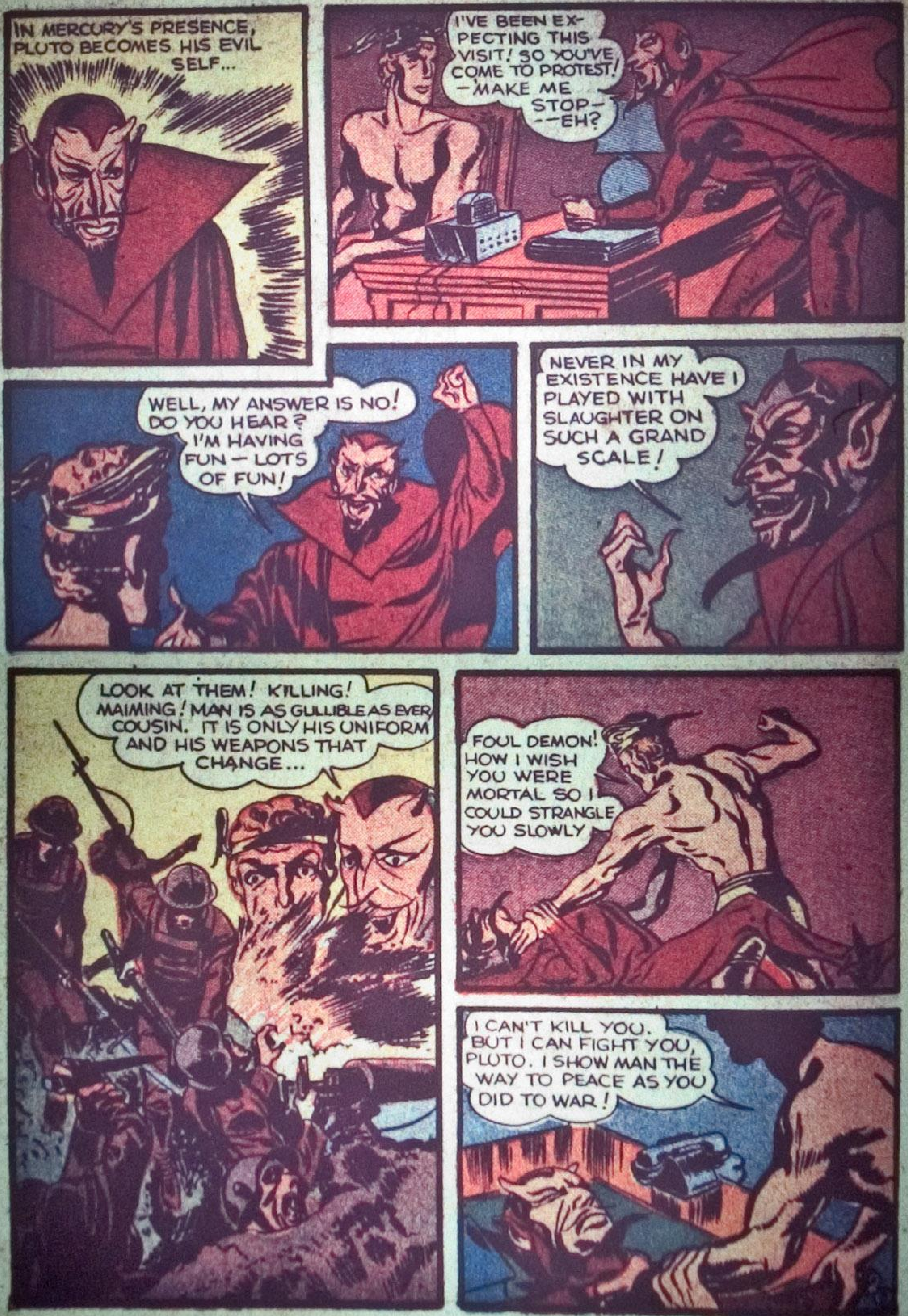

THE INFURIATED MASSES HOPE FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO CATCH THE TOP
FIRE DEPT.
SCOOPING UP THE MAYOR AND CHIEF OF POLICE, THE TOP TAKES OFF FROM THE GROUND!
??
??
NOW, VANDERVEER, CONFESS AND DO IT FAST- OR I'LL SPIN YOU TO KINGDOM COME!
I CONFESS! MY GANG STOLE THE HALF-MILLION DOLLARS! IT'S IN THE VAULT AT MY HOME!
YOU MEAN YOU ARE THE HEAD OF THE CARLUCCI TERRORISTS?
SURE HE DOES!
MY FRIENDS! THE TOP IS OUR FRIEND! HE HAS SMASHED THE GANG THAT HAS MENACED US FOR YEARS! HE WILL RETURN ONLY WHEN WE ARE IN TROUBLE AND NEED HIM!
R.N.B.
FOLLOW THESE BREATH-TAKING CHARACTERS EVERY MONTH in MARVEL COMICS
THE HUMAN TORCH
SUB MARINER
ELECTRO THE MARVEL OF THE AGE
MASKED RAIDER
KA-ZAR THE GREAT
THE ANGEL
FERRET

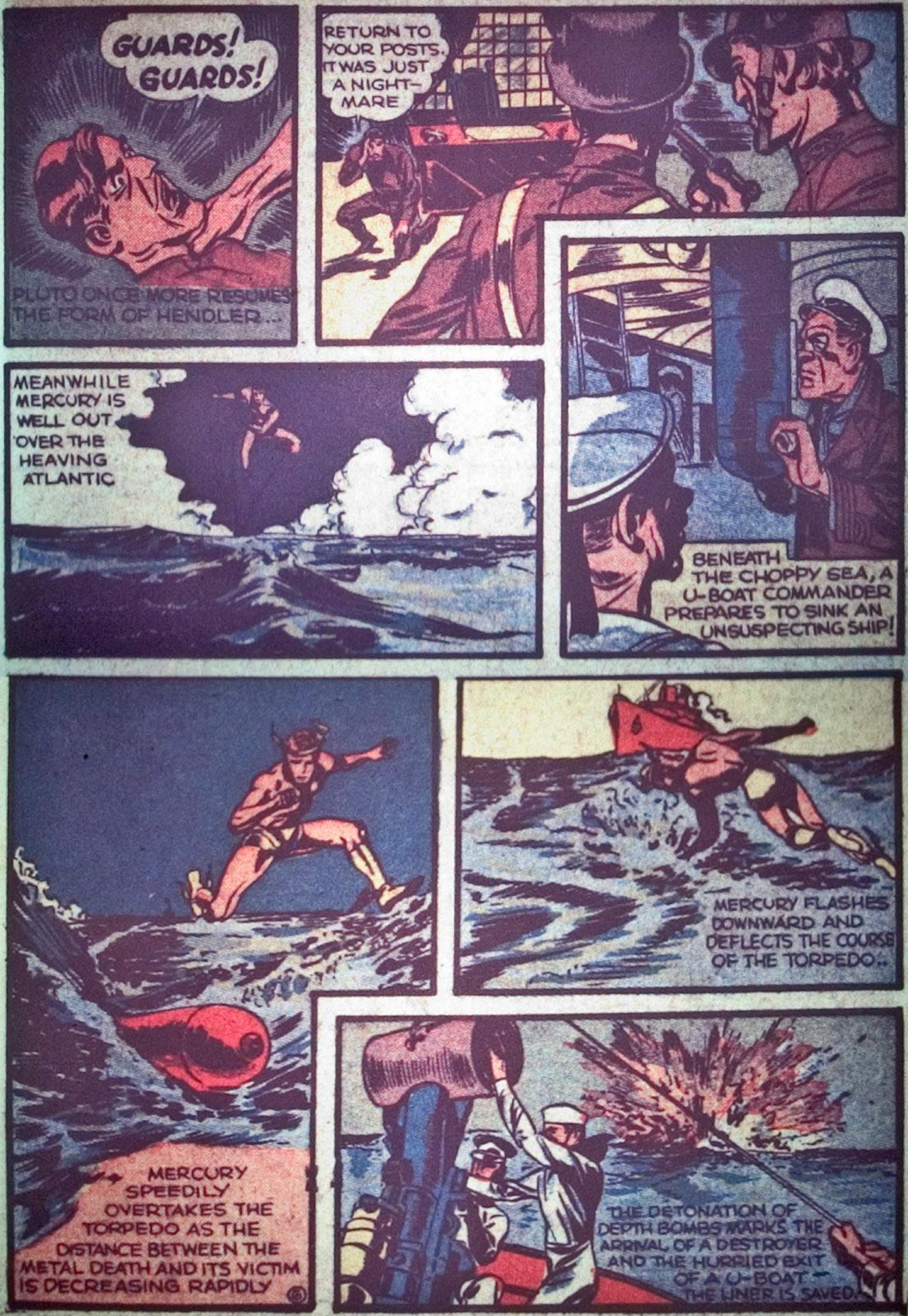

Mercury
IN THE 20TH CENTURY
BY MARTIN A. BURSTEN
FROM HIGH OLYMPUS, CELESTIAL RETREAT OF THE ANCIENT GODS, COMES MERCURY, THE FLEET. HE IS SENT BY JUPITER, THE ALL WISE, TO THE TUMULTOUS, WAR TORN WORLD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. MANKIND MUST BE SAVED FROM SELF DESTRUCTION AND MERCURY HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO BATTLE THE EVIL ONE WHO'S SPURRING MAN TO THIS DISASTROUS END---PLUTO, PRINCE OF DARKNESS!!!
POOR, FOOLISH, LITTLE MORTALS. THEY ARE SO EASILY TEMPTED BY VISIONS OF GLORY- VISIONS THAT STIR THEM TO KILL THEIR OWN KIND -A PERIODICAL MADNESS THAT KEEPS THEM FROM ACHIEVING TRUE GREATNESS
I KNOW YOUR THOUGHTS NOBLE JUPITER. I SHARE YOUR SORROW. SURELY THERE IS ONE OF US WHO CAN HALT PLUTO'S GHASTLY PASTIME
1

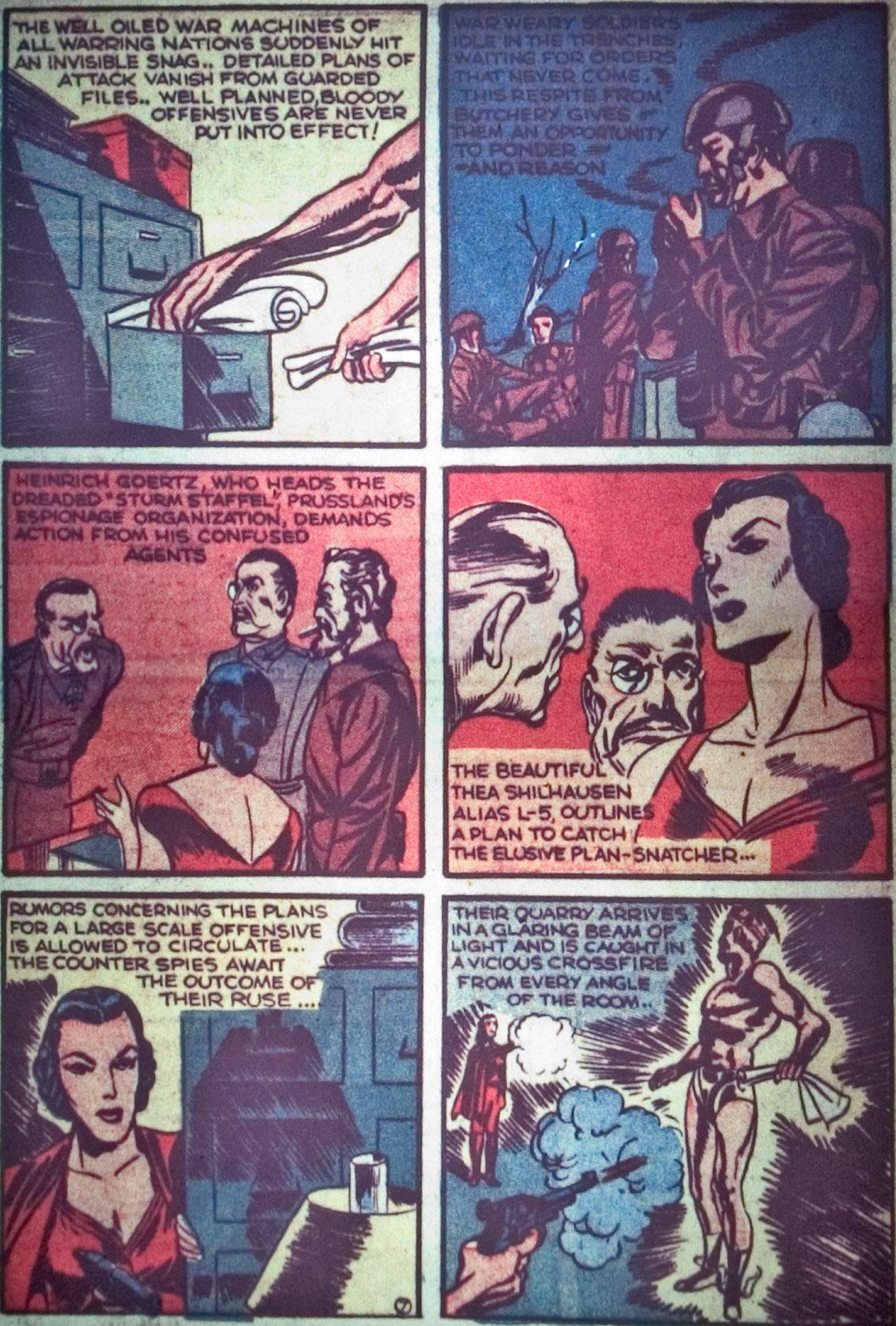

A WISE SUGGESTION, GENTLE MINERVA. BUT WHO AMONG US COULD HOPE TO OPPOSE THAT DEVIL, PLUTO
"I'D HATE TO PICK THAT FIREATER VULCAN. PLUTO AND HE ARE ALIKE IN SO MANY WAYS.. I COULDN'T TRUST HIM!"
"PLUMP AEOLUS IS BUT A CONTENTED BAG OF WIND — NO MATCH FOR THE DARK PRINCE
"THE HUNTRESS DIANA FOR ALL HER FEROCITY, IS STILL A WOMAN--AND PLUTO KNOWS WOMEN"
"HANDSOME APOLLO IS INTELLIGENT AND BRAVE. HE MIGHT BE THE MAN FOR THE JOB BUT HE'S IRRESPONSIBLE, AND VAIN.. PLUTO WOULD SNARE HIM EASILY.
"THERE MUST BE SOMEONE IN OUR MIDST OF NIMBLE WIT AND BODY. SOMEONE TO OUTSMART THAT DARK RASCAL, PLUTO
SOMEONE NIMBLE OF BODY— I HAVE IT! BY THE ETERNAL! MY SON—MY OWN SON CAN DO IT!
'MERCURY!'"

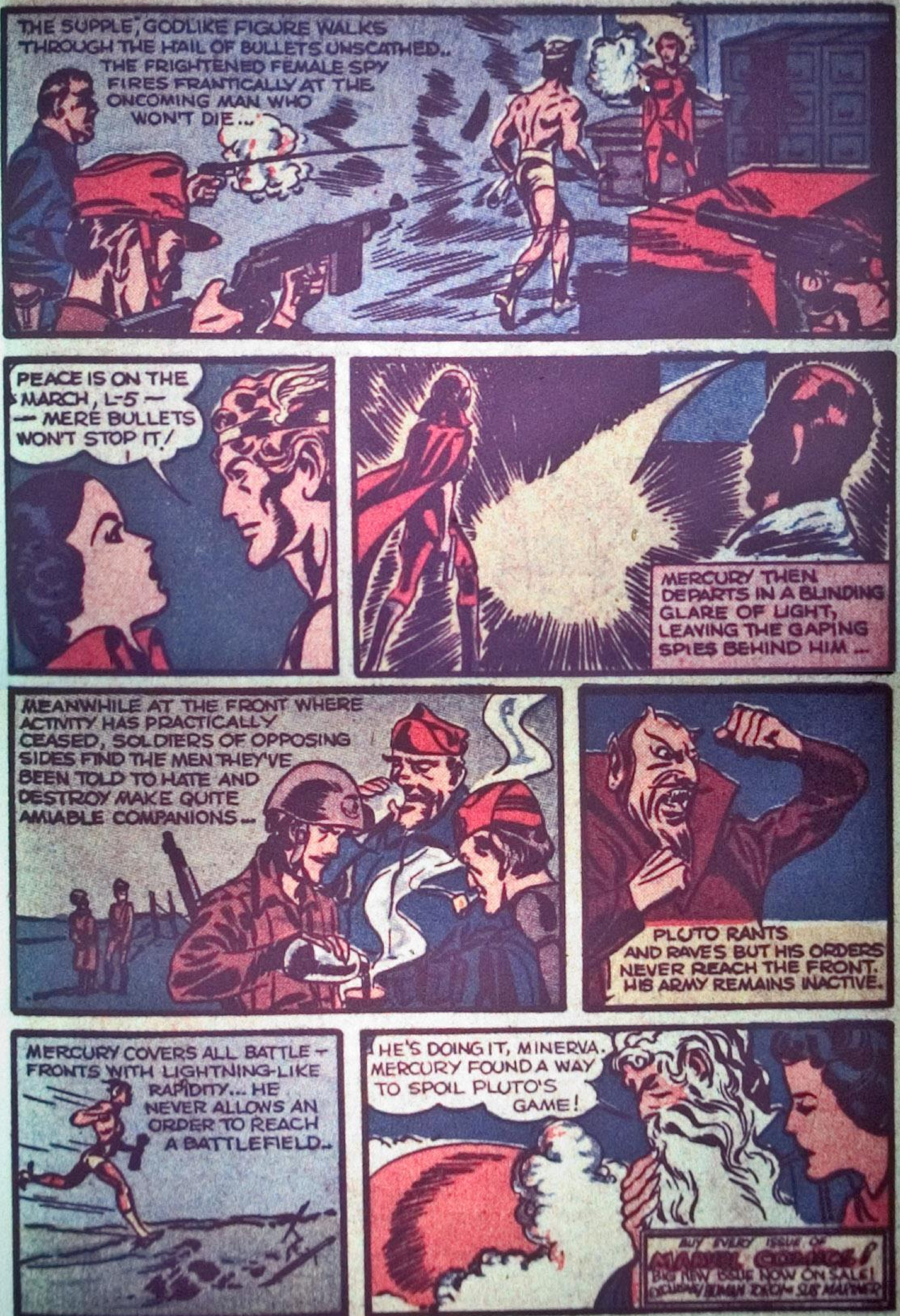

MERCURY FINDS A COUNCIL OF THE GODS AWAITING HIM AS MAJESTIC JUPITER OUTLINES THE TASK THE FLEET, YOUNG GOD MUST FULFILL
LONG HAVE I HOPED FOR THIS CHANCE. I GO!
LET ONE QUOTATION OF MODERN MORTALS SERVE AS PARTING WORDS, SON. I WANT YOU TO LICK THE PANTS OFF THAT DEMON PLUTO
IT'S IN THE BAG, ALL WISEST
SO ONCE AGAIN AN IMMORTAL LEAVES OLYMPUS FOR THE WORLD OF MAN—TO SAVE A CIVILIZATION GONE MAD....
MEANWHILE PLUTO'S ACTIVITIES SPREAD RAPIDLY—STEADILY ENCOMPASSING THE GLOBE....
PLUTO'S GAME OF HORROR IS INDULGED IN BY MILLIONS! HIS HUMAN PAWNS LUNGE MADLY AT EACH OTHER—---DRIVEN BY THE WILL TO EXTERMINATE!!!
MERCURY'S PEACEFUL BLUE SKY BECOMES A ROARING, BLAZING HELL!!!
THE FIELD OF HONOR IS GONE—REPLACED BY PLUTO'S NEW AND SINISTER DESIGN FOR DYING....


MERCURY'S SEARCH FOR HIS EVIL COUSIN LEADS HIM TO PRUSSLAND WHOSE PEOPLE LIVE UNDER THE DICTATORIAL RULE OF THEIR LEADER, RUDOLPH HENDLER!!!
MERCURY INSTANTLY RECOGNIZES HIS INFAMOUS RELATIVE!!! MORTAL EYES CAN ONLY SEE HENDLER, THE FIERY, FUMING DICTATOR WHEREAS MERCURY'S CELESTIAL GAZE CAN EASILY PIERCE PLUTO'S MORTAL CLOAK
HENDLER'S CRUEL, CONTORTED FEATURES TURN MOMENTARILY IN MERCURY'S DIRECTION!
PRUSSLAND OVER THE WORLD
THAT NIGHT, MERCURY STREAKS PAST THE STERN VISAGED SENTRIES WITH A SPEED TOO FAST FOR THE HUMAN EYE TO DETECT!!
PLUTO SENSES HIS PRESENCE
WELL, WELL! COUSIN MERCURY
I CURSE THE FOUL FATES THAT MADE YOU ONE OF US, PLUTO!


IN MERCURY'S PRESENCE, PLUTO BECOMES HIS EVIL SELF...
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS VISIT! SO YOU'VE COME TO PROTEST! —MAKE ME STOP— —EH?
WELL, MY ANSWER IS NO! DO YOU HEAR? I'M HAVING FUN — LOTS OF FUN!
NEVER IN MY EXISTENCE HAVE I PLAYED WITH SLAUGHTER ON SUCH A GRAND SCALE!
LOOK AT THEM! KILLING! MAIMING! MAN IS AS GULLIBLE AS EVER COUSIN. IT IS ONLY HIS UNIFORM AND HIS WEAPONS THAT CHANGE...
FOUL DEMON! HOW I WISH YOU WERE MORTAL SO I COULD STRANGLE YOU SLOWLY
I CAN'T KILL YOU. BUT I CAN FIGHT YOU, PLUTO. I SHOW MAN THE WAY TO PEACE AS YOU DID TO WAR!

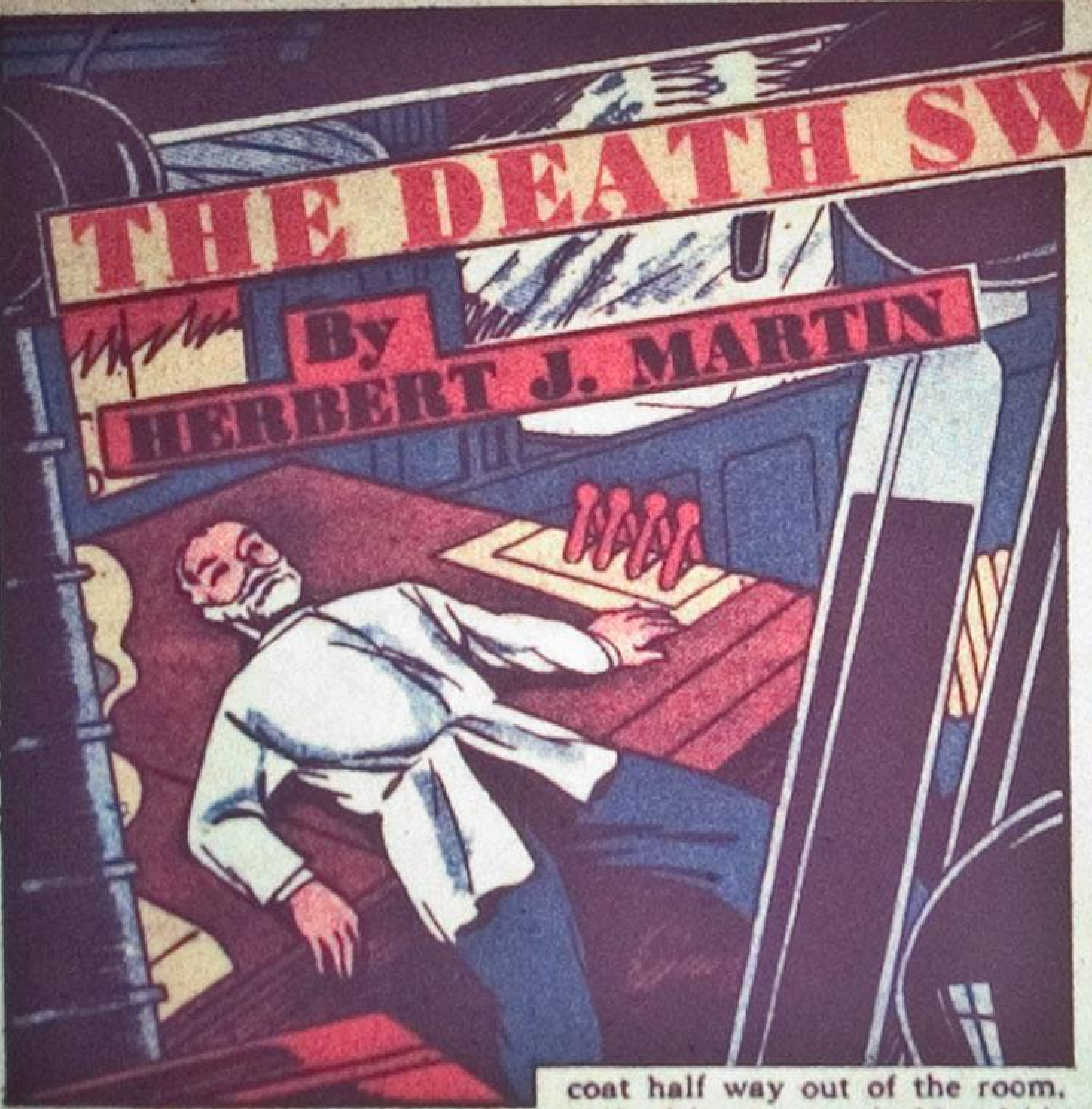

GUARDS! GUARDS!
PLUTO ONCE MORE RESUMES THE FORM OF HENDLER...
RETURN TO YOUR POSTS. IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE
MEANWHILE MERCURY IS WELL OUT OVER THE HEAVING ATLANTIC
BENEATH THE CHOPPY SEA, A U-BOAT COMMANDER PREPARES TO SINK AN UNSUSPECTING SHIP!
MERCURY SPEEDILY OVERTAKES THE TORPEDO AS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE METAL DEATH AND ITS VICTIM IS DECREASING RAPIDLY
MERCURY FLASHES DOWNWARD AND DEFLECTS THE COURSE OF THE TORPEDO..
THE DETONATION OF DEPTH BOMBS MARKS THE ARRIVAL OF A DESTROYER AND THE HURRIED EXIT OF A U-BOAT — THE LINER IS SAVED!


THE WELL OILED WAR MACHINES OF ALL WARRING NATIONS SUDDENLY HIT AN INVISIBLE SNAG.. DETAILED PLANS OF ATTACK VANISH FROM GUARDED FILES.. WELL PLANNED, BLOODY OFFENSIVES ARE NEVER PUT INTO EFFECT!
WAR WEARY SOLDIERS IDLE IN THE TRENCHES, WAITING FOR ORDERS THAT NEVER COME. THIS RESPITE FROM BUTCHERY GIVES — THEM AN OPPORTUNITY TO PONDER — AND REASON
HEINRICH GOERTZ, WHO HEADS THE DREADED "STURM STAFFEL," PRUSSLAND'S ESPIONAGE ORGANIZATION, DEMANDS ACTION FROM HIS CONFUSED AGENTS
THE BEAUTIFUL THEA SHILHAUSEN ALIAS L-5, OUTLINES A PLAN TO CATCH THE ELUSIVE PLAN-SNATCHER...
RUMORS CONCERNING THE PLANS FOR A LARGE SCALE OFFENSIVE IS ALLOWED TO CIRCULATE... THE COUNTER SPIES AWAIT THE OUTCOME OF THEIR RUSE...
THEIR QUARRY ARRIVES IN A GLARING BEAM OF LIGHT AND IS CAUGHT IN A VICIOUS CROSSFIRE FROM EVERY ANGLE OF THE ROOM..


THE SUPPLE, GODLIKE FIGURE WALKS THROUGH THE HAIL OF BULLETS UNSCATHED.. THE FRIGHTENED FEMALE SPY FIRES FRANTICALLY AT THE ONCOMING MAN WHO WON'T DIE...
PEACE IS ON THE MARCH, L-5 — — MERE BULLETS WON'T STOP IT!
MERCURY THEN DEPARTS IN A BLINDING GLARE OF LIGHT, LEAVING THE GAPING SPIES BEHIND HIM...
MEANWHILE AT THE FRONT WHERE ACTIVITY HAS PRACTICALLY CEASED, SOLDIERS OF OPPOSING SIDES FIND THE MEN THEY'VE BEEN TOLD TO HATE AND DESTROY MAKE QUITE AMIABLE COMPANIONS...
PLUTO RANTS AND RAVES BUT HIS ORDERS NEVER REACH THE FRONT. HIS ARMY REMAINS INACTIVE.
MERCURY COVERS ALL BATTLE-FRONTS WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE RAPIDITY... HE NEVER ALLOWS AN ORDER TO REACH A BATTLEFIELD..
HE'S DOING IT, MINERVA. MERCURY FOUND A WAY TO SPOIL PLUTO'S GAME!
BUY EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS! BIG NEW ISSUE NOW ON SALE! EXCLUSIVE HUMAN TORCH-SUB-MARINER

THE DEATH SWITCH

By HERBERT J. MARTIN



THE bleary-eyed cop in the radio room watched the little white light on the switchboard flicker nervously. He sighed at the arduous task of answering the call, and then lazily plugged in the cord with a synchronized, "police headquarters."

Suddenly his body stiffened, his head lunged forward, and his legs flopped from their table-perch.

"Is this Mrs. Harrison?" he asked feverishly. "Alright, don't touch anything, we'll have somebody up there right away."

In Captain Holbrook's office, the police short wave radio, quiet since the midnight testing broadcast, virtually blasted him out of his half-slumber. He turned the knob to increase the volume. No, he hadn't dreamt it! The repeat call was starting the same way:

"Calling car 85 and Captain Holbrook. Investigate a reported homicide at the Harrison home on Arlington Avenue. Coroner has been notified. That is all."

Captain Holbrook snatched his hat from a nail on the back of his office door, dragged his coat half way out of the room, and with one arm inside of his garment jumped into a waiting police car.

The driver knew his superior's tempestuous nature. With sirens screaming at a shrill pitch, the police car wheeled up to the Harrison home, simultaneously with the Coroner's vehicle.

Holbrook opened the door slowly. A gruesome sight struck his gaze. Slumped over his table near an elaborate electrical machine was the body of Dr. Harrison, electrical genius of the country who had perfected many notable inventions which national lighting companies commercialized.

"I shot him—yes—" began Mrs. Harrison. But her words were cut short by the veteran detective who informed her of her rights.

"I must warn you, that everything you say can be used against you," he offered.

The Coroner's men set to work photographing the interior of the room, while Holbrook's sensuous gaze wandered about the room mentally recording every detail.

Mrs. Harrison sat by in revulsion at the grizzly spectacle before her

"Why did you do it?" gritted Holbrook.

"Mrs. Harrison didn't hesitate. Her answer appeared to be ready for utilization. "I shot him in self-defense," she returned defiantly. "I shot him because he threatened to destroy me, this house and countless other victims of the vicinity."

"I'll explain," she continued. "my husband was working on a machine which could send electromotive rays into the air for the purpose of igniting the combustible elements and breaking down the atomic coherence of other elements. The mere yank of that lever on the right side of the panel in front of you, can blow up a building fifty miles away. The dial on the left is a range director. Once that dial is set for the proper range, the switch thrown into operation sends rays to the designated area and ignites the combustible elements causing a terrific explosion."

"Tonight he told me of his plans to sell his diabolical machine to a foreign government for the purpose of sabotaging American factories and army forts. I pleaded with him. When he wouldn't give up his mad scheme, I threatened to report it to the police. He became enraged. I had never seen him in such a fit of anger. He turned the dial to zero, saying that if he couldn't utilize his invention on a scale which would make the world fall to its knees, he was going to destroy it by directing the rays to this very house."

"I thought of the neighbors, of this house, and mostly of my husband. When his arm moved towards that switch, I knew I had to stop him"

For a moment a mysterious silence floded the room. Holbrook turned, stroking his unshaven chin with the fingers of his right hand.

"You say, 'your gun'?" he began. "Do you always carry a gun?"

Mrs Harrison anticipated the question "Always Captain That is, ever since last summer when burglars broke into our house and attempted to steal my husband's destaticizer."

Harrison continued his methodical cross-examination, unaware that the uniformed policeman, Jack Kavanaugh, a studious, adroit young rookie, was wandering into the adjoining sitting room.

Kavanaugh's searching eyes roamed about the stylish room. Nothing appeared disturbed. Suddenly his attention was attracted to a couch in the corner of the room. One side of the elaborate piece of furniture appeared out of line with the faded demarkation of the rug. It was obvious the couch had been moved recently.

Slowly he sauntered over to the couch, and craned his neck behind it. The reason for the poor alignment of the couch became perceptible, for hidden behind the couch was a traveling bag. Kavanaugh stooped over, snapped open the leather case and examined its contents.

In a minute he was back in the laboratory.

"Captain, do you mind of I ask Mrs. Harrison a few questions?" he appealed to his superior.

The Captain nodded his consent.

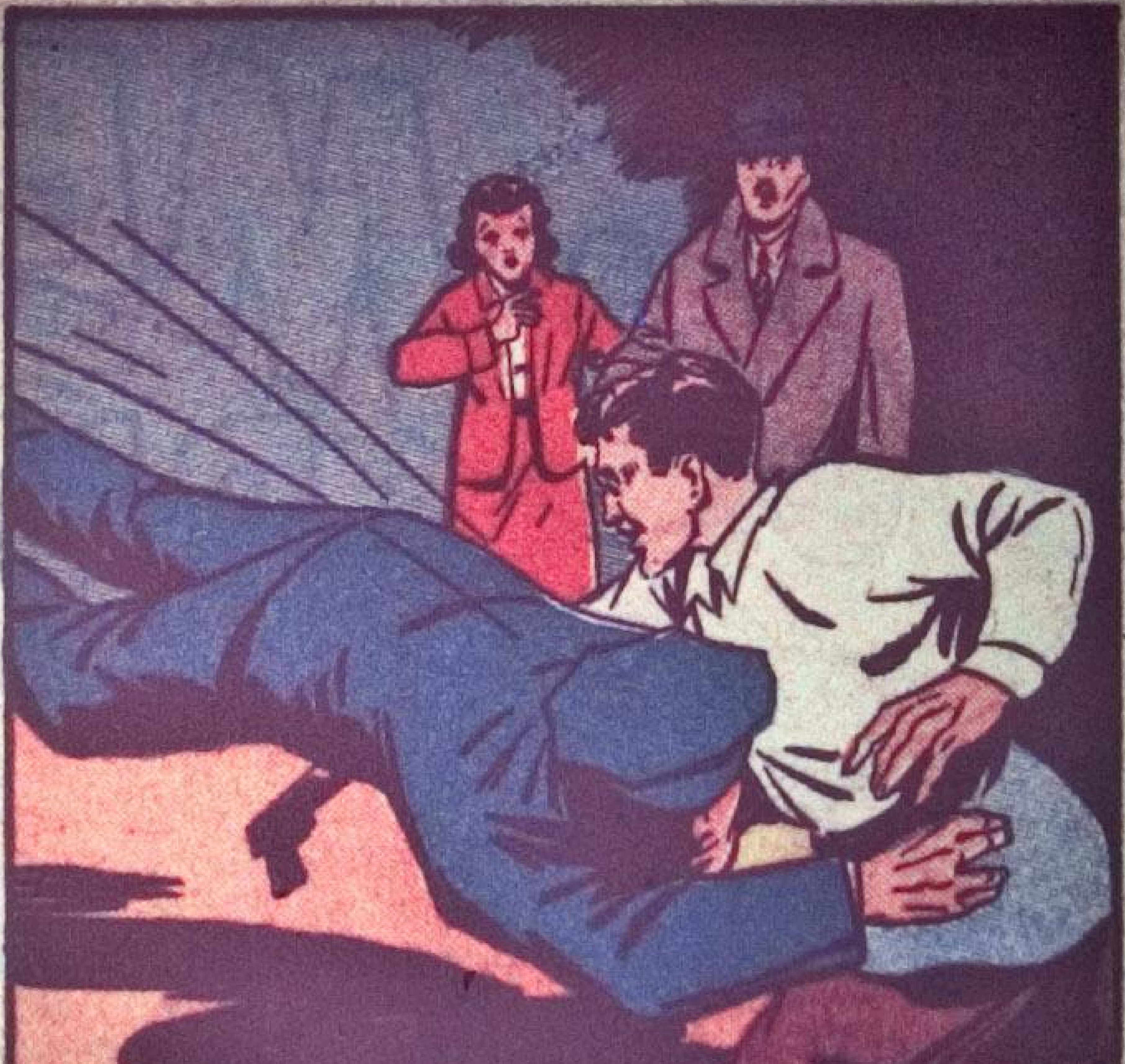
"Mrs. Harrison, whom are you shielding? You didn't murder your husband, and this machine hasn't the power to blow up a bubble. Now talk fast, before I expose you by pulling the switch on that panel and proving right here that the story you just offered us was concocted by you to throw us off the trail of the real killer."

The woman grew apprehensive. Terror streaked her face. She bit her lip and then regained her composure.

"I'm going to pull that lever. If it does what you claim then the case will be closed for there won't be anybody to press charges and you will be spared a trip to the big house as an accomplice to a murderer."

Holbrook shuttered. He leveled his gun at Kavanaugh and barked, "Don't touch that switch you fool, we may be blown to smithereens."

Before Holbrook could finish however, Kavanaugh had thrown the lever down into the two notches.



The only explosion which occured, was in the hearts of the police officers, for nothing stirred in the room.

"Now Mrs. Harrison," the uniformed cop began. "Your alibi of self-defense just went up in smoke. Why are you shielding Henry Van Ornam, your partner in crime? Stop me if I'm wrong. You and Van Ornam planned to rob Dr. Harrison. You knew that your husband would track you down and put you in jail. You decided to get rid of him and chose this harmless bit of mechanism as an alibi. Van Ornam shot your husband and in order to shield him you concocted this whole ridiculous story."

Mrs. Harrison struggled convulsively under the slashing remarks. Suddenly her nerves, strained to bursting tension, snapped. She jumped to her feet and was about to speak, when a figure appeared in the doorway.

"Don't any of you make a move," came the warning.

Captain Holbrook recognized Van Ornam, Dr. Harrison's young assistant. In his hand he wielded a menacing automatic revolver.

Van Ornam glanced at the mechanical paraphernalia, "It was a good story anyway, even if they didn't believe it." His head was turned towards the mechanical setup before him.

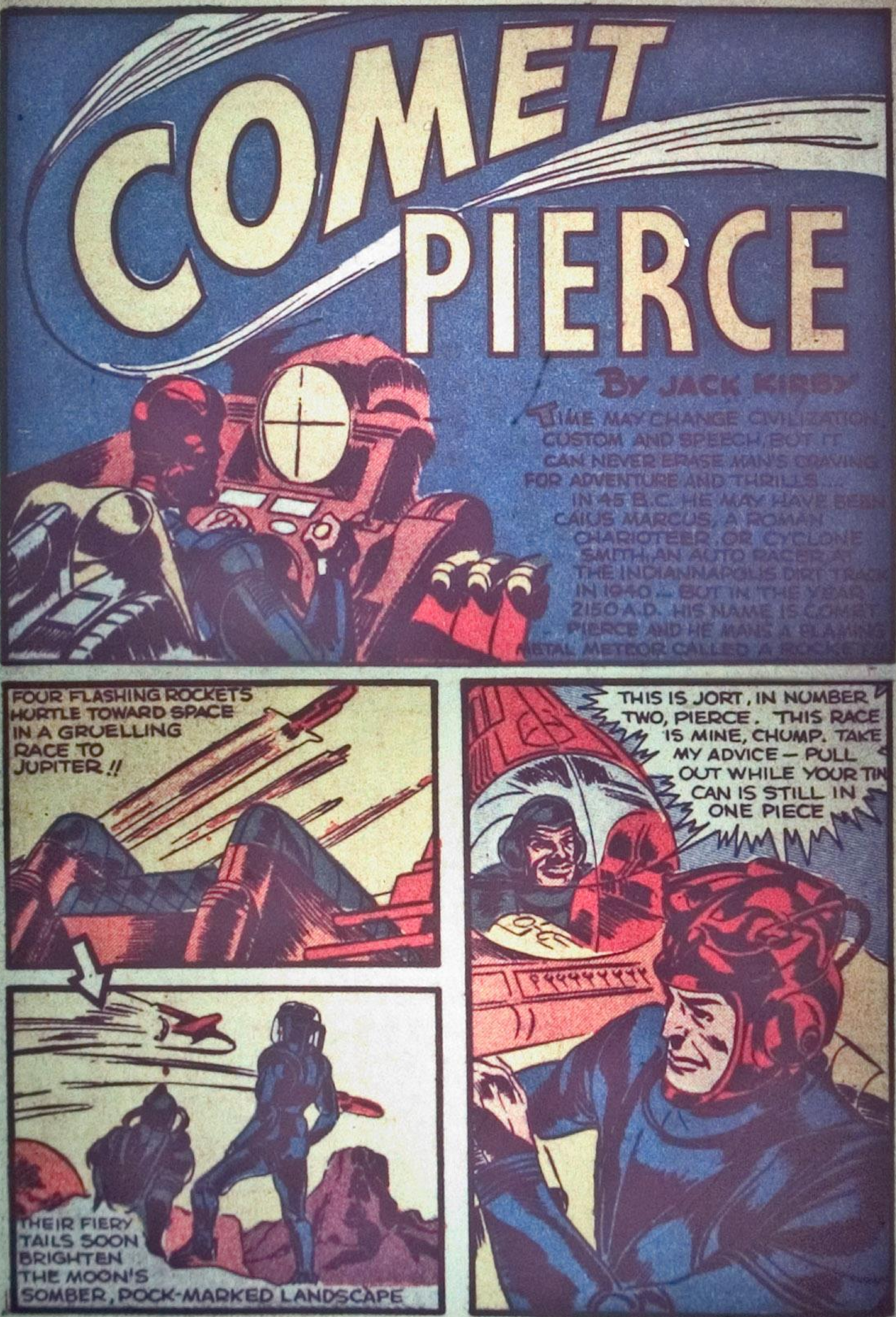
In that moment Kavanaugh sensed an opportunity. He acted fast. Throwing his body across Van Ornam's midsection, he dug his shoulder into the pit of the gunman's stomach. The weapon dropped to the floor as Van Ornam went catapulting backwards, powerlessly.

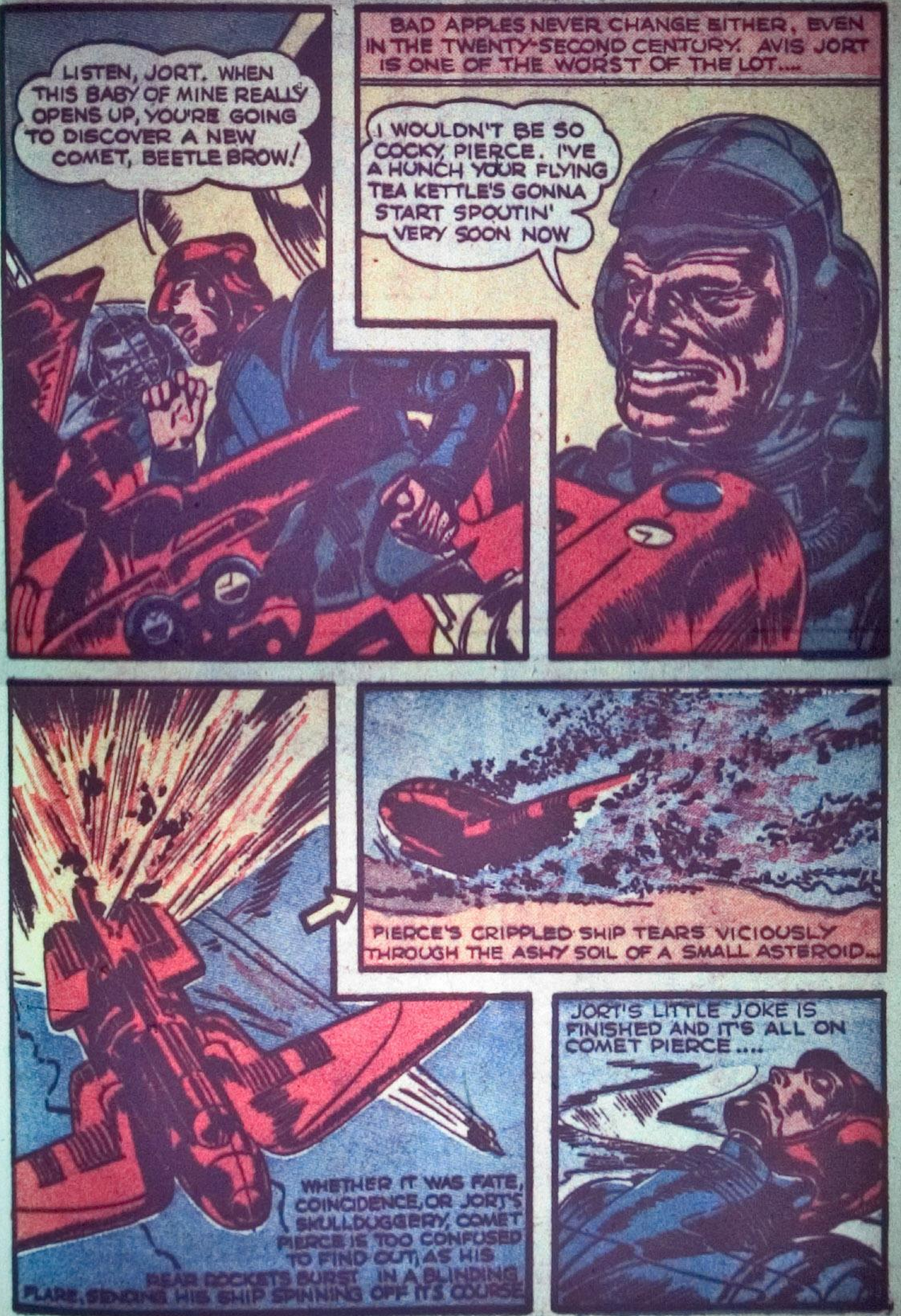
At police headquarters, later, Chief of Police Gregory marvelled at the rookie cop's deductions.

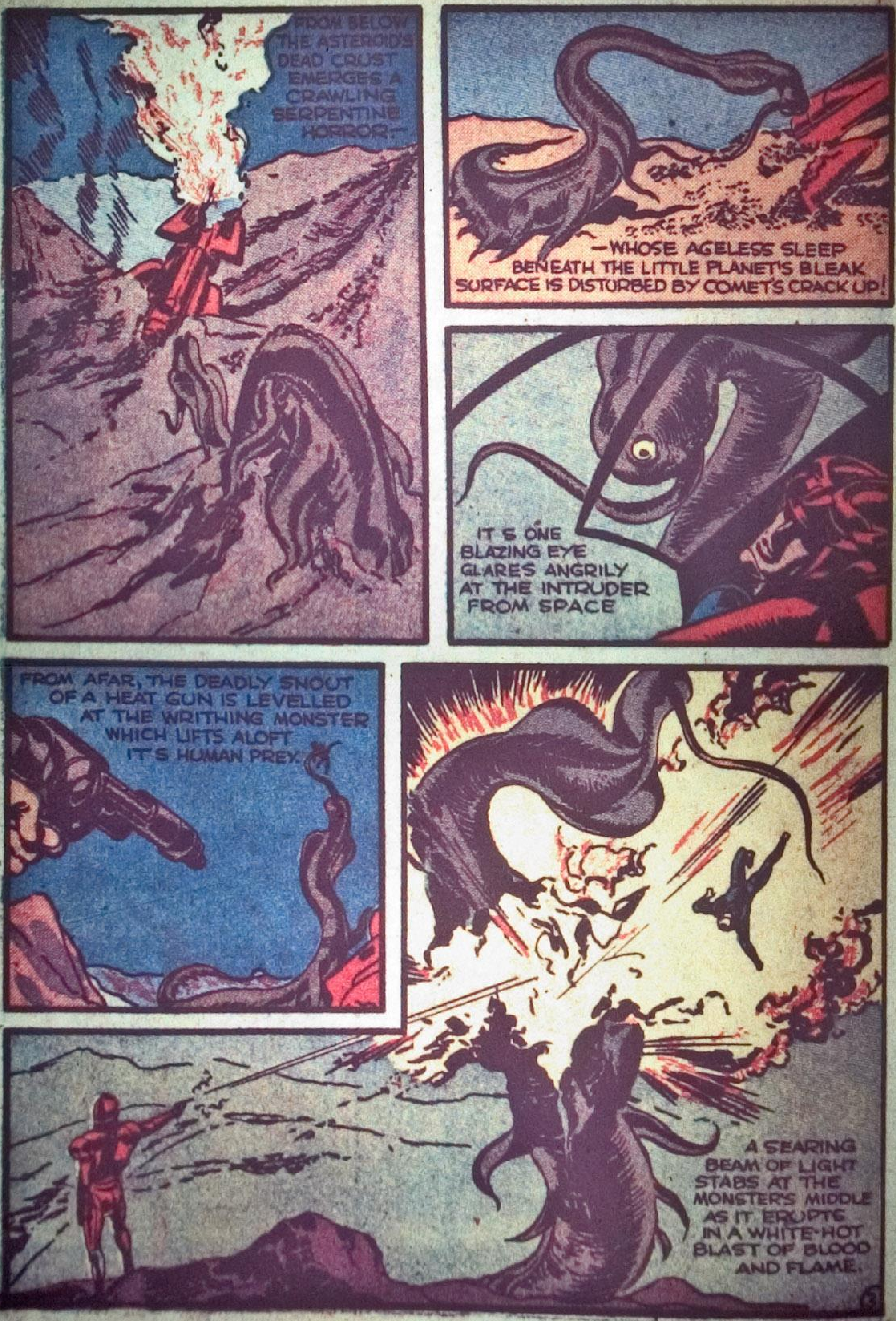
"I can understand your suspicions when you found both Mrs. Harrington's and Van Ornam's apparel in that suitcase, but where did you get the nerve to pull that death switch?" he asked Kavanaugh.

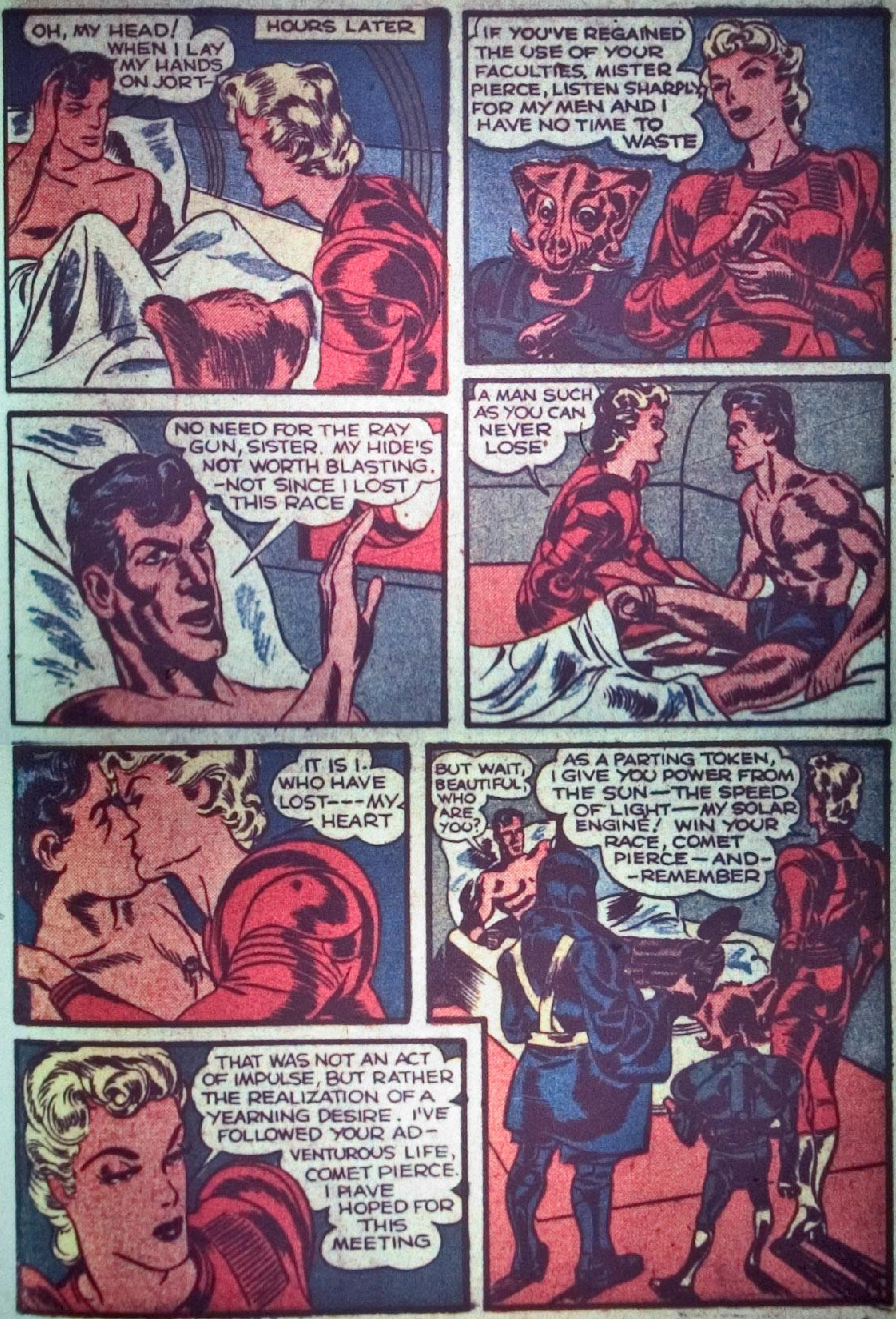
"Well—" drawled Kavanaugh in his typical unruffled manner, "I didn't. I kicked the plug of the machine out of the socket with my foot, while Captain Holbrook was first questioning Mrs. Harrison. You remember, Chapter IV, article 7 of the policeman's handbook, about not taking unnecessary chances."

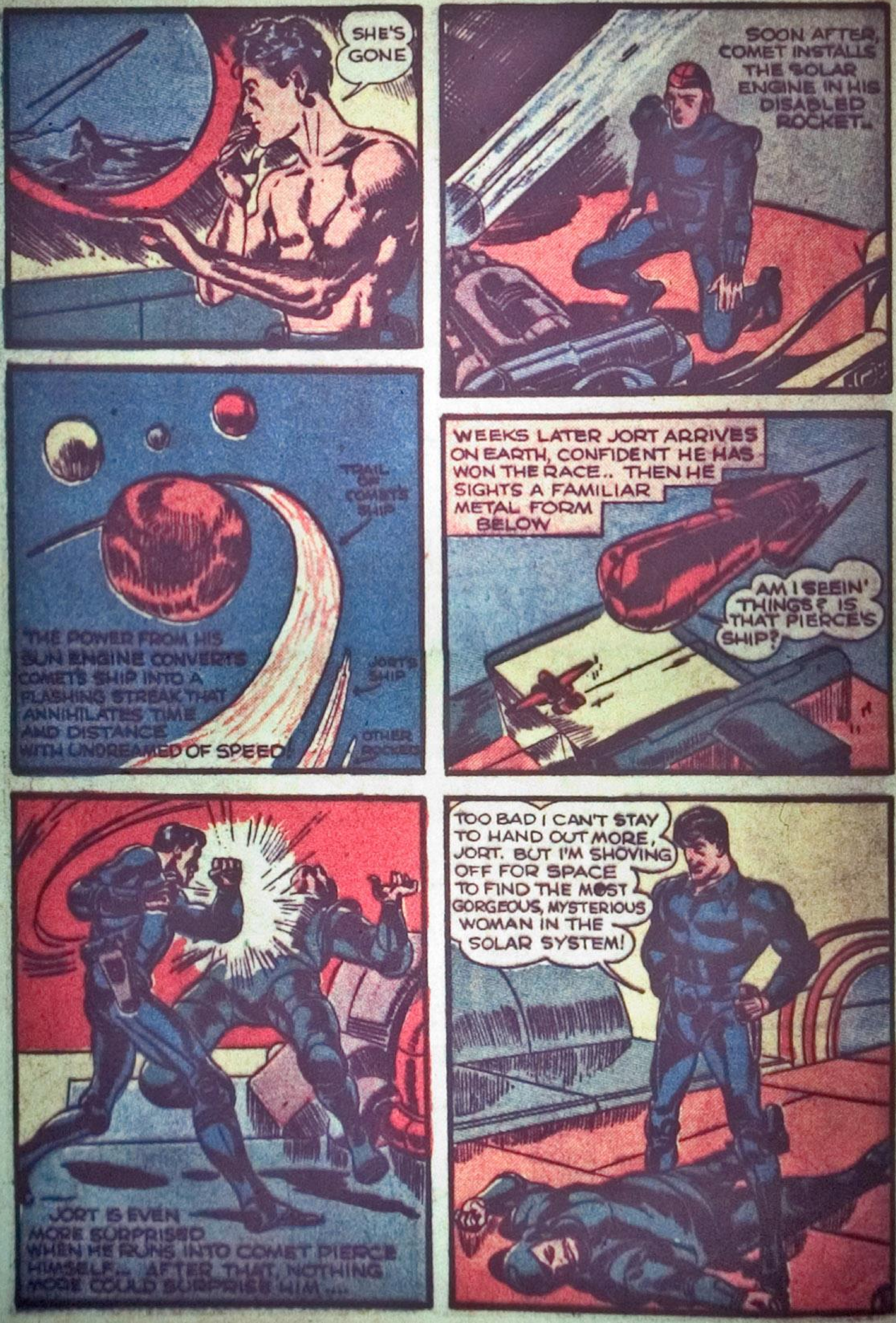
THE END

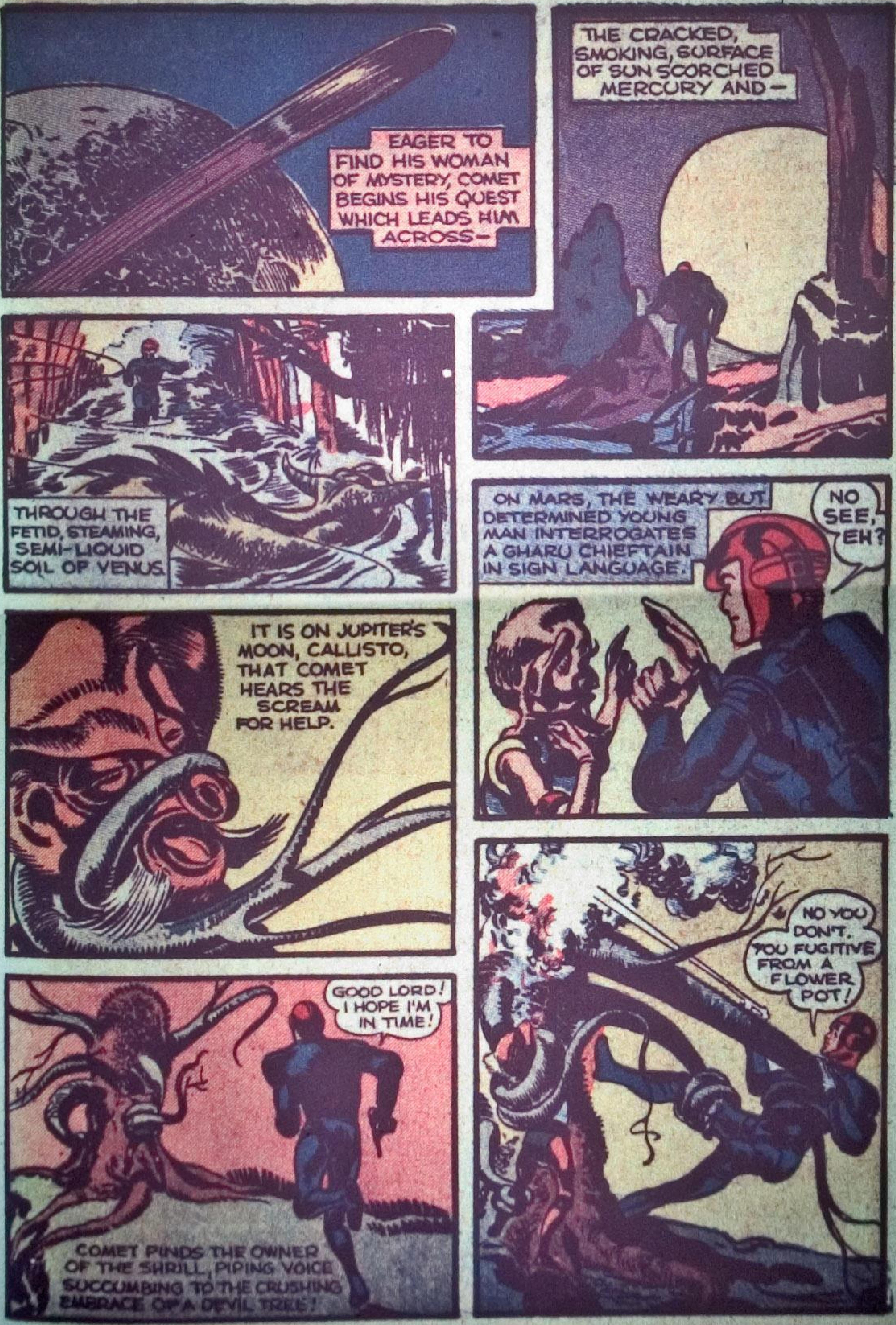

COMET PIERCE
BY JACK KIRBY
TIME MAY CHANGE CIVILIZATION, CUSTOM AND SPEECH, BUT IT CAN NEVER ERASE MAN'S CRAVING FOR ADVENTURE AND THRILLS... IN 45 B.C. HE MAY HAVE BEEN CAIUS MARCUS, A ROMAN CHARIOTEER, OR CYCLONE SMITH, AN AUTO RACER AT THE INDIANNAPOLIS DIRT TRACK IN 1940 — BUT IN THE YEAR 2150 A.D. HIS NAME IS COMET PIERCE AND HE MANS A FLAMING METAL METEOR CALLED A ROCKET
FOUR FLASHING ROCKETS HURTLE TOWARD SPACE IN A GRUELLING RACE TO JUPITER !!
THEIR FIERY TAILS SOON BRIGHTEN THE MOON'S SOMBER, POCK-MARKED LANDSCAPE
THIS IS JORT, IN NUMBER TWO, PIERCE. THIS RACE IS MINE, CHUMP. TAKE MY ADVICE — PULL OUT WHILE YOUR TIN CAN IS STILL IN ONE PIECE

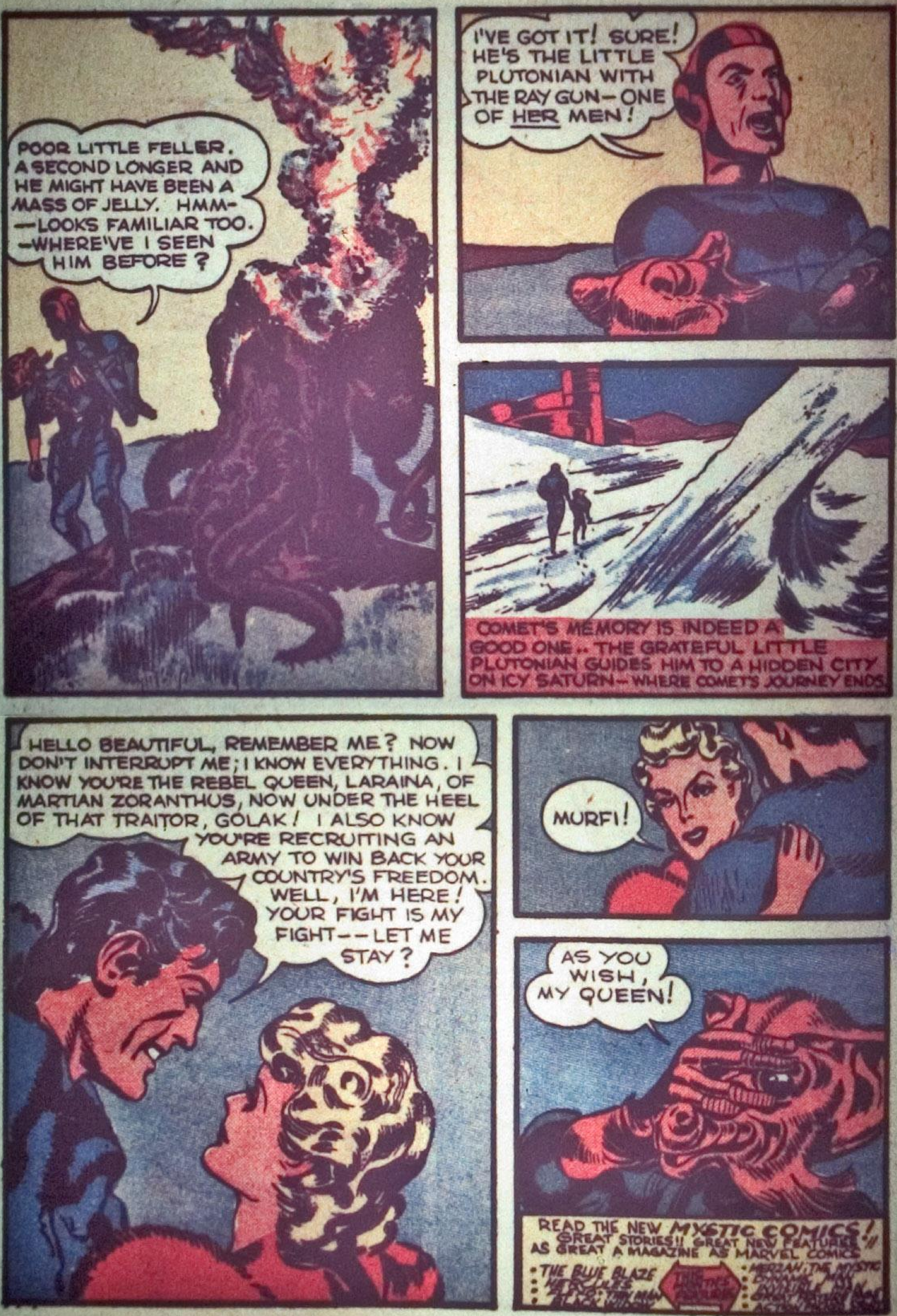

LISTEN, JORT. WHEN THIS BABY OF MINE REALLY OPENS UP, YOU'RE GOING TO DISCOVER A NEW COMET, BEETLE BROW!
BAD APPLES NEVER CHANGE EITHER, EVEN IN THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY. AVIS JORT IS ONE OF THE WORST OF THE LOT....
I WOULDN'T BE SO COCKY, PIERCE. I'VE A HUNCH YOUR FLYING TEA KETTLE'S GONNA START SPOUTIN' VERY SOON NOW
WHETHER IT WAS FATE, COINCIDENCE, OR JORT'S SKULLDUGGERY, COMET PIERCE IS TOO CONFUSED TO FIND OUT, AS HIS REAR ROCKETS BURST IN A BLINDING FLARE, SENDING HIS SHIP SPINNING OFF ITS COURSE
PIERCE'S CRIPPLED SHIP TEARS VICIOUSLY THROUGH THE ASHY SOIL OF A SMALL ASTEROID...
JORT'S LITTLE JOKE IS FINISHED AND IT'S ALL ON COMET PIERCE....

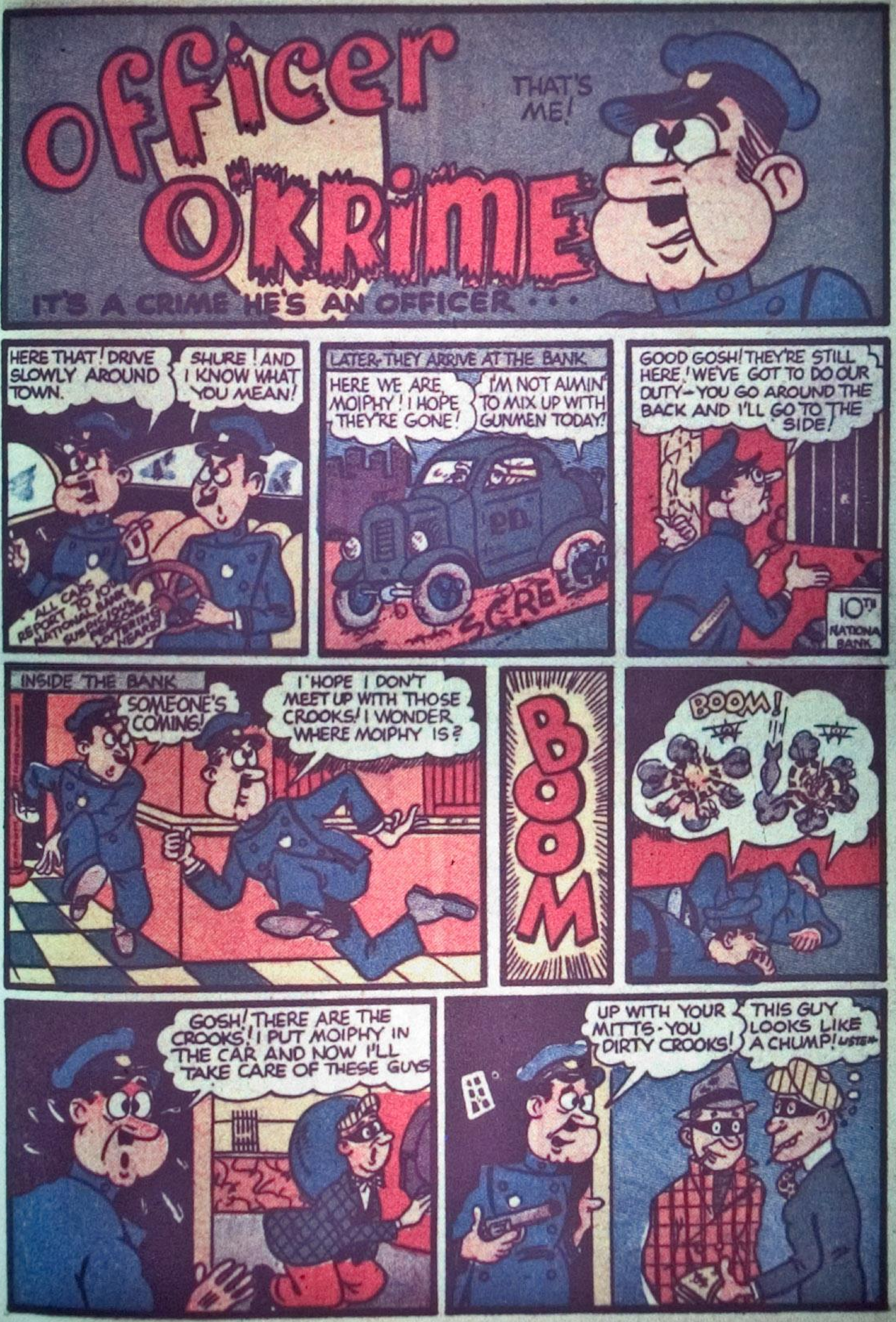

FROM BELOW THE ASTEROID'S DEAD CRUST EMERGES A CRAWLING SERPENTINE HORROR!—
—WHOSE AGELESS SLEEP BENEATH THE LITTLE PLANET'S BLEAK SURFACE IS DISTURBED BY COMET'S CRACK UP!
IT'S ONE BLAZING EYE GLARES ANGRILY AT THE INTRUDER FROM SPACE
FROM AFAR, THE DEADLY SNOUT OF A HEAT GUN IS LEVELLED AT THE WRITHING MONSTER WHICH LIFTS ALOFT IT'S HUMAN PREY.
A SEARING BEAM OF LIGHT STABS AT THE MONSTER'S MIDDLE AS IT ERUPTS IN A WHITE-HOT BLAST OF BLOOD AND FLAME.

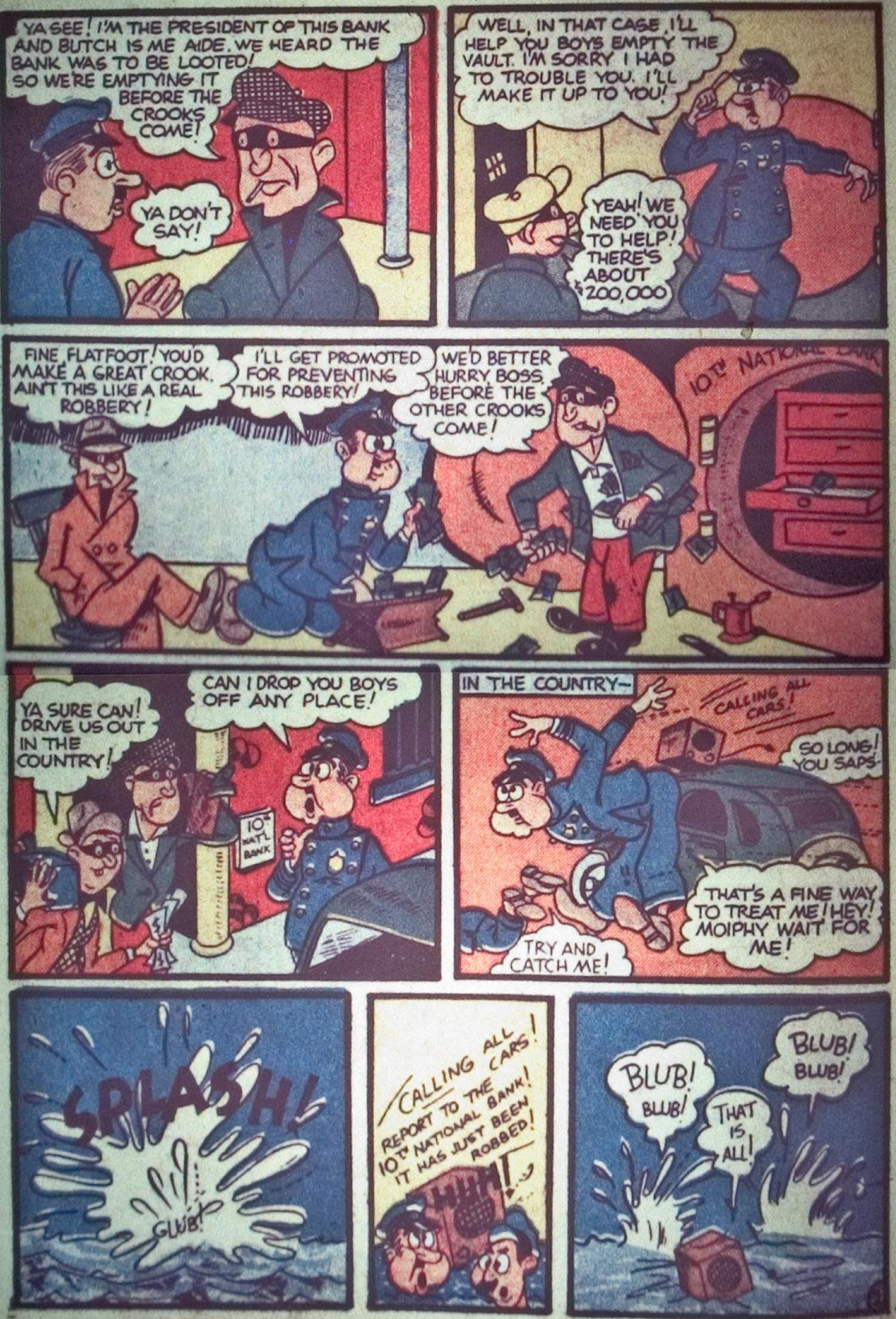

HOURS LATER
OH, MY HEAD! WHEN I LAY MY HANDS ON JORT-
IF YOU'VE REGAINED THE USE OF YOUR FACULTIES, MISTER PIERCE, LISTEN SHARPLY FOR MY MEN AND I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE
NO NEED FOR THE RAY GUN, SISTER. MY HIDE'S NOT WORTH BLASTING. -NOT SINCE I LOST THIS RACE
A MAN SUCH AS YOU CAN NEVER LOSE'
IT IS I. WHO HAVE LOST---MY HEART
THAT WAS NOT AN ACT OF IMPULSE, BUT RATHER THE REALIZATION OF A YEARNING DESIRE. I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR ADVENTUROUS LIFE, COMET PIERCE. I HAVE HOPED FOR THIS MEETING
AS A PARTING TOKEN, I GIVE YOU POWER FROM THE SUN—THE SPEED OF LIGHT—MY SOLAR ENGINE! WIN YOUR RACE, COMET PIERCE—AND— -REMEMBER
BUT WAIT, BEAUTIFUL, WHO ARE YOU?


SHE'S GONE
SOON AFTER, COMET INSTALLS THE SOLAR ENGINE IN HIS DISABLED ROCKET..
TRAIL OF COMET'S SHIP
THE POWER FROM HIS SUN ENGINE CONVERTS COMET'S SHIP INTO A FLASHING STREAK THAT ANNIHILATES TIME AND DISTANCE WITH UNDREAMED OF SPEED!
JORT'S SHIP
OTHER ROCKETS
WEEKS LATER JORT ARRIVES ON EARTH, CONFIDENT HE HAS WON THE RACE.. THEN HE SIGHTS A FAMILIAR METAL FORM BELOW
AM I SEEIN' THINGS? IS THAT PIERCE'S SHIP?
JORT IS EVEN MORE SURPRISED WHEN HE RUNS INTO COMET PIERCE HIMSELF... AFTER THAT, NOTHING MORE COULD SURPRISE HIM....
TOO BAD I CAN'T STAY TO HAND OUT MORE, JORT. BUT I'M SHOVING OFF FOR SPACE TO FIND THE MOST GORGEOUS, MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

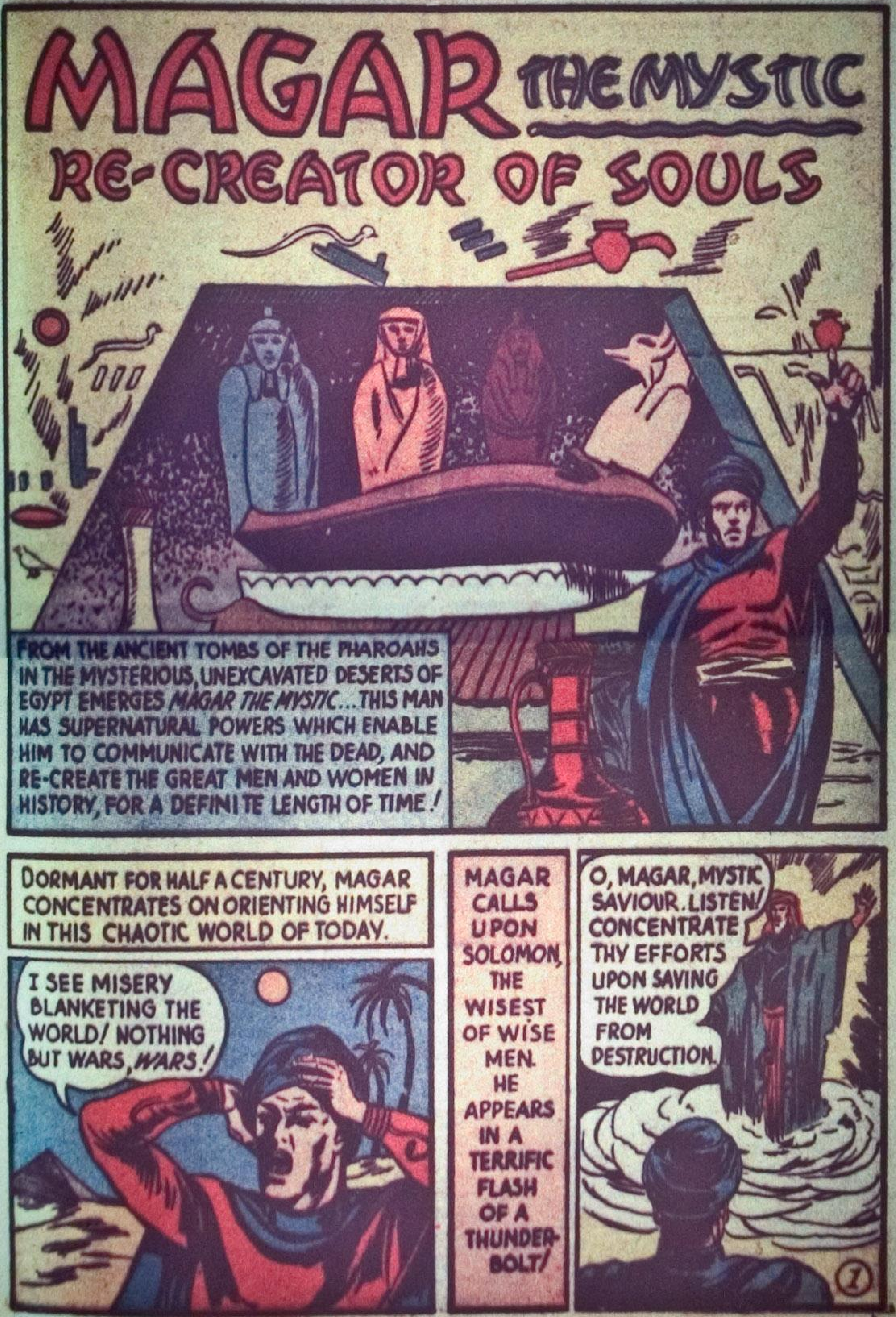

EAGER TO FIND HIS WOMAN OF MYSTERY, COMET BEGINS HIS QUEST WHICH LEADS HIM ACROSS—
THE CRACKED, SMOKING, SURFACE OF SUN SCORCHED MERCURY AND—
THROUGH THE FETID, STEAMING, SEMI-LIQUID SOIL OF VENUS.
ON MARS, THE WEARY BUT DETERMINED YOUNG MAN INTERROGATES A GHARU CHIEFTAIN IN SIGN LANGUAGE.
NO SEE, EH?
IT IS ON JUPITER'S MOON, CALLISTO, THAT COMET HEARS THE SCREAM FOR HELP.
GOOD LORD! I HOPE I'M IN TIME!
COMET FINDS THE OWNER OF THE SHRILL, PIPING VOICE SUCCUMBING TO THE CRUSHING EMBRACE OF A DEVIL TREE!
NO YOU DON'T, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A FLOWER POT!

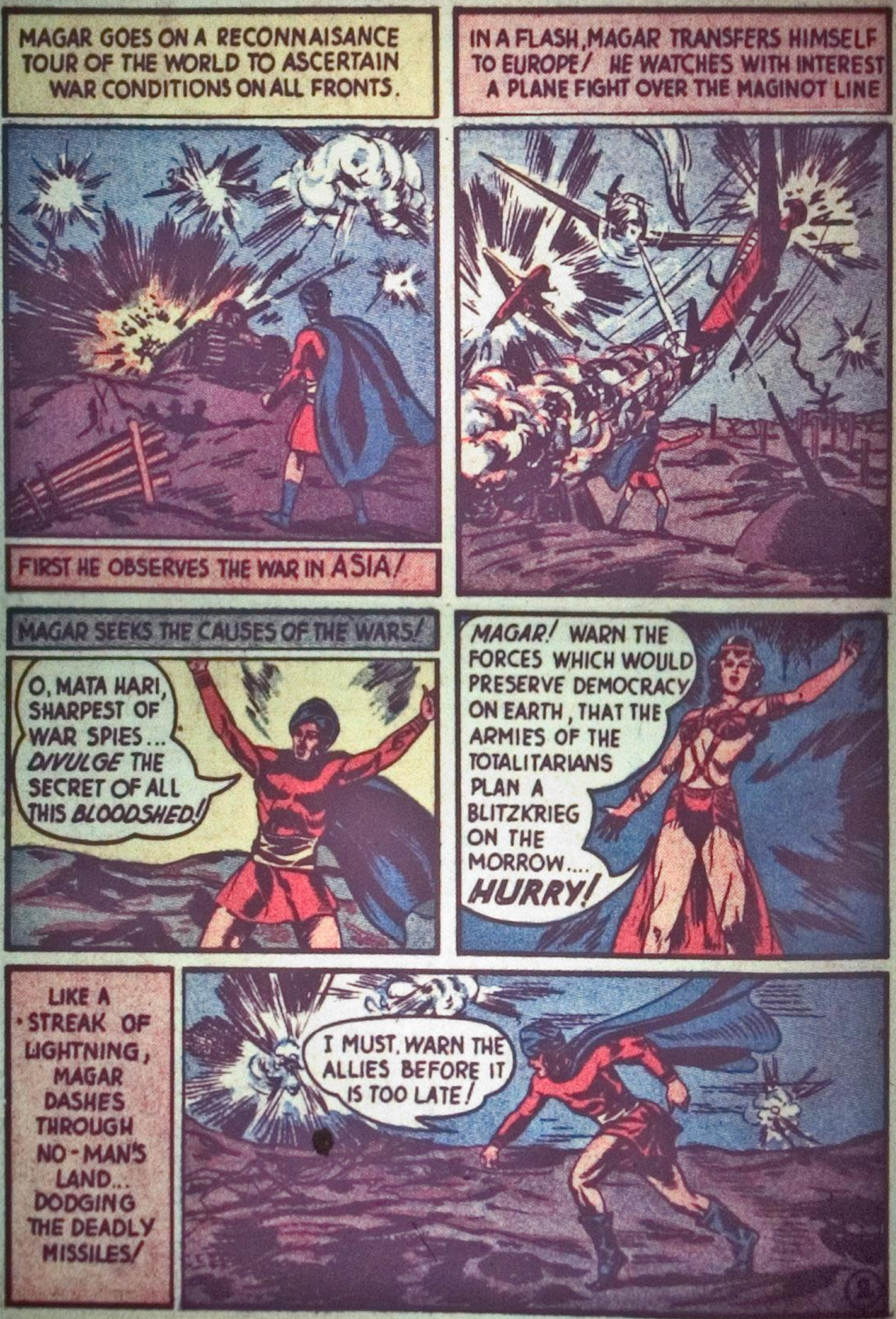

POOR LITTLE FELLER. A SECOND LONGER AND HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MASS OF JELLY. HMM- --LOOKS FAMILIAR TOO. -WHERE'VE I SEEN HIM BEFORE ?
I'VE GOT IT! SURE! HE'S THE LITTLE PLUTONIAN WITH THE RAY GUN—ONE OF HER MEN!
COMET'S MEMORY IS INDEED A GOOD ONE.. THE GRATEFUL LITTLE PLUTONIAN GUIDES HIM TO A HIDDEN CITY ON ICY SATURN—WHERE COMET'S JOURNEY ENDS.
HELLO BEAUTIFUL, REMEMBER ME? NOW DON'T INTERRUPT ME; I KNOW EVERYTHING. I KNOW YOU'RE THE REBEL QUEEN, LARAINA, OF MARTIAN ZORANTHUS, NOW UNDER THE HEEL OF THAT TRAITOR, GOLAK! I ALSO KNOW YOU'RE RECRUITING AN ARMY TO WIN BACK YOUR COUNTRY'S FREEDOM. WELL, I'M HERE! YOUR FIGHT IS MY FIGHT--LET ME STAY?
MURFI!
AS YOU WISH, MY QUEEN!
READ THE NEW MYSTIC COMICS! GREAT STORIES!! GREAT NEW FEATURES!! AS GREAT A MAGAZINE AS MARVEL COMICS
THE BLUE BLAZE
HERCULES
MERZAH, THE MYSTIC
DYNAMIC MAN

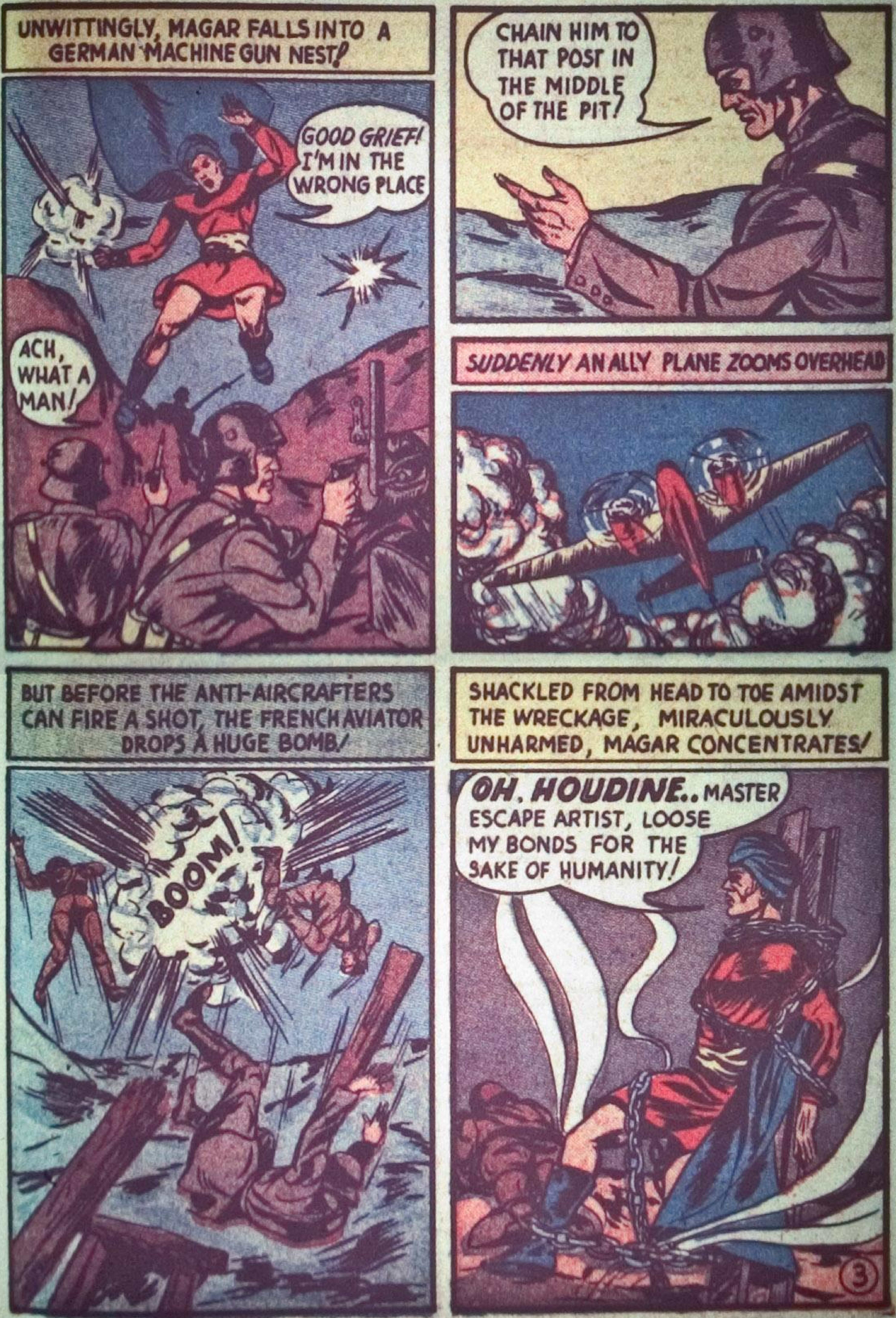

OFFICER O'KRIME
THAT'S ME!
IT'S A CRIME HE'S AN OFFICER . . .
HERE THAT! DRIVE SLOWLY AROUND TOWN.
SHURE! AND I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!
ALL CARS REPORT TO 10TH NATIONAL BANK SUSPICIOUS PERSONS LOITERING NEAR!!
LATER-THEY ARRIVE AT THE BANK
HERE WE ARE, MOIPHY! I HOPE THEY'RE GONE!
I'M NOT AIMIN' TO MIX UP WITH GUNMEN TODAY!
P.D.
SCREE
GOOD GOSH! THEY'RE STILL HERE! WE'VE GOT TO DO OUR DUTY-YOU GO AROUND THE BACK AND I'LL GO TO THE SIDE!
10TH NATIONAL BANK
INSIDE THE BANK
SOMEONE'S COMING!
I HOPE I DON'T MEET UP WITH THOSE CROOKS! I WONDER WHERE MOIPHY IS?
BOOM
BOOM!
GOSH! THERE ARE THE CROOKS! I PUT MOIPHY IN THE CAR AND NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS
UP WITH YOUR MITTS-YOU DIRTY CROOKS!
THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE A CHUMP! LISTEN

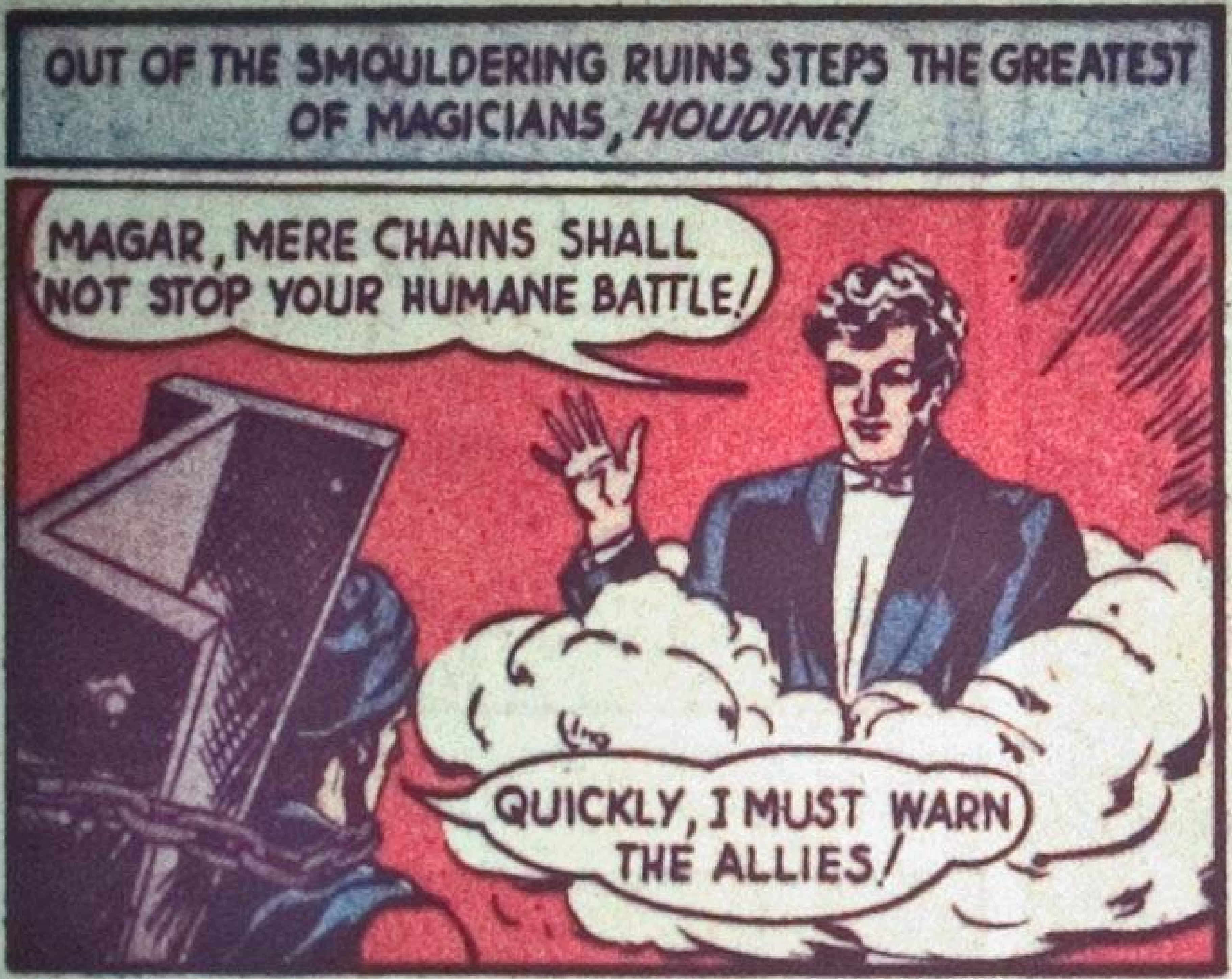

YA SEE! I'M THE PRESIDENT OF THIS BANK AND BUTCH IS ME AIDE. WE HEARD THE BANK WAS TO BE LOOTED! SO WE'RE EMPTYING IT BEFORE THE CROOKS COME!
YA DON'T SAY!
WELL, IN THAT CASE, I'LL HELP YOU BOYS EMPTY THE VAULT. I'M SORRY I HAD TO TROUBLE YOU. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU!
YEAH! WE NEED YOU TO HELP! THERE'S ABOUT $200,000
FINE FLATFOOT! YOU'D MAKE A GREAT CROOK. AIN'T THIS LIKE A REAL ROBBERY!
I'LL GET PROMOTED FOR PREVENTING THIS ROBBERY!
WE'D BETTER HURRY, BOSS, BEFORE THE OTHER CROOKS COME!
10TH NATIONAL BANK
CAN I DROP YOU BOYS OFF ANY PLACE!
YA SURE CAN! DRIVE US OUT IN THE COUNTRY!
10TH NAT'L BANK
IN THE COUNTRY—
CALLING ALL CARS!
SO LONG! YOU SAPS-
THAT'S A FINE WAY TO TREAT ME! HEY! MOIPHY WAIT FOR ME!
TRY AND CATCH ME!
SPLASH!
GLUB!
CALLING ALL THE CARS! REPORT TO THE 10TH NATIONAL BANK! IT HAS JUST BEEN ROBBED!
BLUB! BLUB!
THAT IS ALL!
BLUB! BLUB!

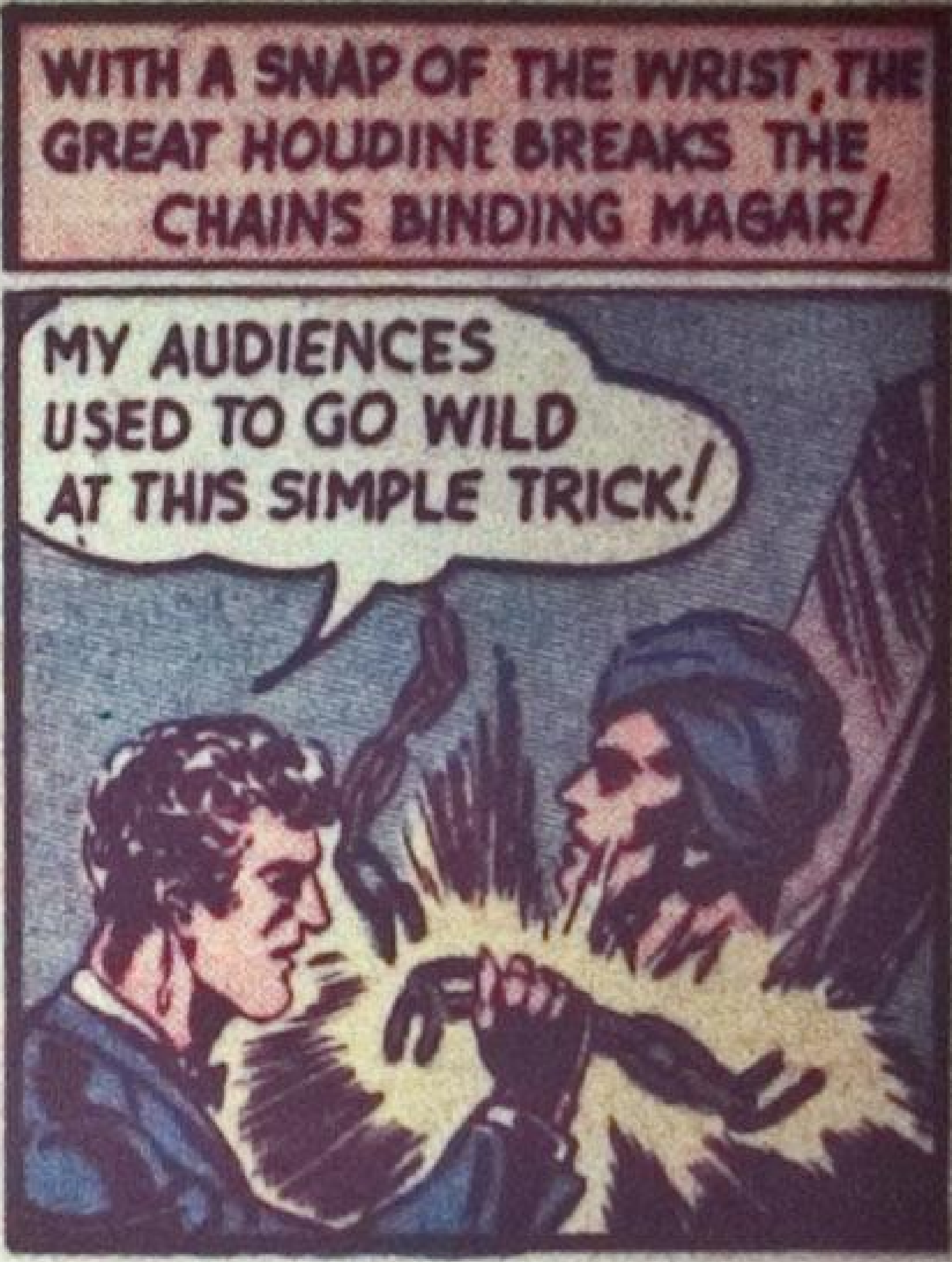
MAGAR THE MYSTIC
RE-CREATOR OF SOULS

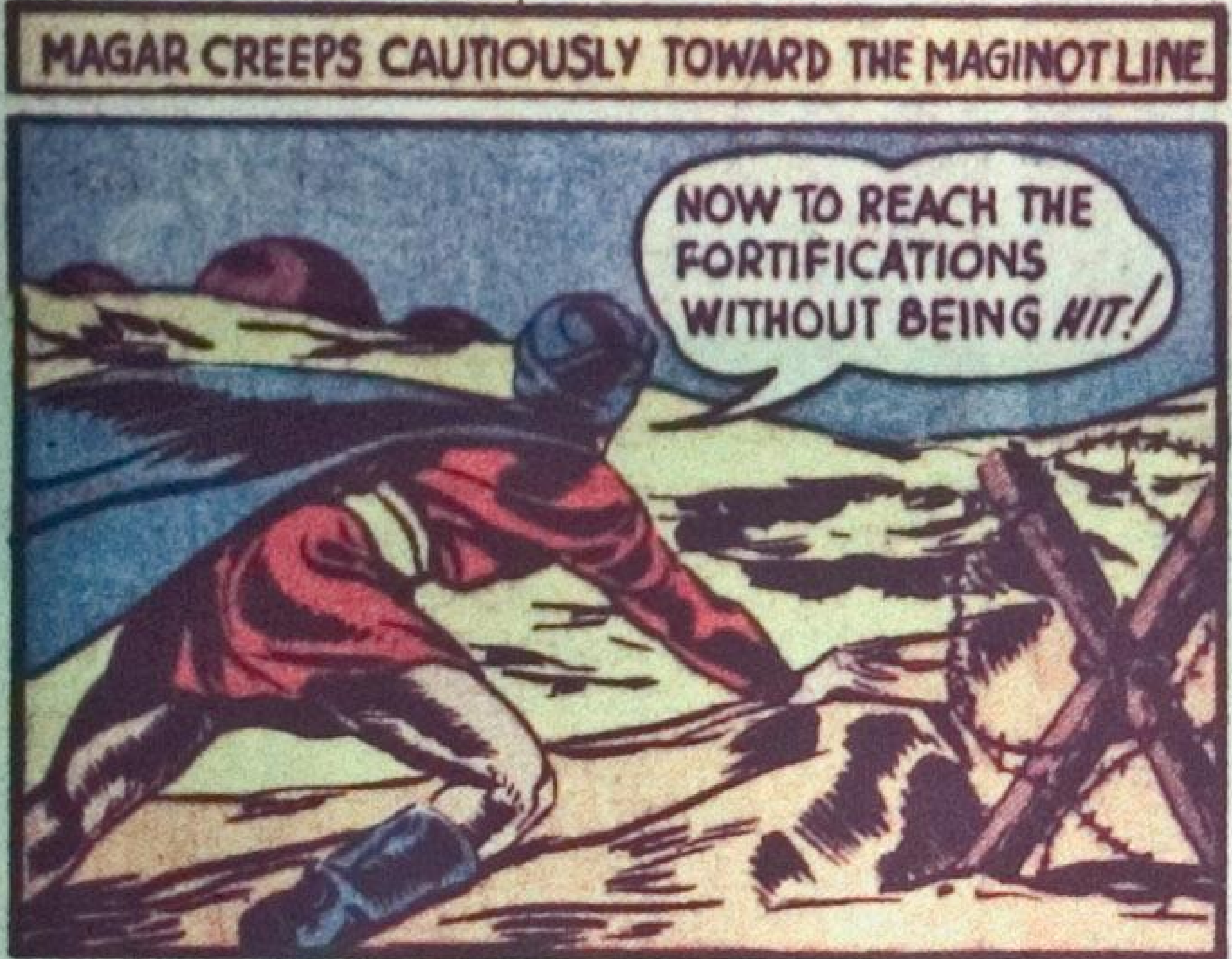

FROM THE ANCIENT TOMBS OF THE PHAROAHS IN THE MYSTERIOUS, UNEXCAVATED DESERTS OF EGYPT EMERGES *MAGAR THE MYSTIC*... THIS MAN HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS WHICH ENABLE HIM TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD, AND RE-CREATE THE GREAT MEN AND WOMEN IN HISTORY, FOR A DEFINITE LENGTH OF TIME!
DORMANT FOR HALF A CENTURY, MAGAR CONCENTRATES ON ORIENTING HIMSELF IN THIS CHAOTIC WORLD OF TODAY.
I SEE MISERY BLANKETING THE WORLD! NOTHING BUT WARS, *WARS*!
MAGAR CALLS UPON SOLOMON, THE WISEST OF WISE MEN. HE APPEARS IN A TERRIFIC FLASH OF A THUNDERBOLT!
O, MAGAR, MYSTIC SAVIOUR. LISTEN! CONCENTRATE THY EFFORTS UPON SAVING THE WORLD FROM DESTRUCTION.
①

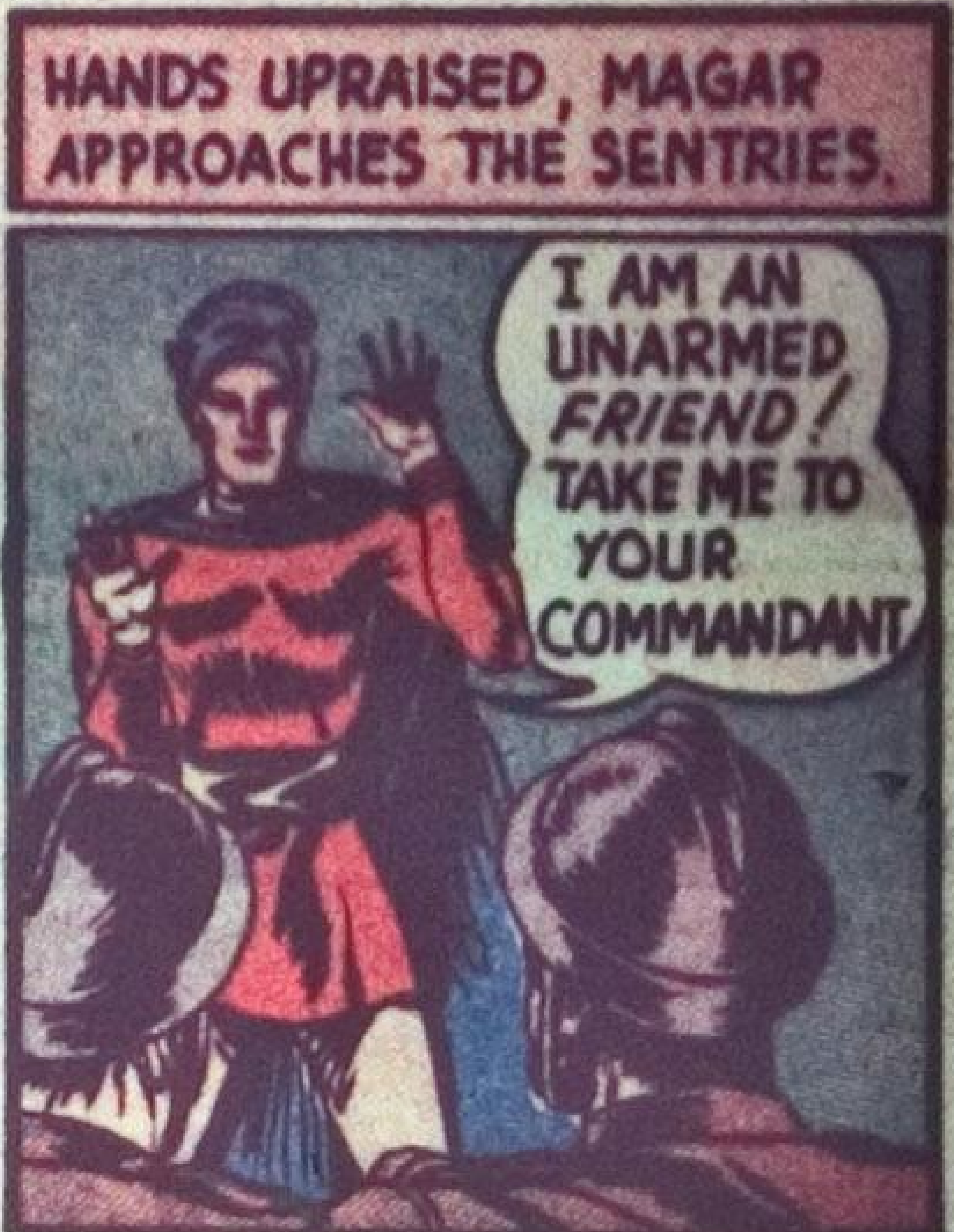

MAGAR GOES ON A RECONNAISANCE TOUR OF THE WORLD TO ASCERTAIN WAR CONDITIONS ON ALL FRONTS.
FIRST HE OBSERVES THE WAR IN ASIA!
IN A FLASH, MAGAR TRANSFERS HIMSELF TO EUROPE! HE WATCHES WITH INTEREST A PLANE FIGHT OVER THE MAGINOT LINE
MAGAR SEEKS THE CAUSES OF THE WARS!
O, MATA HARI, SHARPEST OF WAR SPIES... *DIVULGE* THE SECRET OF ALL THIS *BLOODSHED!*
MAGAR! WARN THE FORCES WHICH WOULD PRESERVE DEMOCRACY ON EARTH, THAT THE ARMIES OF THE TOTALITARIANS PLAN A BLITZKRIEG ON THE MORROW.... ***HURRY!***
LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, MAGAR DASHES THROUGH NO-MAN'S LAND... DODGING THE DEADLY MISSILES!
I MUST WARN THE ALLIES BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
2

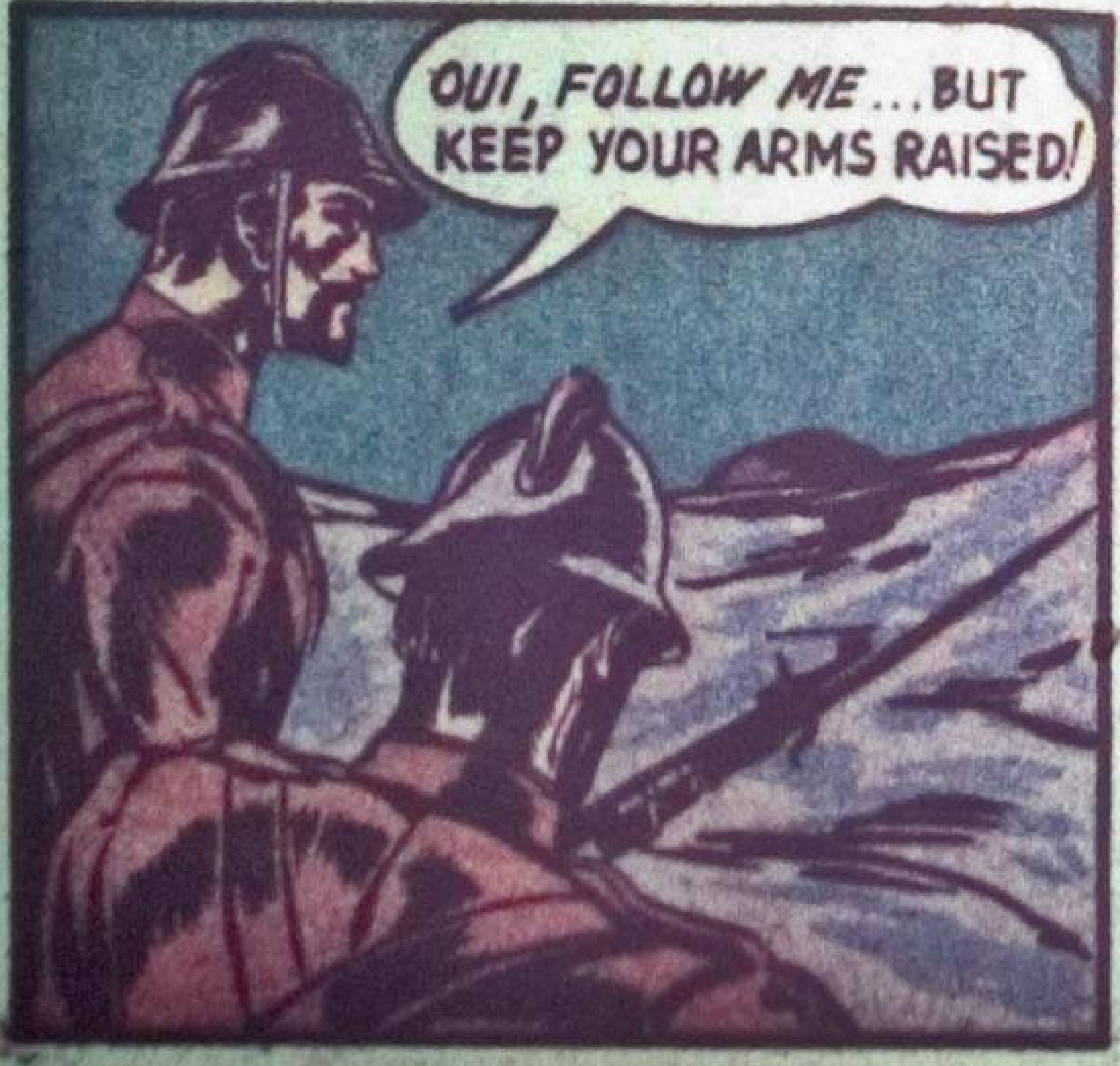

UNWITTINGLY, MAGAR FALLS INTO A GERMAN MACHINE GUN NEST!
GOOD GRIEF! I'M IN THE WRONG PLACE
ACH, WHAT A MAN!
CHAIN HIM TO THAT POST IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PIT!
SUDDENLY AN ALLY PLANE ZOOMS OVERHEAD
BUT BEFORE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFTERS CAN FIRE A SHOT, THE FRENCH AVIATOR DROPS A HUGE BOMB!
BOOM!
SHACKLED FROM HEAD TO TOE AMIDST THE WRECKAGE, MIRACULOUSLY UNHARMED, MAGAR CONCENTRATES!
OH. HOUDINE.. MASTER ESCAPE ARTIST, LOOSE MY BONDS FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY!
③

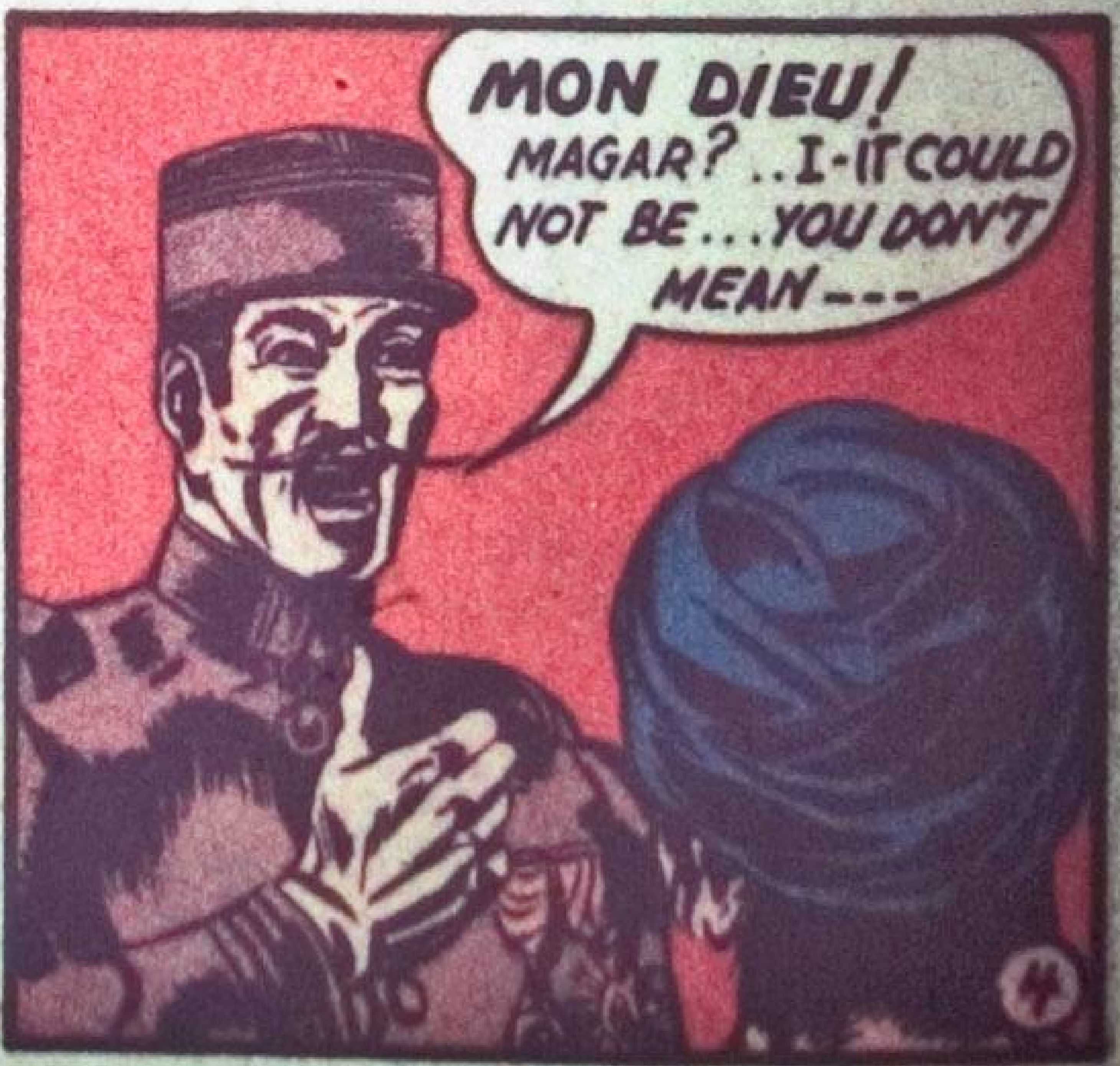

OUT OF THE SMOULDERING RUINS STEPS THE GREATEST OF MAGICIANS, *HOUDINE!*
MAGAR, MERE CHAINS SHALL NOT STOP YOUR HUMANE BATTLE!
QUICKLY, I MUST WARN THE ALLIES!

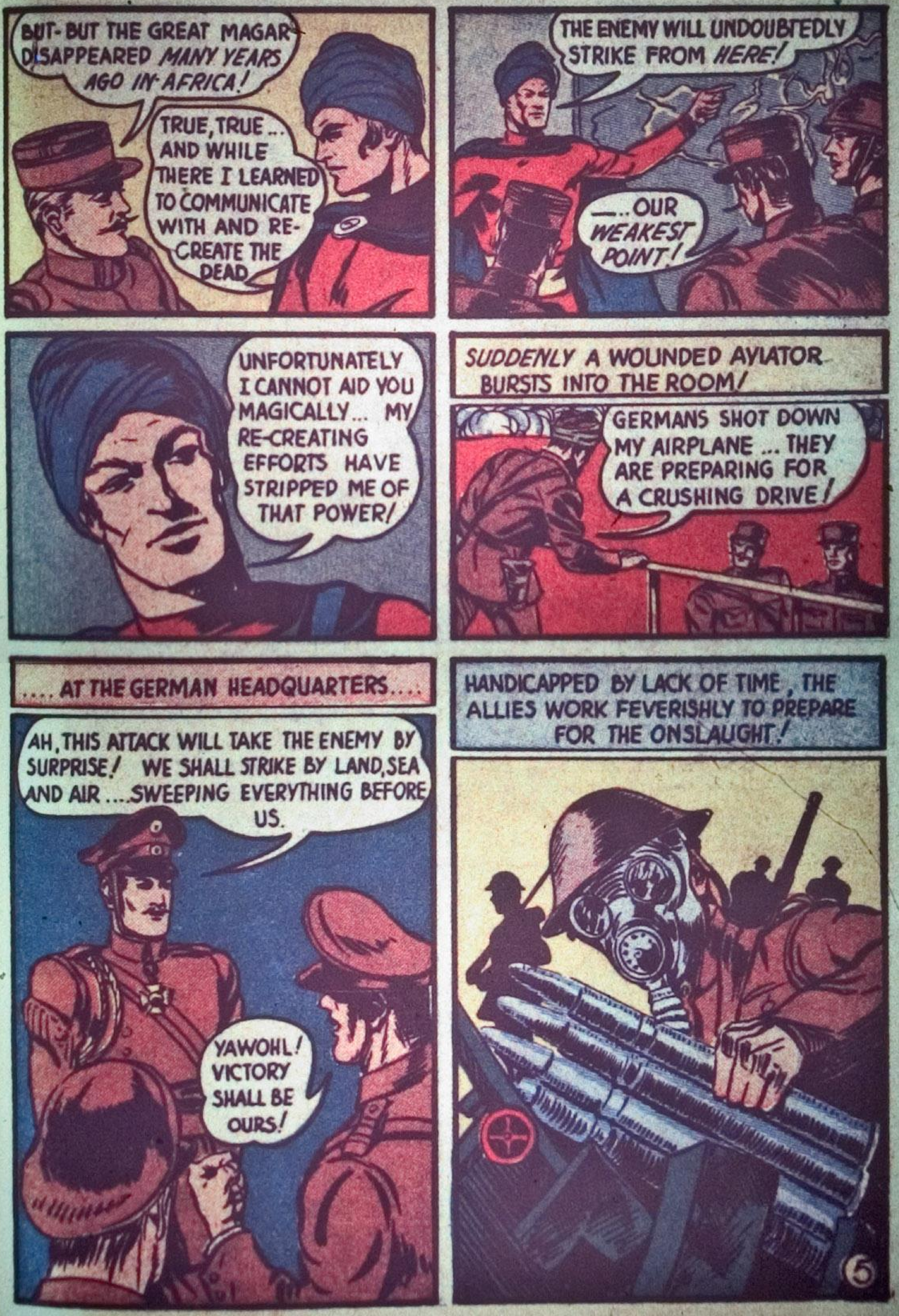

WITH A SNAP OF THE WRIST, THE GREAT HOUDINE BREAKS THE CHAINS BINDING MAGAR!
MY AUDIENCES USED TO GO WILD AT THIS SIMPLE TRICK!

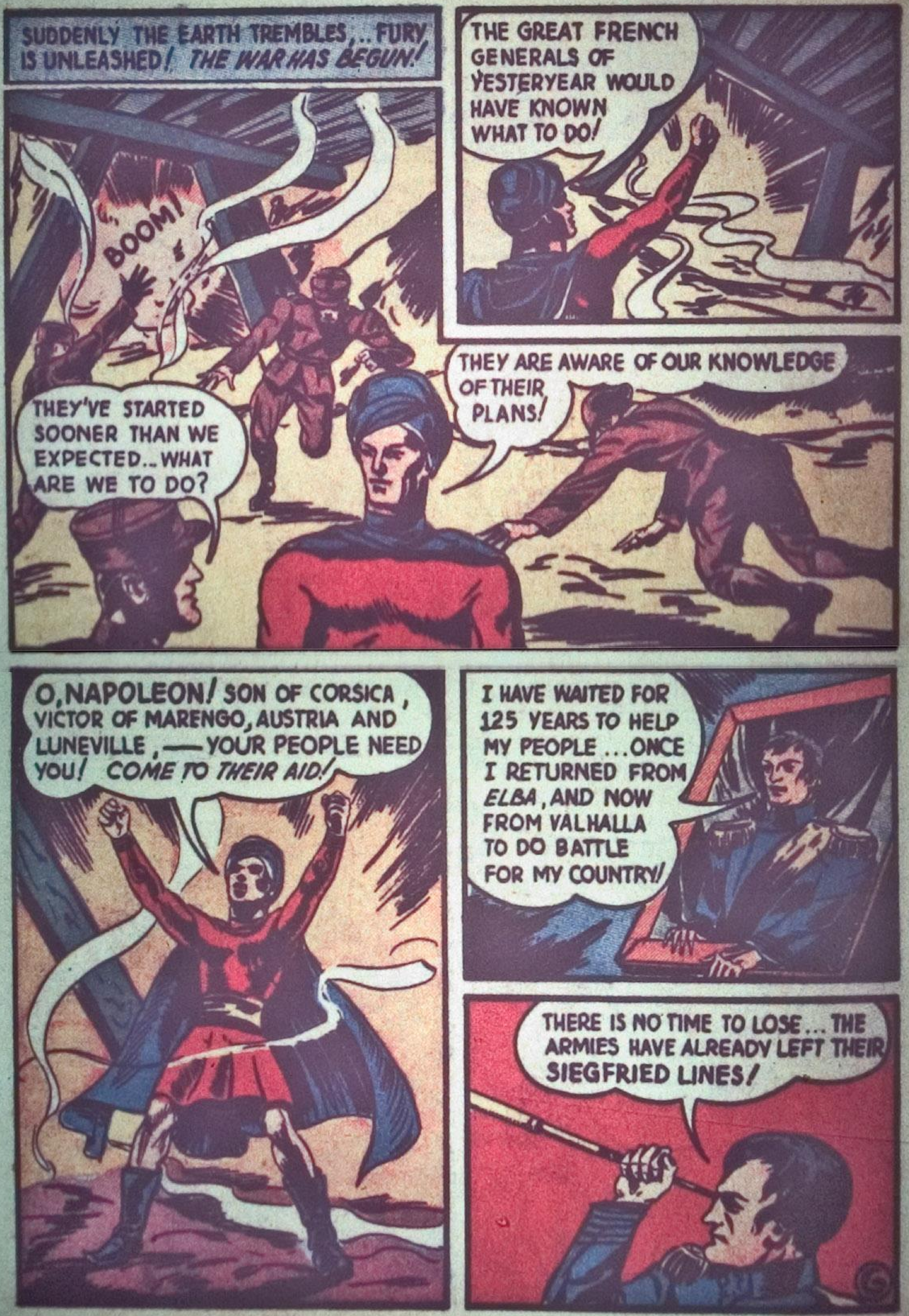

MAGAR CREEPS CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE MAGINOT LINE.
NOW TO REACH THE FORTIFICATIONS WITHOUT BEING *HIT!*

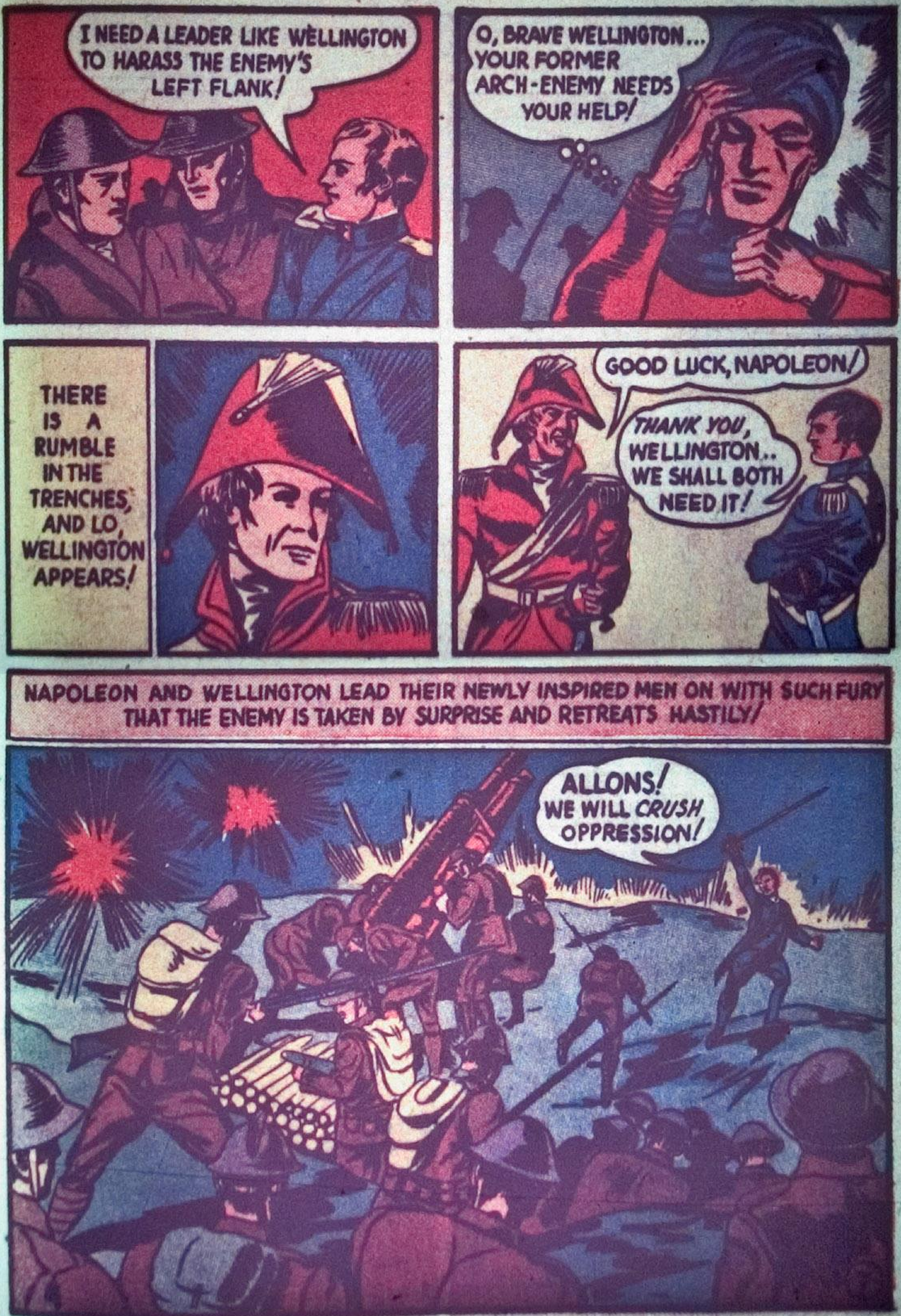

HANDS UPRAISED, MAGAR APPROACHES THE SENTRIES.
I AM AN UNARMED *FRIEND!* TAKE ME TO YOUR COMMANDANT

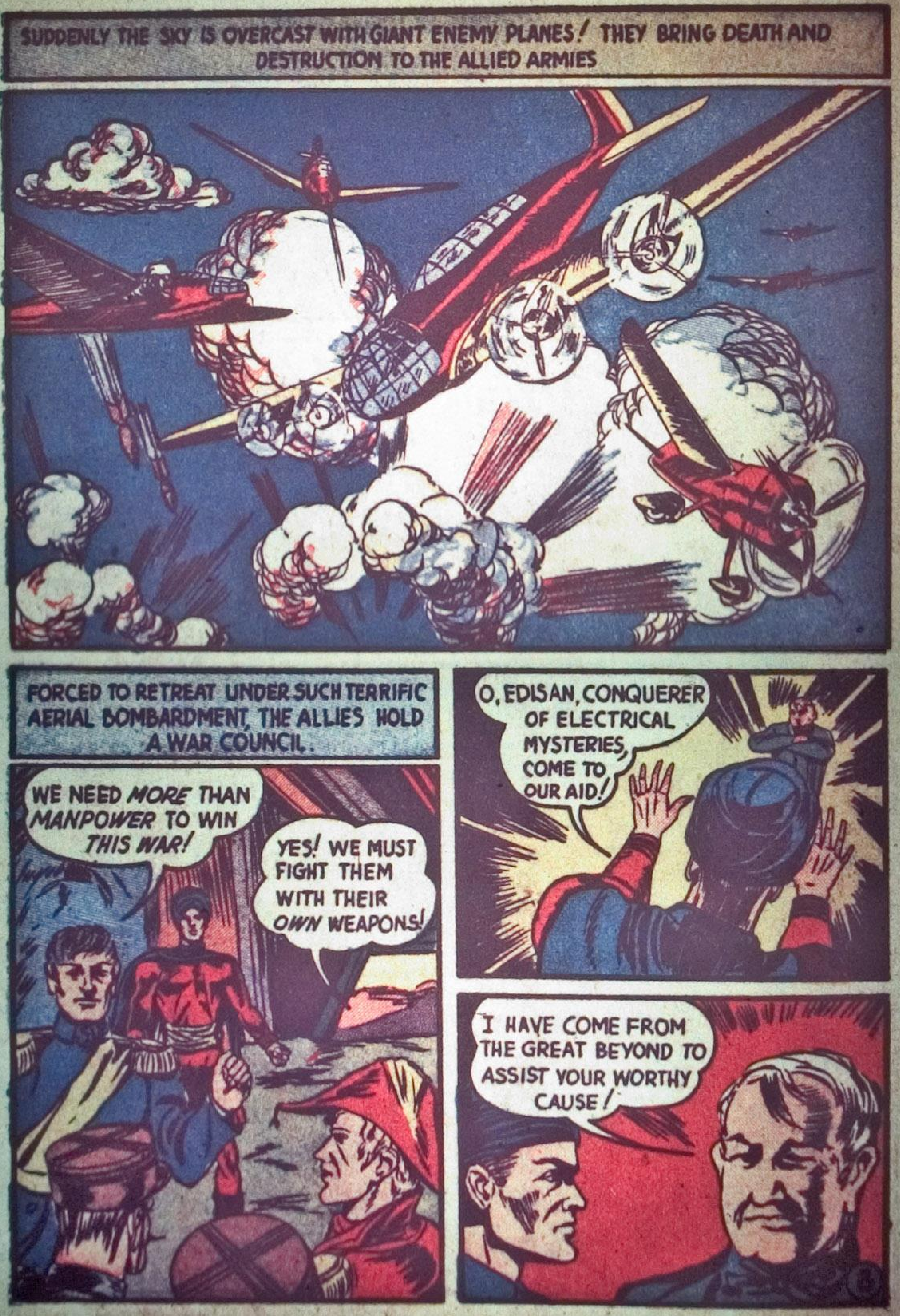

OUI, FOLLOW ME...BUT KEEP YOUR ARMS RAISED!

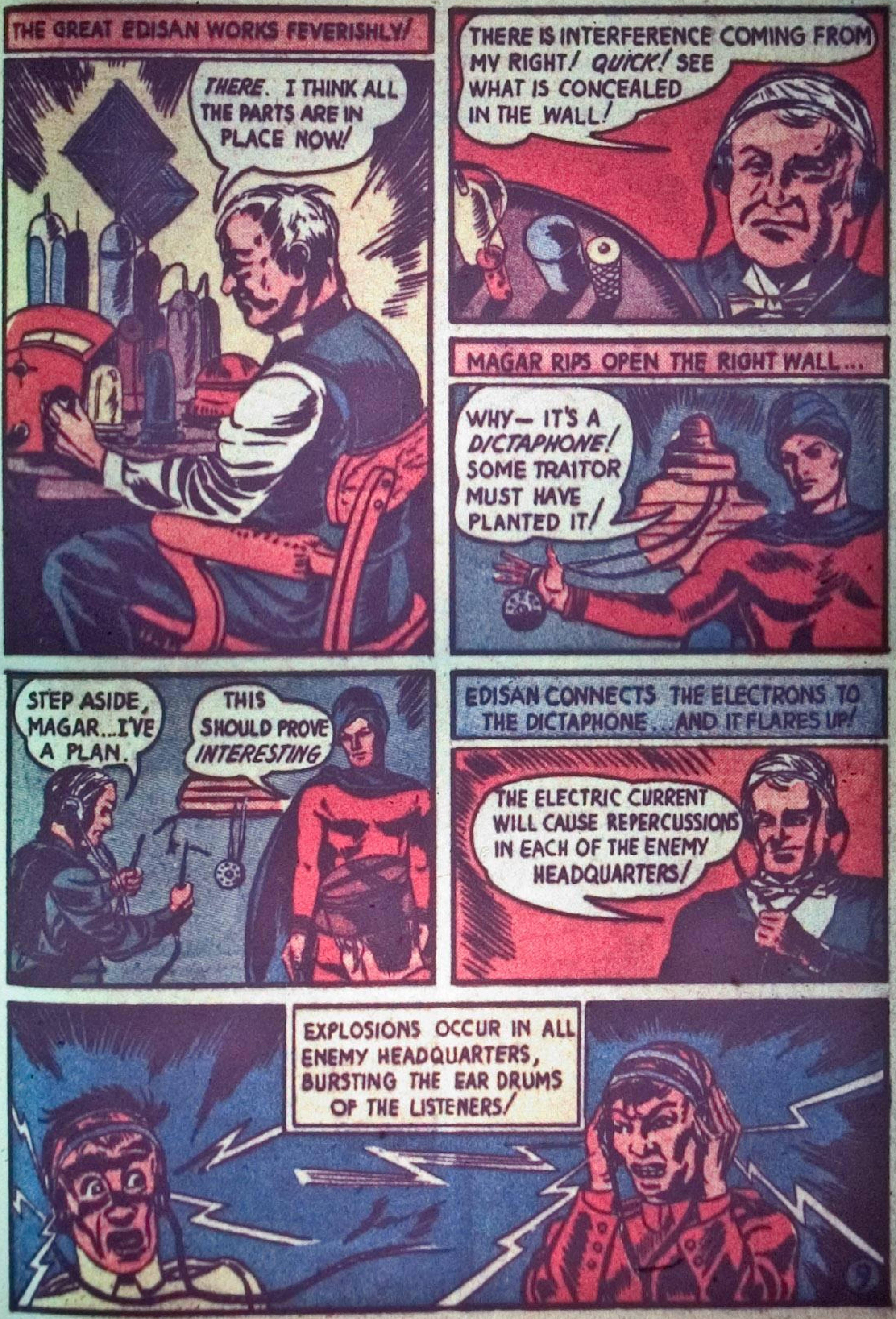

MON DIEU! MAGAR?..I-IT COULD NOT BE...YOU DON'T MEAN---

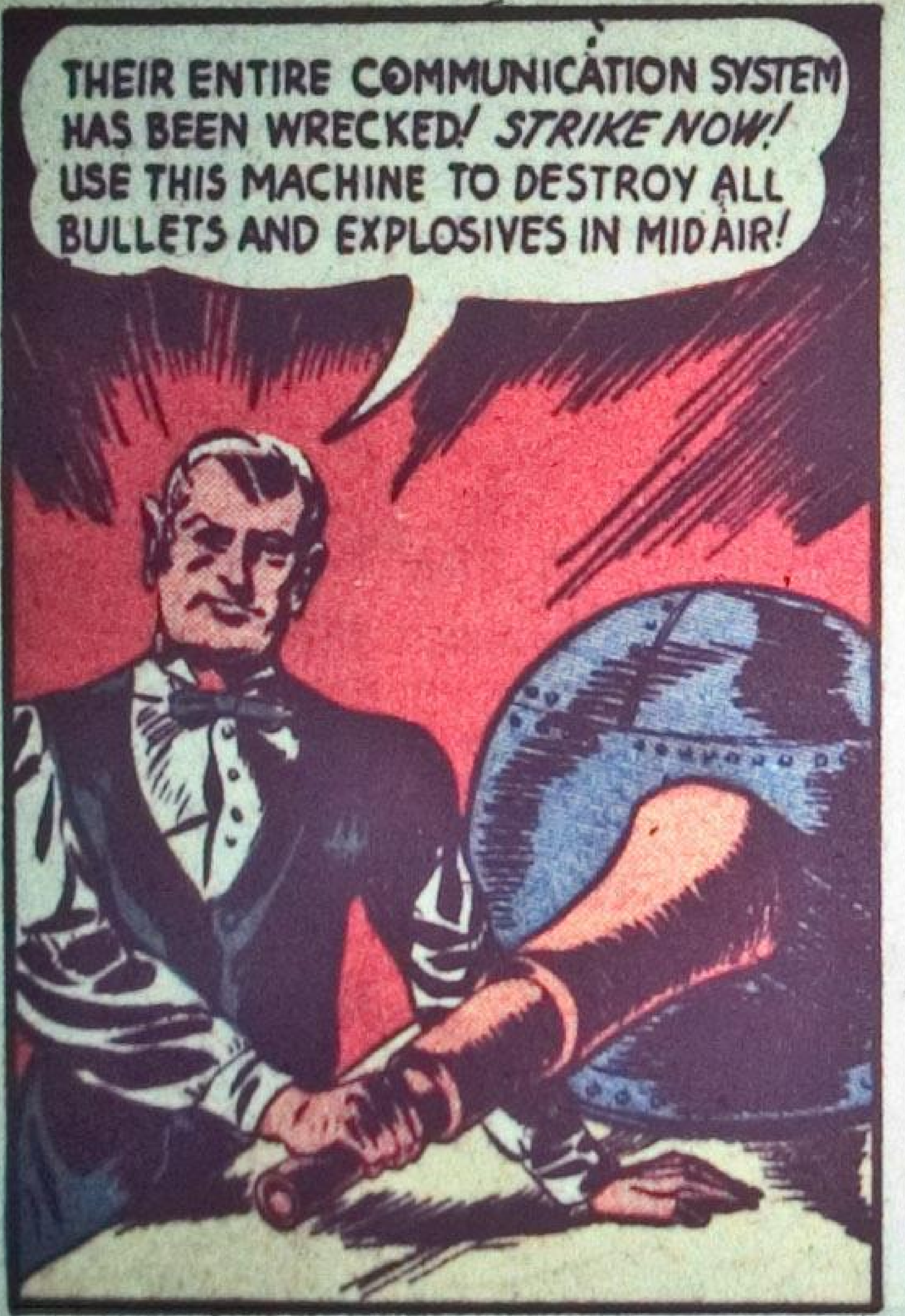

BUT- BUT THE GREAT MAGAR DISAPPEARED *MANY YEARS AGO IN AFRICA!*
TRUE, TRUE ... AND WHILE THERE I LEARNED TO COMMUNICATE WITH AND RE-CREATE THE DEAD
THE ENEMY WILL UNDOUBTEDLY STRIKE FROM *HERE!*
—..OUR *WEAKEST POINT!*
UNFORTUNATELY I CANNOT AID YOU MAGICALLY... MY RE-CREATING EFFORTS HAVE STRIPPED ME OF THAT POWER!
SUDDENLY A WOUNDED AVIATOR BURSTS INTO THE ROOM!
GERMANS SHOT DOWN MY AIRPLANE ... THEY ARE PREPARING FOR A CRUSHING DRIVE!
.... AT THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS....
AH, THIS ATTACK WILL TAKE THE ENEMY BY SURPRISE! WE SHALL STRIKE BY LAND, SEA AND AIR .... SWEEPING EVERYTHING BEFORE US.
YAWOHL! VICTORY SHALL BE OURS!
HANDICAPPED BY LACK OF TIME, THE ALLIES WORK FEVERISHLY TO PREPARE FOR THE ONSLAUGHT!

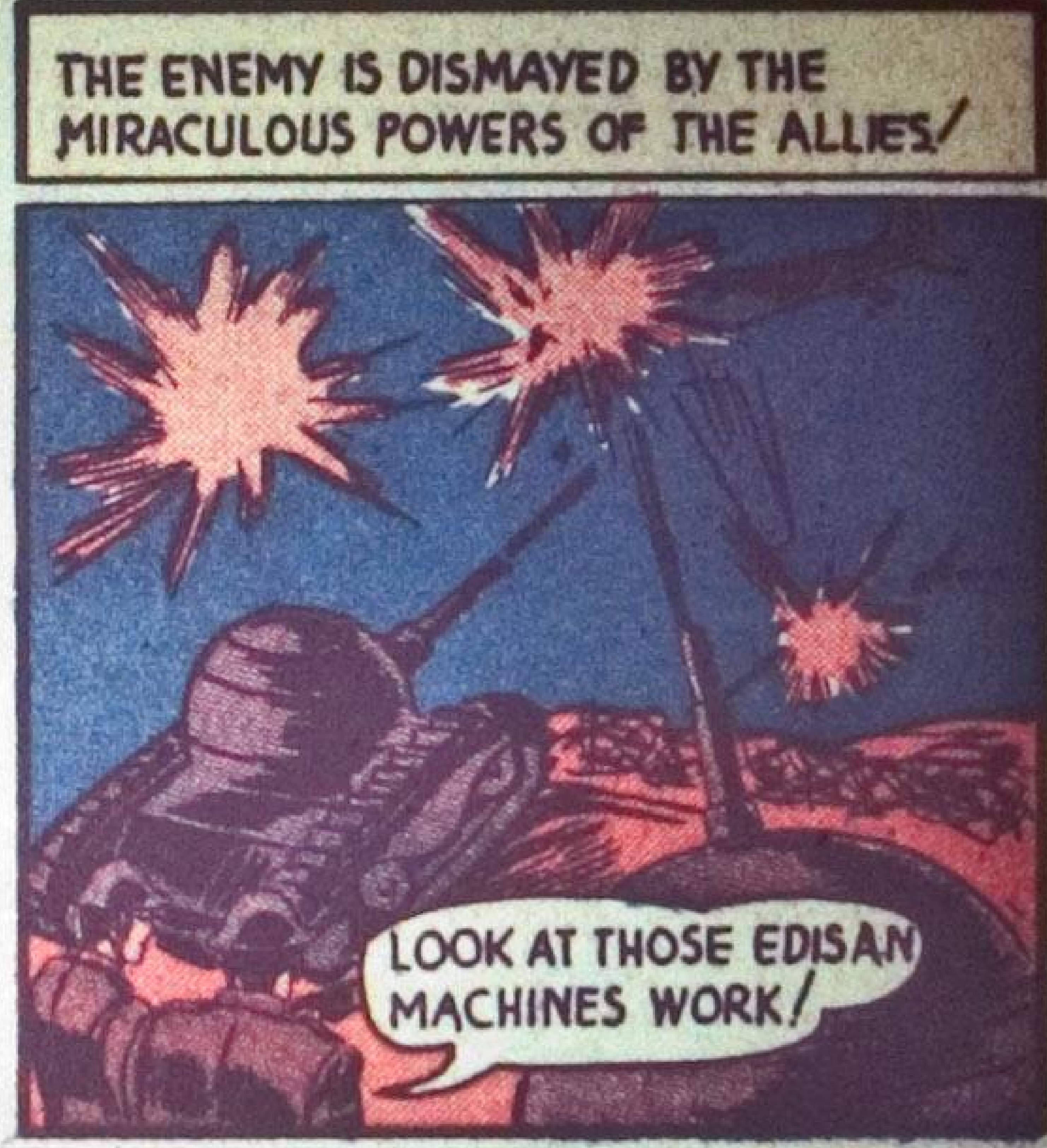

SUDDENLY THE EARTH TREMBLES,.. FURY IS UNLEASHED! *THE WAR HAS BEGUN!*
BOOM!
THE GREAT FRENCH GENERALS OF YESTERYEAR WOULD HAVE KNOWN WHAT TO DO!
THEY'VE STARTED SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED... WHAT ARE WE TO DO?
THEY ARE AWARE OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR PLANS!
O, NAPOLEON! SON OF CORSICA, VICTOR OF MARENGO, AUSTRIA AND LUNEVILLE, — YOUR PEOPLE NEED YOU! *COME TO THEIR AID!*
I HAVE WAITED FOR 125 YEARS TO HELP MY PEOPLE ... ONCE I RETURNED FROM *ELBA*, AND NOW FROM VALHALLA TO DO BATTLE FOR MY COUNTRY!
THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE ... THE ARMIES HAVE ALREADY LEFT THEIR SIEGFRIED LINES!
6

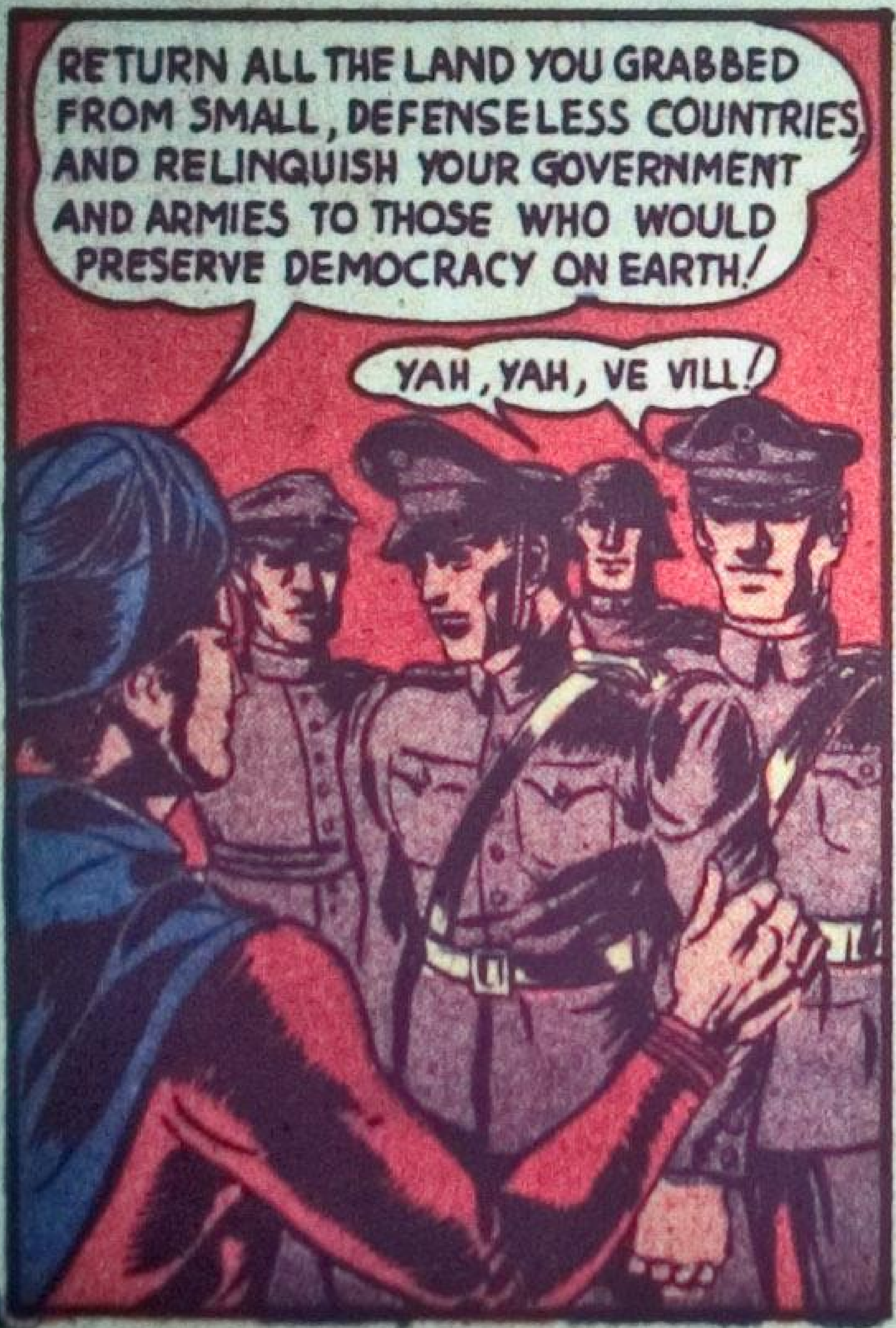

I NEED A LEADER LIKE WELLINGTON TO HARASS THE ENEMY'S LEFT FLANK!
O, BRAVE WELLINGTON... YOUR FORMER ARCH-ENEMY NEEDS YOUR HELP!
THERE IS A RUMBLE IN THE TRENCHES, AND LO, WELLINGTON APPEARS!
GOOD LUCK, NAPOLEON!
THANK YOU, WELLINGTON.. WE SHALL BOTH NEED IT!
NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON LEAD THEIR NEWLY INSPIRED MEN ON WITH SUCH FURY THAT THE ENEMY IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND RETREATS HASTILY!
ALLONS! WE WILL CRUSH OPPRESSION!

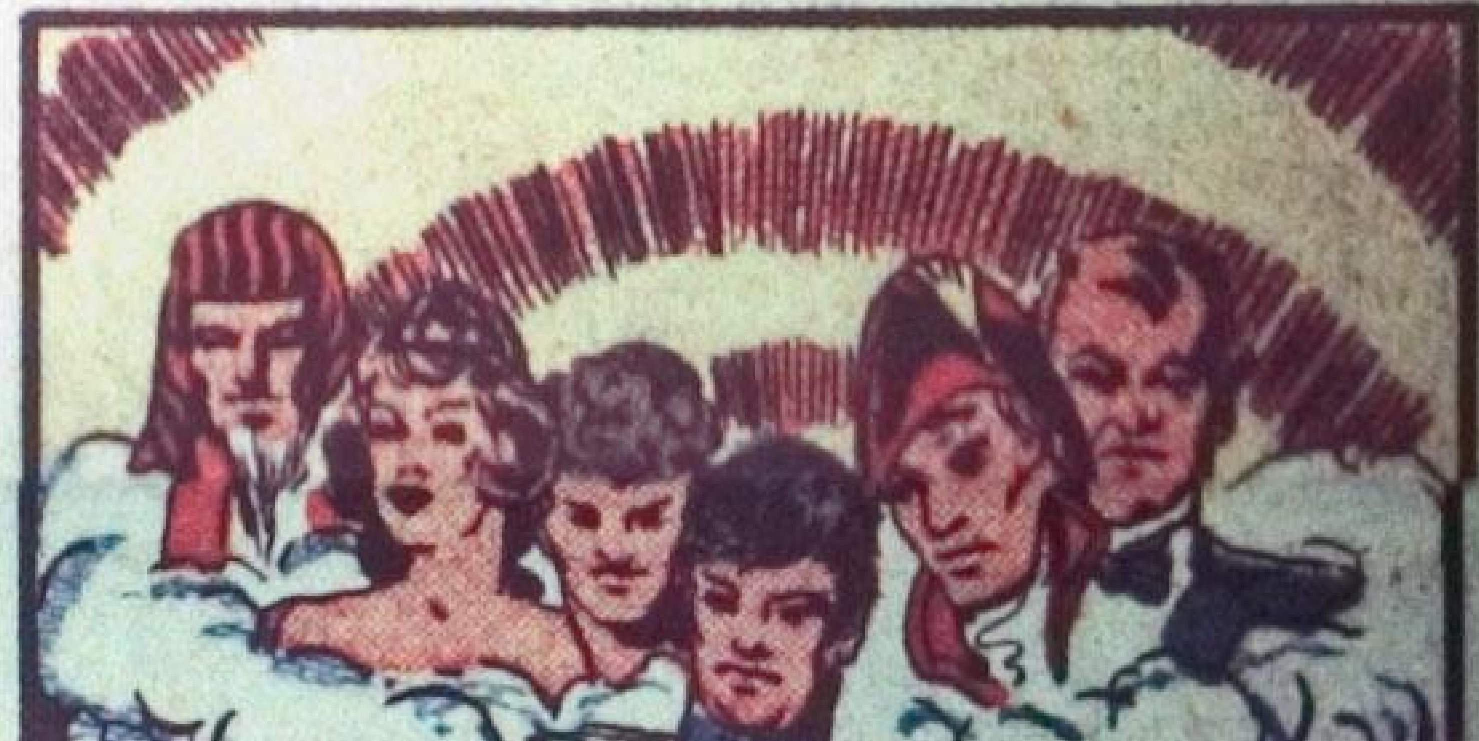

SUDDENLY THE SKY IS OVERCAST WITH GIANT ENEMY PLANES! THEY BRING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE ALLIED ARMIES
FORCED TO RETREAT UNDER SUCH TERRIFIC AERIAL BOMBARDMENT, THE ALLIES HOLD A WAR COUNCIL.
WE NEED *MORE* THAN *MANPOWER* TO WIN *THIS WAR!*
YES! WE MUST FIGHT THEM WITH THEIR *OWN* WEAPONS!
O, EDISAN, CONQUERER OF ELECTRICAL MYSTERIES, COME TO OUR AID!
I HAVE COME FROM THE GREAT BEYOND TO ASSIST YOUR WORTHY CAUSE!

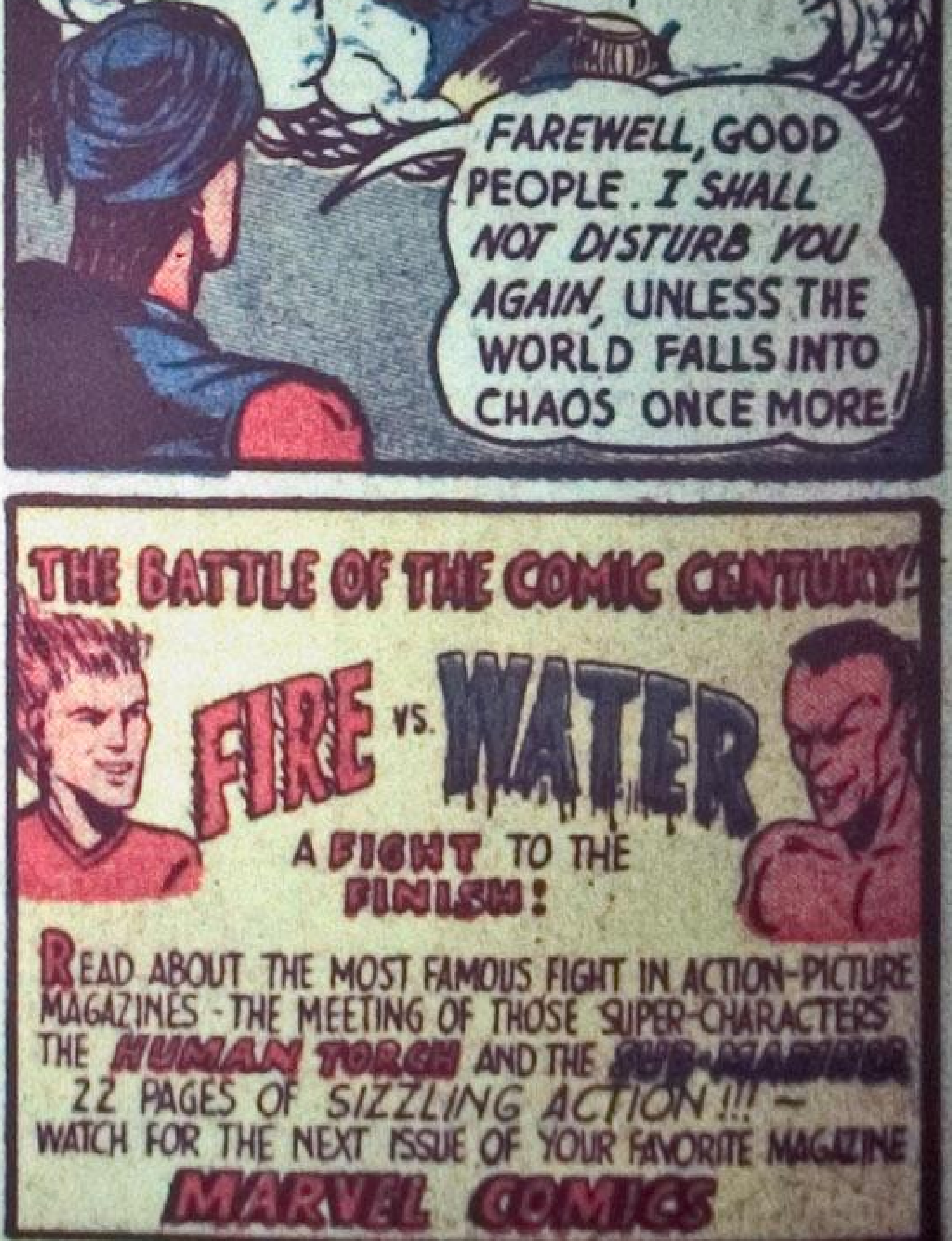

THE GREAT EDISAN WORKS FEVERISHLY!
THERE. I THINK ALL THE PARTS ARE IN PLACE NOW!
THERE IS INTERFERENCE COMING FROM MY RIGHT! QUICK! SEE WHAT IS CONCEALED IN THE WALL!
MAGAR RIPS OPEN THE RIGHT WALL...
WHY— IT'S A DICTAPHONE! SOME TRAITOR MUST HAVE PLANTED IT!
STEP ASIDE, MAGAR...I'VE A PLAN.
THIS SHOULD PROVE INTERESTING
EDISAN CONNECTS THE ELECTRONS TO THE DICTAPHONE...AND IT FLARES UP!
THE ELECTRIC CURRENT WILL CAUSE REPERCUSSIONS IN EACH OF THE ENEMY HEADQUARTERS!
EXPLOSIONS OCCUR IN ALL ENEMY HEADQUARTERS, BURSTING THE EAR DRUMS OF THE LISTENERS!


THEIR ENTIRE COMMUNICATION SYSTEM HAS BEEN WRECKED! STRIKE NOW! USE THIS MACHINE TO DESTROY ALL BULLETS AND EXPLOSIVES IN MIDAIR!


THE ENEMY IS DISMAYED BY THE MIRACULOUS POWERS OF THE ALLIES!
LOOK AT THOSE EDISAN MACHINES WORK!


RETURN ALL THE LAND YOU GRABBED FROM SMALL, DEFENSELESS COUNTRIES AND RELINQUISH YOUR GOVERNMENT AND ARMIES TO THOSE WHO WOULD PRESERVE DEMOCRACY ON EARTH!
YAH, YAH, VE VILL!


FAREWELL, GOOD PEOPLE. I SHALL NOT DISTURB YOU AGAIN, UNLESS THE WORLD FALLS INTO CHAOS ONCE MORE!

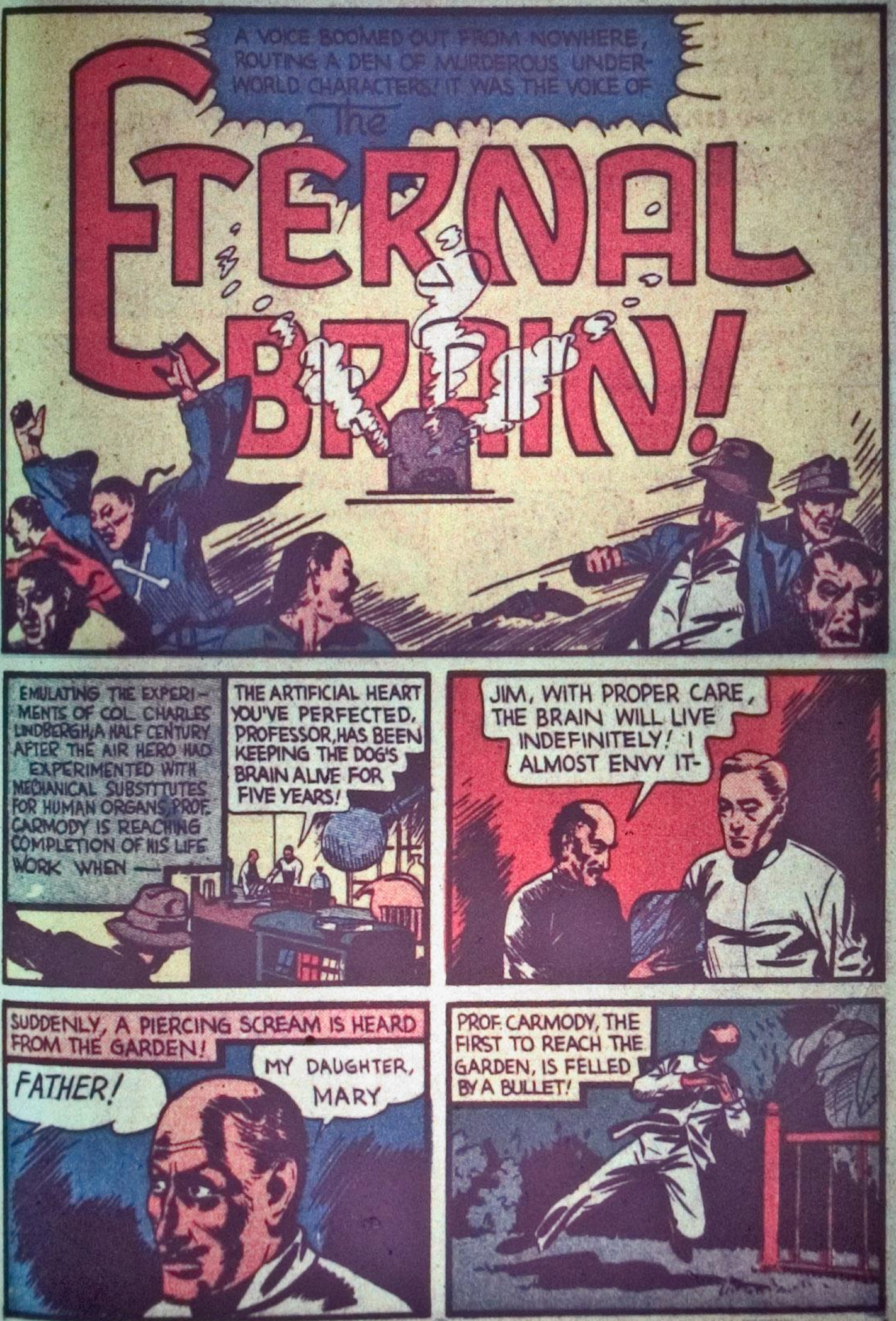

THE BATTLE OF THE COMIC CENTURY!

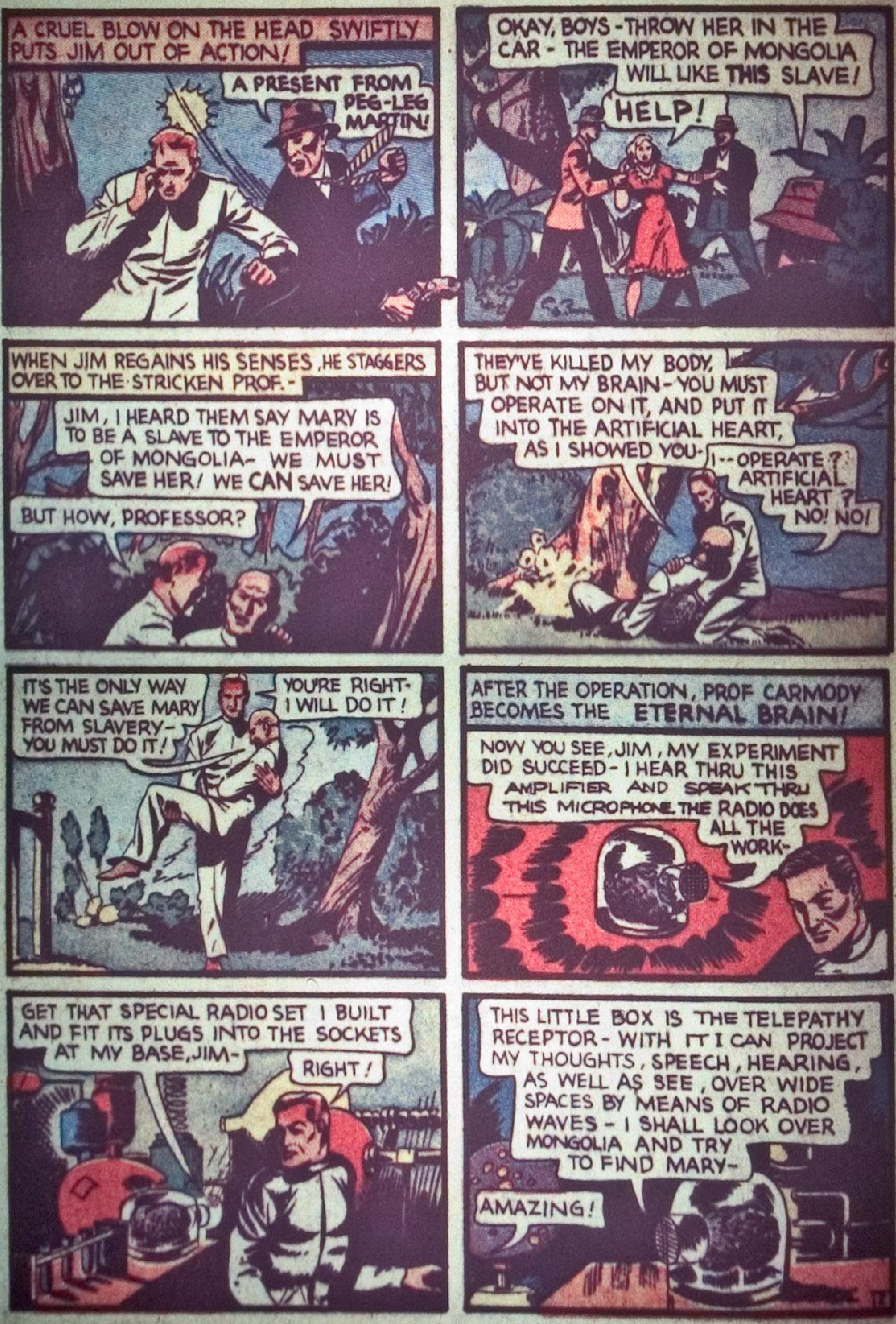
FIRE vs. WATER

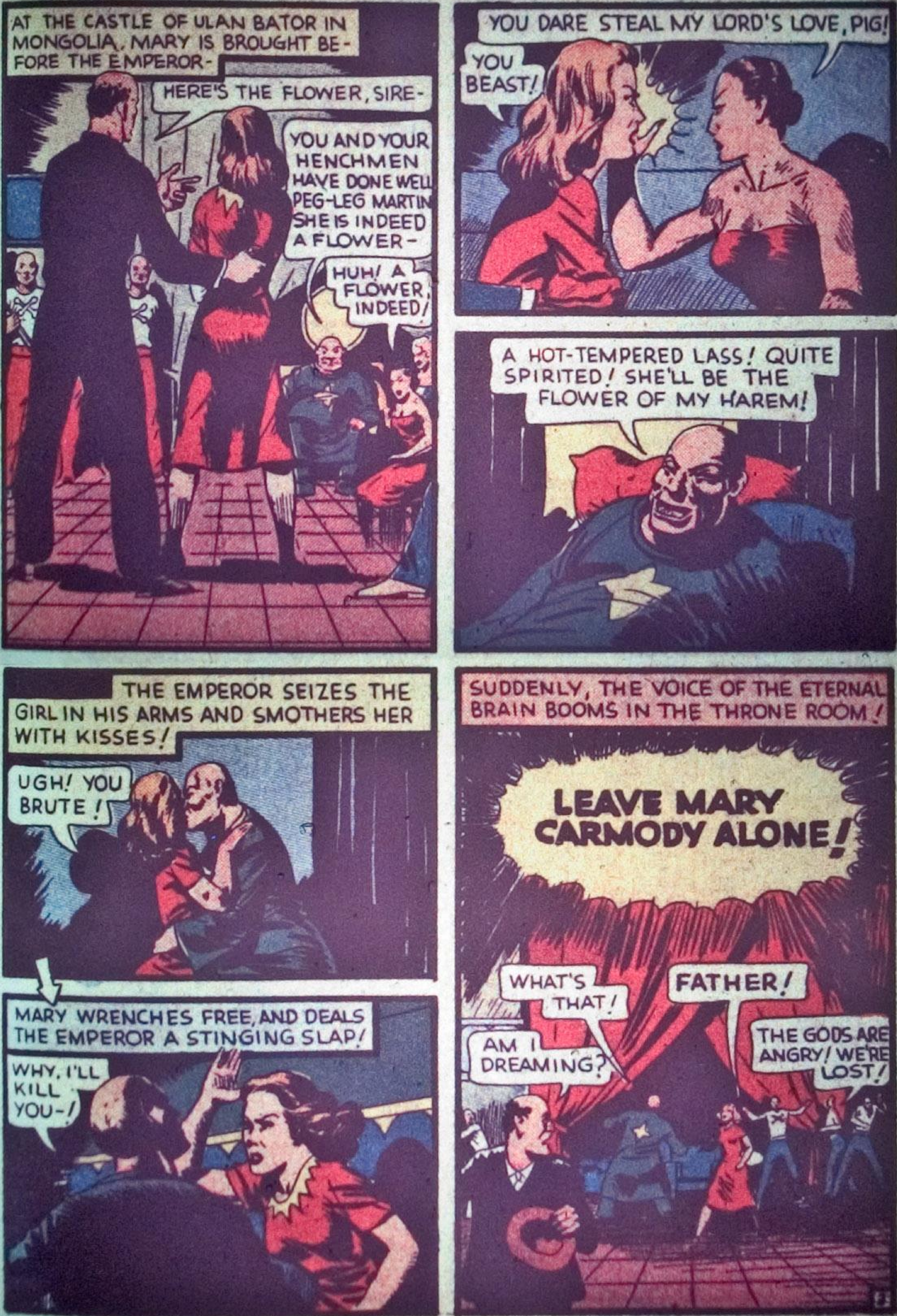
A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

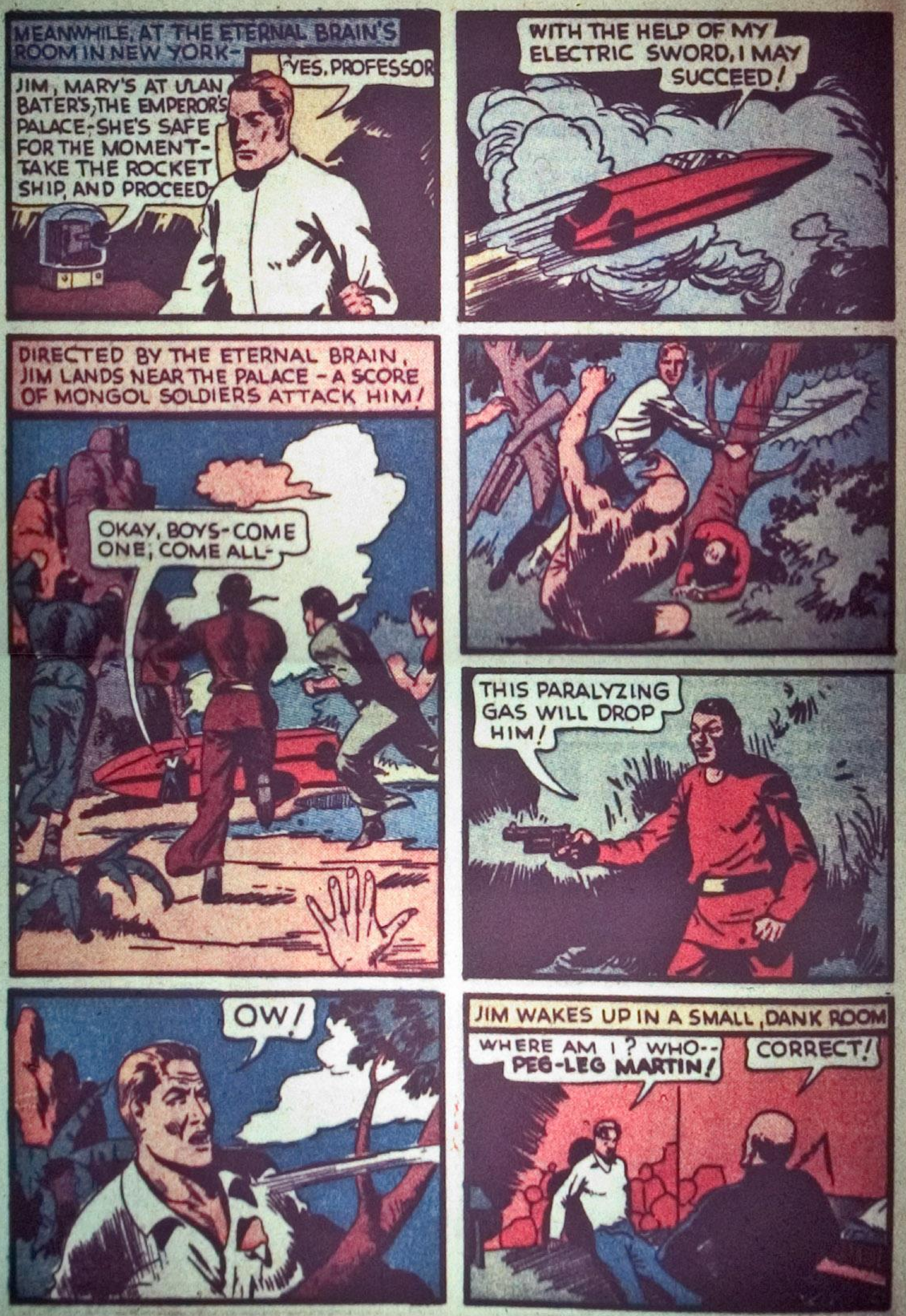
READ ABOUT THE MOST FAMOUS FIGHT IN ACTION-PICTURE MAGAZINES - THE MEETING OF THOSE SUPER-CHARACTERS THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE SUB-MARINER 22 PAGES OF SIZZLING ACTION!!! - WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE

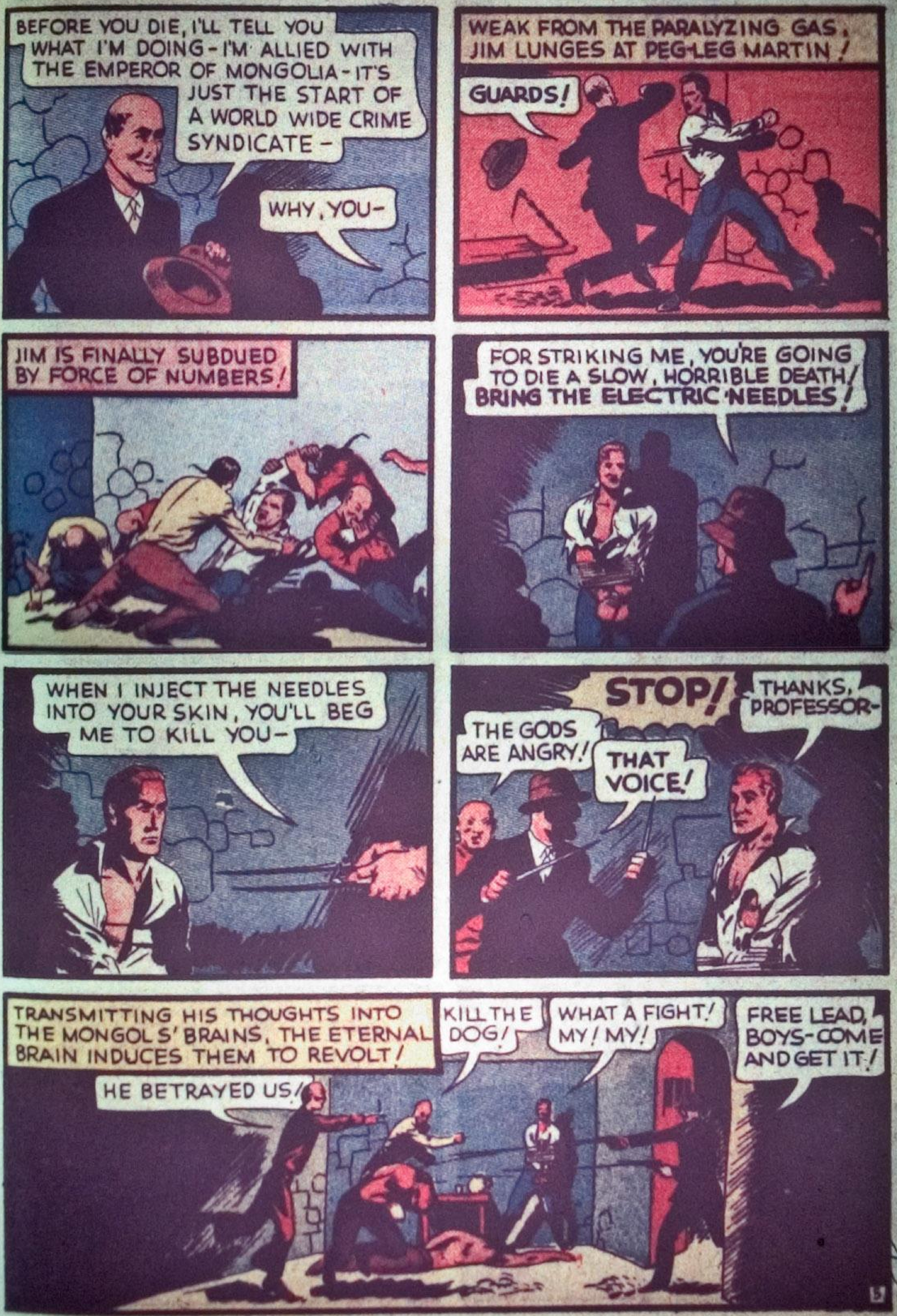
MARVEL COMICS

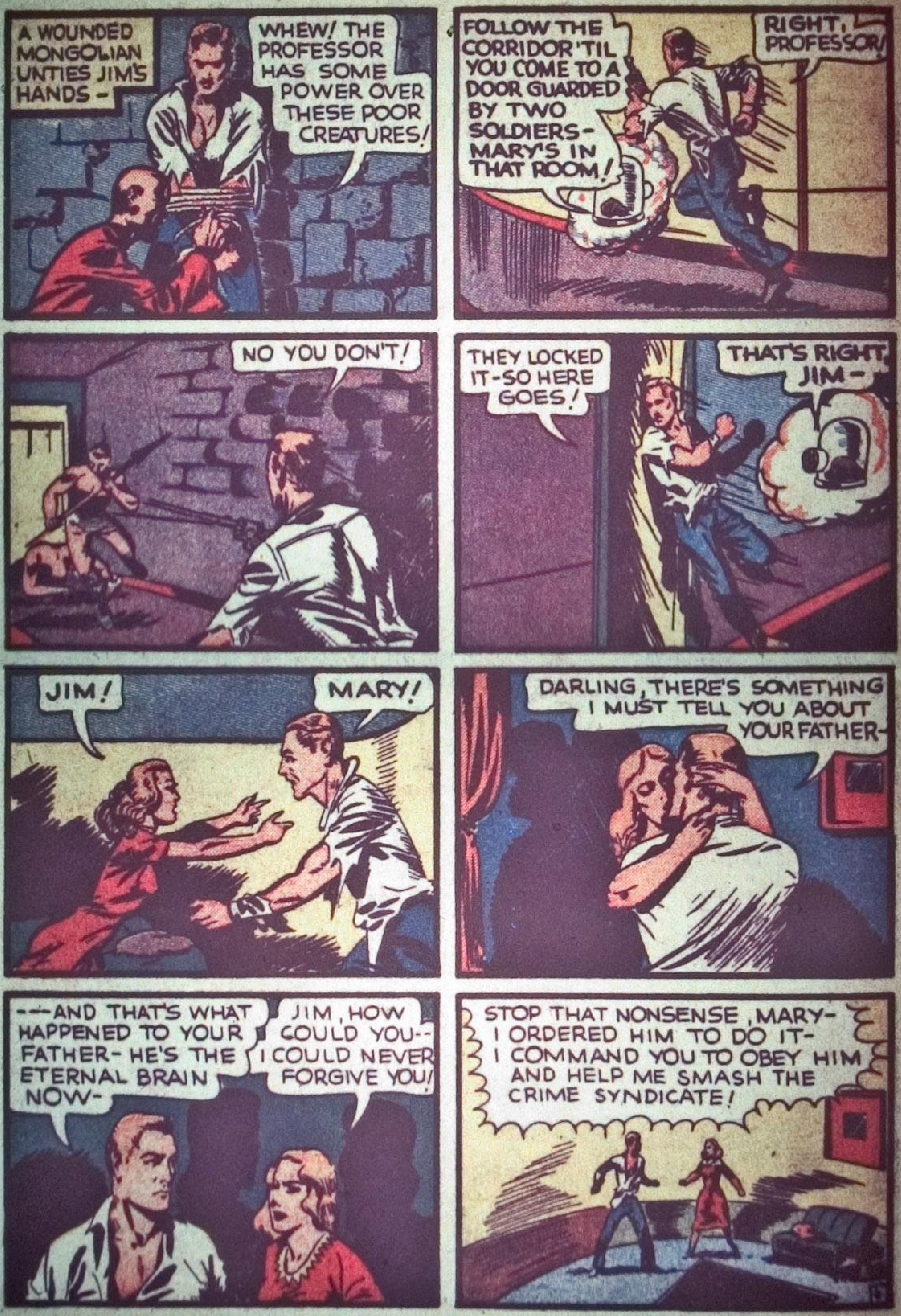

A VOICE BOOMED OUT FROM NOWHERE, ROUTING A DEN OF MURDEROUS UNDER-WORLD CHARACTERS! IT WAS THE VOICE OF
The ETERNAL BRAIN!
EMULATING THE EXPERIMENTS OF COL. CHARLES LINDBERGH, A HALF CENTURY AFTER THE AIR HERO HAD EXPERIMENTED WITH MECHANICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR HUMAN ORGANS, PROF. CARMODY IS REACHING COMPLETION OF HIS LIFE WORK WHEN —
THE ARTIFICIAL HEART YOU'VE PERFECTED, PROFESSOR, HAS BEEN KEEPING THE DOG'S BRAIN ALIVE FOR FIVE YEARS!
JIM, WITH PROPER CARE, THE BRAIN WILL LIVE INDEFINITELY! I ALMOST ENVY IT-
SUDDENLY, A PIERCING SCREAM IS HEARD FROM THE GARDEN!
FATHER!
MY DAUGHTER, MARY
PROF. CARMODY, THE FIRST TO REACH THE GARDEN, IS FELLED BY A BULLET!

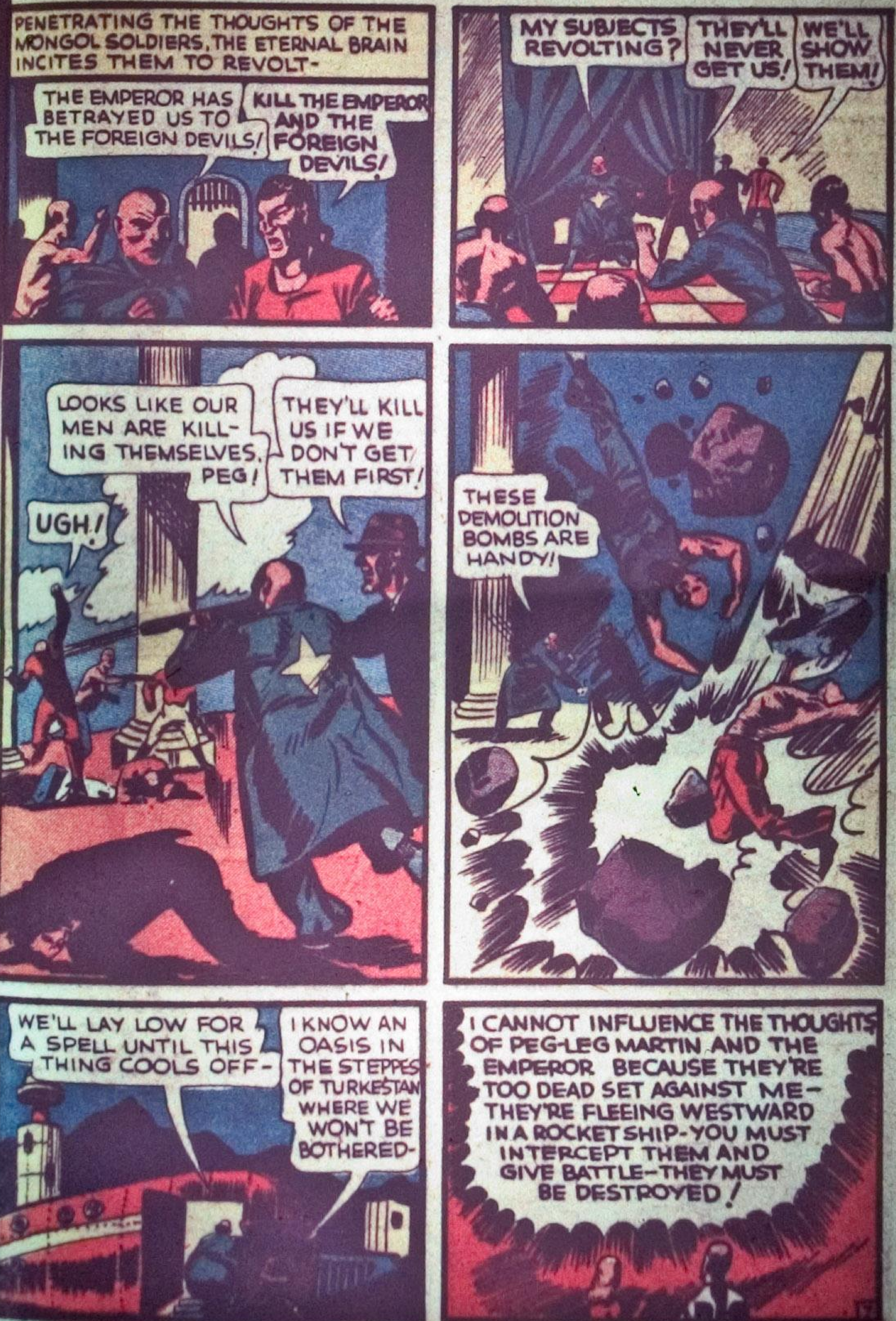

A CRUEL BLOW ON THE HEAD SWIFTLY PUTS JIM OUT OF ACTION!
A PRESENT FROM PEG-LEG MARTIN!
OKAY, BOYS - THROW HER IN THE CAR - THE EMPEROR OF MONGOLIA WILL LIKE THIS SLAVE!
HELP!
WHEN JIM REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE STAGGERS OVER TO THE STRICKEN PROF. -
JIM, I HEARD THEM SAY MARY IS TO BE A SLAVE TO THE EMPEROR OF MONGOLIA - WE MUST SAVE HER! WE CAN SAVE HER!
BUT HOW, PROFESSOR?
THEY'VE KILLED MY BODY, BUT NOT MY BRAIN - YOU MUST OPERATE ON IT, AND PUT IT INTO THE ARTIFICIAL HEART, AS I SHOWED YOU -
I -- OPERATE? ARTIFICIAL HEART? NO! NO!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN SAVE MARY FROM SLAVERY - YOU MUST DO IT!
YOU'RE RIGHT - I WILL DO IT!
AFTER THE OPERATION, PROF CARMODY BECOMES THE ETERNAL BRAIN!
NOW YOU SEE, JIM, MY EXPERIMENT DID SUCCEED - I HEAR THRU THIS AMPLIFIER AND SPEAK THRU THIS MICROPHONE. THE RADIO DOES ALL THE WORK -
GET THAT SPECIAL RADIO SET I BUILT AND FIT ITS PLUGS INTO THE SOCKETS AT MY BASE, JIM -
RIGHT!
THIS LITTLE BOX IS THE TELEPATHY RECEPTOR - WITH IT I CAN PROJECT MY THOUGHTS, SPEECH, HEARING, AS WELL AS SEE, OVER WIDE SPACES BY MEANS OF RADIO WAVES - I SHALL LOOK OVER MONGOLIA AND TRY TO FIND MARY -
AMAZING!

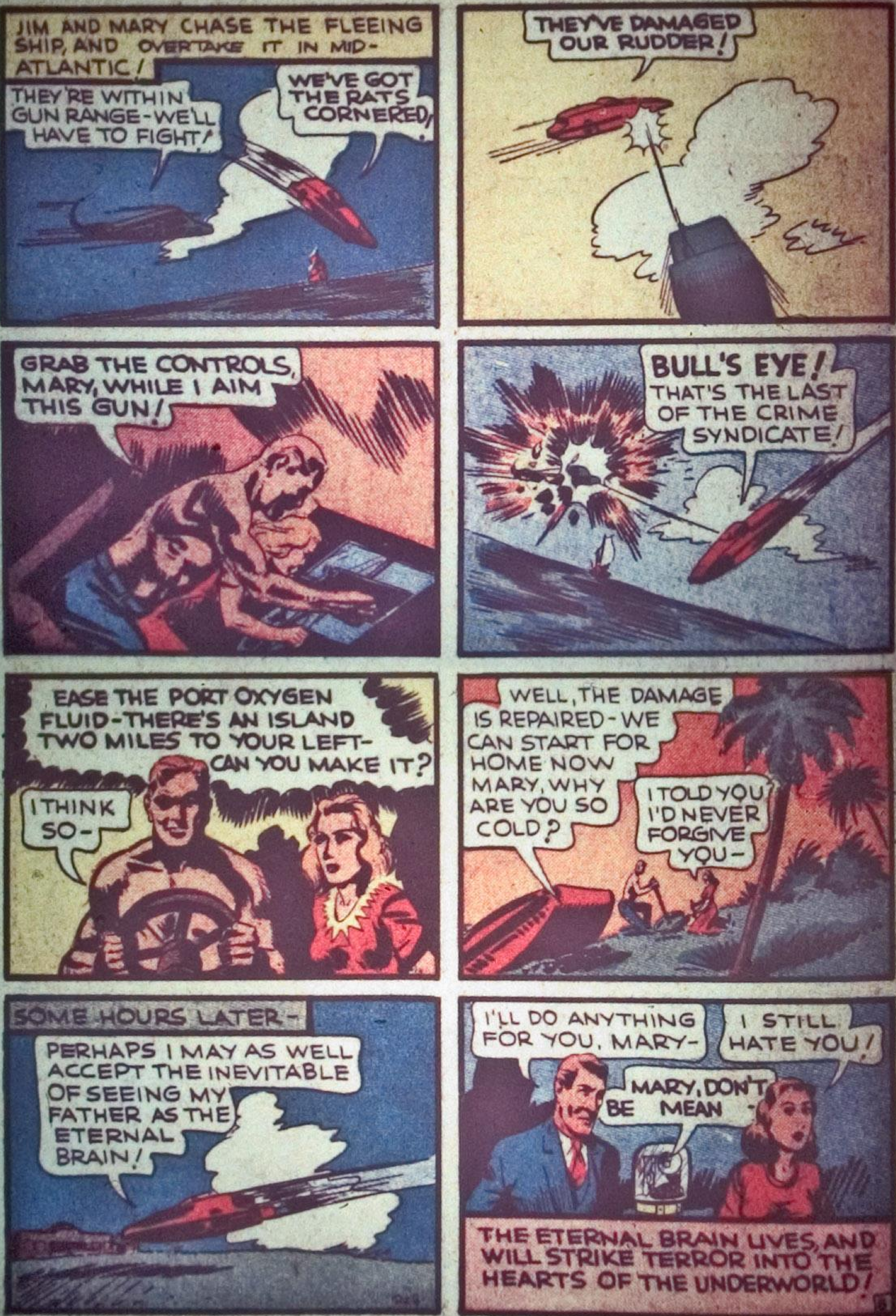

AT THE CASTLE OF ULAN BATOR IN MONGOLIA, MARY IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE EMPEROR-
HERE'S THE FLOWER, SIRE-
YOU AND YOUR HENCHMEN HAVE DONE WELL PEG-LEG MARTIN SHE IS INDEED A FLOWER-
HUH! A FLOWER, INDEED!
YOU DARE STEAL MY LORD'S LOVE, PIG!
YOU BEAST!
A HOT-TEMPERED LASS! QUITE SPIRITED! SHE'LL BE THE FLOWER OF MY HAREM!
THE EMPEROR SEIZES THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS AND SMOTHERS HER WITH KISSES!
UGH! YOU BRUTE!
MARY WRENCHES FREE, AND DEALS THE EMPEROR A STINGING SLAP!
WHY, I'LL KILL YOU-!
SUDDENLY, THE VOICE OF THE ETERNAL BRAIN BOOMS IN THE THRONE ROOM!
LEAVE MARY CARMODY ALONE!
WHAT'S THAT!
FATHER!
AM I DREAMING?
THE GODS ARE ANGRY! WE'RE LOST!


MEANWHILE, AT THE ETERNAL BRAIN'S ROOM IN NEW YORK-
JIM, MARY'S AT ULAN BATER'S, THE EMPEROR'S PALACE-SHE'S SAFE FOR THE MOMENT-TAKE THE ROCKET SHIP, AND PROCEED-
YES, PROFESSOR
WITH THE HELP OF MY ELECTRIC SWORD, I MAY SUCCEED!
DIRECTED BY THE ETERNAL BRAIN, JIM LANDS NEAR THE PALACE - A SCORE OF MONGOL SOLDIERS ATTACK HIM!
OKAY, BOYS-COME ONE, COME ALL-
THIS PARALYZING GAS WILL DROP HIM!
OW!
JIM WAKES UP IN A SMALL, DANK ROOM
WHERE AM I? WHO-- PEG-LEG MARTIN!
CORRECT!


BEFORE YOU DIE, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M DOING - I'M ALLIED WITH THE EMPEROR OF MONGOLIA - IT'S JUST THE START OF A WORLD WIDE CRIME SYNDICATE -
WHY, YOU-
WEAK FROM THE PARALYZING GAS, JIM LUNGES AT PEG-LEG MARTIN!
GUARDS!
JIM IS FINALLY SUBDUED BY FORCE OF NUMBERS!
FOR STRIKING ME, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE A SLOW, HORRIBLE DEATH! BRING THE ELECTRIC NEEDLES!
WHEN I INJECT THE NEEDLES INTO YOUR SKIN, YOU'LL BEG ME TO KILL YOU-
STOP!
THANKS, PROFESSOR-
THE GODS ARE ANGRY!
THAT VOICE!
TRANSMITTING HIS THOUGHTS INTO THE MONGOLS' BRAINS, THE ETERNAL BRAIN INDUCES THEM TO REVOLT!
KILL THE DOG!
WHAT A FIGHT! MY! MY!
FREE LEAD, BOYS-COME AND GET IT!
HE BETRAYED US!


A WOUNDED MONGOLIAN UNTIES JIM'S HANDS -
WHEW! THE PROFESSOR HAS SOME POWER OVER THESE POOR CREATURES!
FOLLOW THE CORRIDOR 'TIL YOU COME TO A DOOR GUARDED BY TWO SOLDIERS - MARY'S IN THAT ROOM!
RIGHT, PROFESSOR!
NO YOU DON'T!
THEY LOCKED IT - SO HERE GOES!
THAT'S RIGHT, JIM -
JIM!
MARY!
DARLING, THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR FATHER -
- - AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FATHER - HE'S THE ETERNAL BRAIN NOW -
JIM, HOW COULD YOU - - I COULD NEVER FORGIVE YOU!
STOP THAT NONSENSE, MARY - I ORDERED HIM TO DO IT - I COMMAND YOU TO OBEY HIM AND HELP ME SMASH THE CRIME SYNDICATE!


PENETRATING THE THOUGHTS OF THE MONGOL SOLDIERS, THE ETERNAL BRAIN INCITES THEM TO REVOLT-
THE EMPEROR HAS BETRAYED US TO THE FOREIGN DEVILS!
KILL THE EMPEROR AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS!
MY SUBJECTS REVOLTING?
THEY'LL NEVER GET US!
WE'LL SHOW THEM!
LOOKS LIKE OUR MEN ARE KILLING THEMSELVES, PEG!
THEY'LL KILL US IF WE DON'T GET THEM FIRST!
UGH!
THESE DEMOLITION BOMBS ARE HANDY!
WE'LL LAY LOW FOR A SPELL UNTIL THIS THING COOLS OFF-
I KNOW AN OASIS IN THE STEPPES OF TURKESTAN WHERE WE WON'T BE BOTHERED-
I CANNOT INFLUENCE THE THOUGHTS OF PEG-LEG MARTIN AND THE EMPEROR BECAUSE THEY'RE TOO DEAD SET AGAINST ME- THEY'RE FLEEING WESTWARD IN A ROCKET SHIP-YOU MUST INTERCEPT THEM AND GIVE BATTLE-THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!


JIM AND MARY CHASE THE FLEEING SHIP, AND OVERTAKE IT IN MID-ATLANTIC!
THEY'RE WITHIN GUN RANGE-WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT!
WE'VE GOT THE RATS CORNERED!
THEY'VE DAMAGED OUR RUDDER!
GRAB THE CONTROLS, MARY, WHILE I AIM THIS GUN!
BULL'S EYE! THAT'S THE LAST OF THE CRIME SYNDICATE!
EASE THE PORT OXYGEN FLUID-THERE'S AN ISLAND TWO MILES TO YOUR LEFT-CAN YOU MAKE IT?
I THINK SO-
WELL, THE DAMAGE IS REPAIRED-WE CAN START FOR HOME NOW MARY, WHY ARE YOU SO COLD?
I TOLD YOU I'D NEVER FORGIVE YOU-
SOME HOURS LATER-
PERHAPS I MAY AS WELL ACCEPT THE INEVITABLE OF SEEING MY FATHER AS THE ETERNAL BRAIN!
I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, MARY-
I STILL HATE YOU!
MARY, DON'T BE MEAN-
THE ETERNAL BRAIN LIVES, AND WILL STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE UNDERWORLD!
6

Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!

Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

You, Too, Can Make Your Own Records If You Sing or Play an Instrument

Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Recordo record for her personal album.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.

Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Recordo.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.

THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE THIS RECORD WITH THE NEW HOME RECORDO!
IT'S WONDERFUL —AND SO SIMPLE —PLEASE LET ME MAKE A RECORD.
YES, BOB AND IT SURE SOUNDS LIKE YOUR VOICE!

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY $.75 per dozen.

OPERATES ON ANY A.C. OR D.C.
ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS
RECORD PLAYERS
RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS
Old or New Type
PHONOGRAPHS and PORTABLES

SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON!
START RECORDING AT ONCE!

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.

Charlie Barnet with his manager, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Recordo.

COMPLETE OUTFIT
INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED BLANK RECORDS ONLY

$2.98

HOME RECORDING CO.
Studio D F
11 WEST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOME RECORDING CO.,
STUDIO D F 11 WEST 17 ST.
New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman $2.98, plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for $3.00 and save postage.)

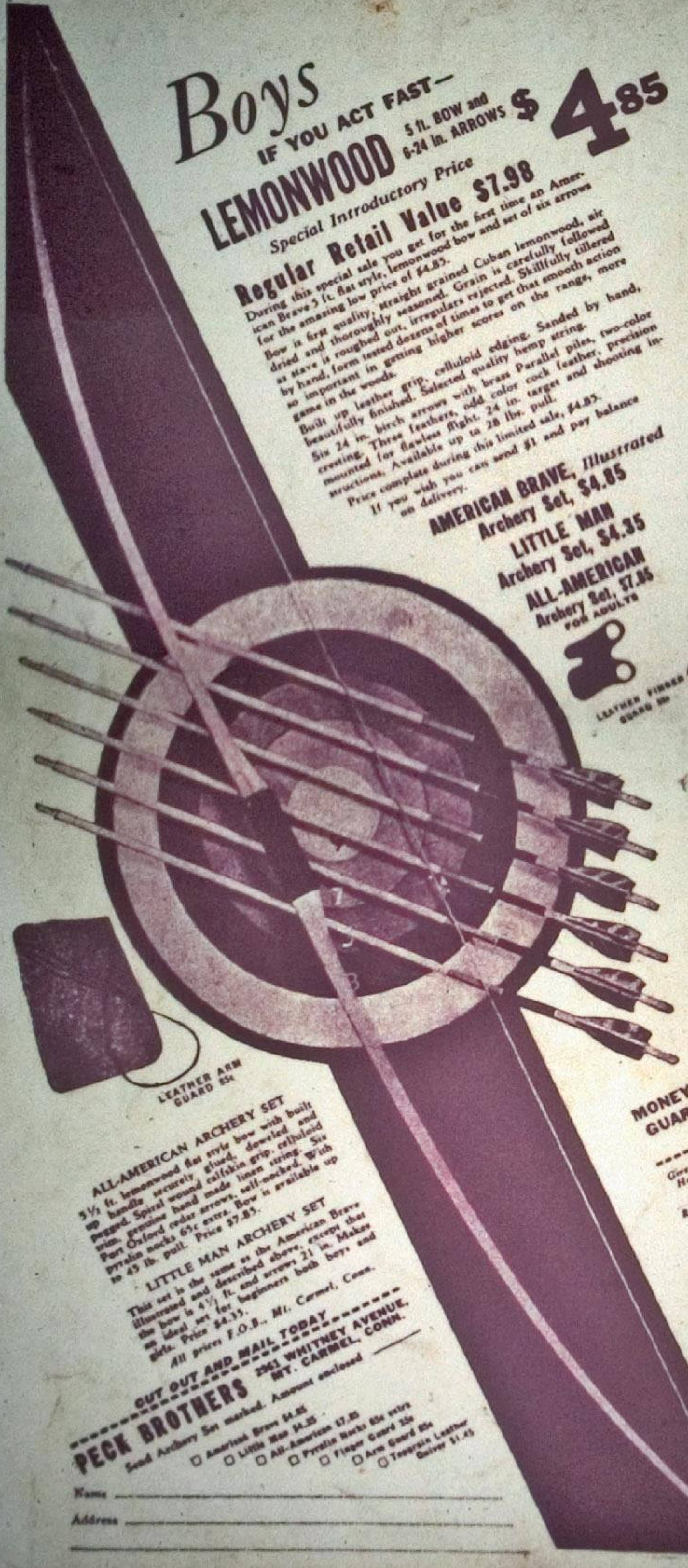
Send ....additional blank records at $.75 per dozen.

Name ....

Address ....

City and State ....

Note: Canadian and Foreign $3.00 cash with order.



Boys

IF YOU ACT FAST—

LEMONWOOD 5 ft. BOW and 6-24 in. ARROWS **$4.85**

Special Introductory Price

Regular Retail Value $7.98

During this special sale you get for the first time an American Brave 5 ft. flat style, lemonwood bow and set of six arrows for the amazing low price of $4.85.

Bow is first quality, straight grained Cuban lemonwood, air dried and thoroughly seasoned. Grain is carefully followed as stave is roughed out, irregulars rejected. Skillfully tillered by hand, form tested dozens of times to get that smooth action so important in getting higher scores on the range, more game in the woods.

Built up leather grip, celluloid edging. Sanded by hand, beautifully finished. Selected quality hemp string.

Six 24 in. birch arrows with brass Parallel piles, two-color cresting. Three feathers, odd color cock feather, precision mounted for flawless flight. 24 in. target and shooting instructions. Available up to 28 lbs. pull.

Price complete during this limited sale, $4.85.

If you wish you can send $1 and pay balance on delivery.

AMERICAN BRAVE, *Illustrated*
Archery Set, $4.85

LITTLE MAN
Archery Set, $4.35

ALL-AMERICAN
Archery Set, $7.85
FOR ADULTS

ALL-AMERICAN ARCHERY SET

5½ ft. lemonwood flat style bow with built up handle securely glued, doweled and pegged. Spiral wound calfskin grip, celluloid trim, genuine hand made linen string. Six Port Orford cedar arrows, self-nocked. With pyralin nocks 65c extra. Bow is available up to 45 lb. pull. Price $7.85.

LITTLE MAN ARCHERY SET

This set is the same as the American Brave illustrated and described above, except that the bow is 4½ ft. and arrows 21 in. Makes an ideal set for beginners both boys and girls. Price $4.35.

All prices F.O.B., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

PECK BROTHERS
2961 WHITNEY AVENUE,
MT. CARMEL, CONN.

Send Archery Set marked. Amount enclosed ____

☐ American Brave $4.85
☐ Little Man $4.35
☐ All-American $7.85
☐ Pyralin Nocks 65c extra
☐ Finger Guard 35c
☐ Arm Guard 85c
☐ Topgrain Leather Quiver $1.45

Name ____

Address ____

____

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Give your Height, ____

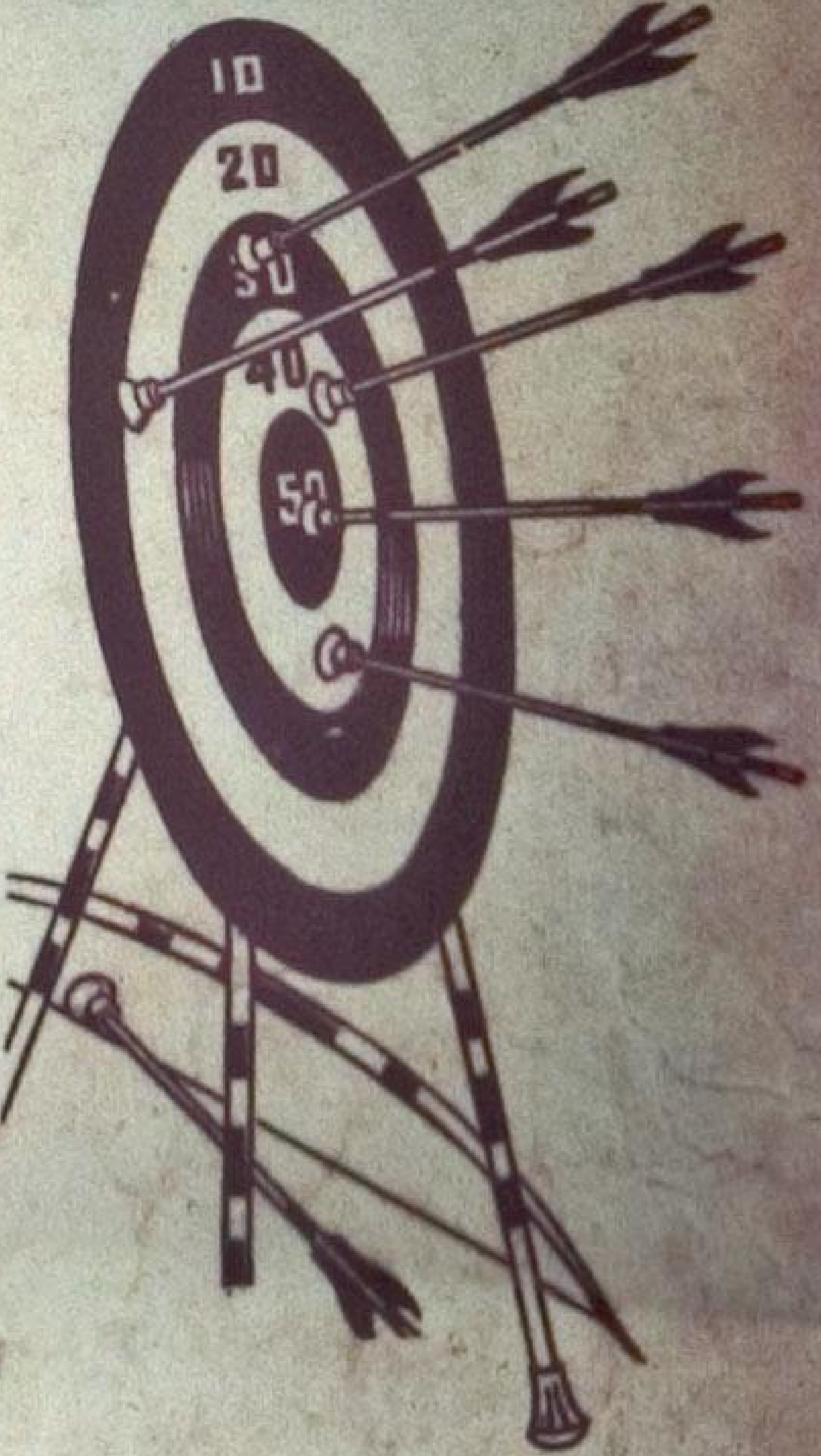
Reach and ____

Age ____

PECK BROTHERS

Announce

LITTLE CHIEF



Indoor
ARCHERY SET

HICKORY BOW
Rubber-Cup Arrows
24-in. Tripod Target

$2.95

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE

Just the set for beginners — youngsters — who some day will be topnotchers in this fascinating sport.

After you practice a little get Dad and Mom to test their skill against you. Target sets up in the living room, recreation room, garage or on the lawn.

Three legs set in sockets support the target. Length: Bow 40 in., arrows 19 in. Red, white and blue target.

Just write in the margin "I want a Little Chief Archery Set" and mail the coupon. Be sure you give your age, etc.